

Saturday Night Wrestling

June 25th, 2016

Air Canada Centre



[We start on a black screen as most shows do. We fade up into a royal blue screen with a glittering silver Fox Sports logo in the center of it. A fanfare plays in the background as a voiceover begins.]

"Home to the World Series. The NFL. The GFC. The Daytona 500. The US Open Championship."

[A quick clip from each sport flashes by during the voiceover.]

"The world's biggest events are on Fox Sports."

[The logo and fanfare fade...

...as a giant robot appears, holding up a different version of the Fox Sports logo with the audio bug...]

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

[The shot fades from the graphic to another black screen with the AWA logo splashed across a starry field. A barrage of lasers flash in from all sides of the screen, etching along the borders of the letters, illuminating the plain white text into glowing and glittering gold. A deep voiceover begins. The words "American Wrestling Alliance" come up one by one at the bottom of the screen.]

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and that black slowly fades to the star-filled sky that hung above Minute Maid Park at SuperClash VII. After a moment, the drums to Halestorm's "Scream" kick in along with its signature call at the outset.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Travis Lynch emerges from behind a curtain, throwing a hand up into the air.]

#Oh-ohohohoh-ohohohohoh!#

[The Gladiator stands at the top of the ramp at SuperClash, his fellow gladiators standing before him.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Jordan Ohara walking alongside a barricade, slapping all the hands in sight.]

#Oh-ohohohoh!#

[Supernova cups his hands to his mouth, throwing his head back in a howl.]

#The seeds in my head
Visions in red#

["The Professional" Dave Cooper puts the boots to a downed opponent.]

#All that I dream
And all that I've bled#

[Allen Allen uses a three-quarter nelson to roll up Mr. Sadisuto for a three count... right into Derrick Williams using a spinebuster on Callum Mahoney.]

#My mind is a gun
I won't be out done#

[Brian James throws a devastating Blackheart Punch while Brian Lau looks on with pride... right into Kerry Kendrick blindsiding Caspian Abaran, knocking him flat.]

#Say what you want
While I shoot for the sun#

["Flawless" Larry Wallace leaps into the air, landing the "Best Dropkick In The World"... right into Maxim Zharkov and Alex Martinez trading words over a crowd of security and officials.]

#All you doubters and haters#
Actors and fakers
I don't have time for you all#

[Shadoe Rage comes sailing off the top rope, landing a flying elbow on a prone form... right into Michael Aarons dropping a flying elbow of his own onto Danny Morton at SuperClash.]

#You're feeding the fire
That's taking me higher
Coming like a cannonball#

[The Dogs of War use a combination powerbomb/Lungblower on Marcus Broussard in the Combat Corner... right into Rex Summers dropping Cesar Hernandez with the Heat Check DDT.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Ryan Martinez connects with a running Yakuza kick on a stunned opponent.]

#It's kicking down your door
Kicking down your door#

[Supreme Wright locks the Sugar Hold on Jack Lynch, causing the cowboy to scream in pain.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Howie Somers and Daniel Harper run down a helpless foe with a double shoulder tackle... right into Mike Sebastian being hurled by Andrew Tucker off the top rope, using a Rocket Launcher on a prone opponent.]

#So what ya waitin' for?
What ya waitin' for?#

[Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan hurl Isaiah Carpenter off the stage at SuperClash.]

#Scream#

#Scream#

[Juan Vasquez puts Hannibal Carver through a table with a piledriver.]

#Scream#

#Until they hear you#

[Johnny Detson thrusts his newly-won World Title up into the air... and then fades to black as we hear the final lyric.]

#Scream#

[The black screen "shatters" into a live shot outside the Air Canada Centre - a ground-level shot of fans pouring into the building underneath a digital marquee with the name of the building and the words "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" in black block text as "Scream" continues to play. The trademark voice of Gordon Myers interjects.]

GM: Wrestling fans around the world, we are LIVE right here on The X! We are LIVE right here in Toronto, Canada for the very first time! And we are LIVE for another exciting night of action as we bring you the flagship show of the American Wrestling Alliance - Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Another cut brings us inside the building. It's your standard arena setup with rows upon rows of permanent seating mixed with the steel folding chairs that immediately surround the red, white, and blue roped ring. The black mats are down covering the floor and the black metal barricade is up to keep the fans at bay. Two tables can be seen at ringside from this elevated view.

A quick cut takes to a floor level shot of the entranceway which is made up of a small entrance opening covered by black curtains and surrounded by LED lighting that is currently flashing a red and white pattern. There are lights to the left and right of the doorway along with lighting above it. Above the lighting is a decent-sized video screen that has the SNW On The X logo spiraling around it. As the camera pulls back a bit, we see an illuminated ten foot tall version of the AWA logo off to one side. On the other side is a small elevated platform that will serve as an interview "stage." The entranceway leads directly out to a black carpeted ten foot wide aisleway that will take the combatants to the ring.

Another cut gets us down to ringside where we find the ever-present Gordon Myers - the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing - in a salt and pepper sportscoat and black slacks. A big smile is on his face as he speaks.]

GM: This historic tour of the Great White North continues here tonight in Toronto with an absolutely jam-packed show and Bucky Wilde, you seem to have ditched your Canadian attire from two weeks ago.

[Buckthorn P. Wilde has done precisely that, going back to a sunburst yellow jacket, lime green pants, a bleached white dress shirt, and a hot pink bowtie.]

BW: I've over Canada, Gordo. Can someone get us back to civilization please? These Canadians and their hockey and their maple syrup... and Rush... and spelling things all weird. I mean... this is the Air Canada Cent-ERRRR not Cent-REEEE... they misspelled it and no one cares?! Plus, none of them seem to like me very much.

GM: I wonder why. Fans, we've got two title matches here tonight - Supernova defending the World Television Title against Callum Mahoney and in the night's Main Event, Bobby O'Connor challenges for the World Heavyweight Title against the champion, Johnny Detson.

BW: An ordinary night would be huge with just those matches but we've got tag matches like the Slaughterhouse against Next Gen... we've got potential grudge matches like Terry Shane and Larry Wallace... and hail hail, the gang's all here! The Rage Family is in the house!

[We cut to the front row alongside one section of the ringside barricade, showing that... yes, the Rage Family is indeed there. We can see Medusa... we can see Dalbello... we can see several others as well. A big cheer goes up from the crowd upon seeing their Canadian favorites up on the big screen.]

GM: The Rage Family is indeed here with us in the Air Canada Centre, also flanked by several members of the Age of Rage wrestling school and promotion here in Canada... and you know they're all looking forward to two matches here tonight. Derek Rage looking to earn himself an AWA contract when he takes on an opponent of Emerson Gellar's choosing and Shadoc Rage teaming with his sister, Lauryn, to take on Melissa Cannon and a partner of her choice.

BW: There are so many Rages out here, it feels like a family reunion... and a group therapy session simultaneously.

GM: We've got so much great action in store for you here tonight that we're going to get right down to-

[The lights cut out to black. The crowd buzzes with anticipation, waiting to see the person who is about to appear. After a moment, a drumbeat familiar to just about anyone on the planet rings out.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[The crowd quickly begins clapping along, stomping along, smacking the railing in rhythm to create quite the sound as the opening synthesizer notes kick in. Steam and smoke pour into the entryway, completely covering it. Strobe lights start to fire in rhythm as well, lighting up the smoke and steam.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[After a few more moments, the physical specimen known only as Mason strides out through the curtain. He stands, head down amongst the smoke and the steam, breathing in deeply.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[The bell sounds as we cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. First, from Brampton, Ontario, Canada... weighing in at 235 pounds... Omar Khalid!

[Khalid steps out of the corner, wearing sunglasses, a hoodie, and a fitted ballcap. He talks a good game towards the camera, earning some cheers from the ringside Rages, seemingly oblivious as to what is coming for him.]

RO: And his opponent... from DEEEEEEEEEEE-troit, Michigan... weighing in at 285 pounds...

MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASONNNNNNNNNNN!

[As he emerges, dressed in his standard red trunks, boots, kneepads, and single deep crimson glove, Mason exhales sharply, spewing smoke from his lungs like a fire-breathing dragon. He tilts his head up, looking down the aisle and into the ring with his icy blue eyes. A low growl comes from him as he eyes his victim for the night. He speaks - barely above a whisper - just enough for the camera (and the entire world watching) to hear.]

"The end... is... now."

[He storms forward, throwing an uppercut at the air just in front of the camera, spotlights shining on him as he heads towards the ring. Mason slaps himself on either side of the head, trying to fire himself up as he moves swiftly towards his victim.]

GM: This man made his debut at Memorial Day Mayhem and in the days since, he has racked up a major winning streak both on television and at the live events. I'm told he's already racked up something like ten wins without a defeat.

BW: Sorry, Gordo. I missed some of that. This Khalid guy is part of the Age of Rage promotion so these Rages at ringside are really rooting him on... not that it's going to do him any good. He might as well have "LAMB" tatted on his chest instead of "THUG LIFE."

GM: Does he really have...?

BW: You are a sheltered soul, Gordo.

[Mason slides headfirst under the bottom rope, sliding all the way to the center of the ring. He stays down on a knee, head bowed as the music continues to play... as the fans continue to clap in rhythm...

...and then he snaps his head up, eyes boring into Omar Khalid who stomps out of the corner, throwing his arms up, shouting at Mason who looks almost amused by this turn of events.]

GM: Omar Khalid looks like a tough kid but-

[Khalid stalks out to the middle as the lights come back on...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my! He just slapped Mason across the face!

[Khalid keeps running his mouth at this point as Mason looks away from him, a red mark growing on his cheek...

...and then reaches out, hooking the 235 pounder around the waist, popping his hips and letting him sail overhead with a belly-to-belly toss!]

GM: Ohh! Pure power on the part of Mason!

[It takes Khalid a few moments to get up off the mat, giving Mason plenty of time to charge in, connecting with a clothesline that actually lifts Khalid off the canvas. Mason grabs him, pulling him back to prevent sending him out to the floor before grabbing an arm, firing him across the ring...]

GM: Mason shoots him across... charging in!

[...but Khalid leans back, swinging up a leg!]

GM: Ohh! Mason runs right into that boot! He didn't see it coming and paid the price there!

[Khalid hops up to the middle rope, running his mouth in Mason's direction again before he leaps off, looking for a double axehandle...

...but Mason catches him, lifting him higher, and throwing him violently down with a kneeling spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Mason pops up, swinging his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture.]

GM: Is that it already?

BW: We've said it before, Gordo. This guy doesn't get paid by the hour.

GM: The enigmatic Mason pulls him into a front facelock, sets him up and swings him up...

[His icy blue eyes are on display as the camera catches a closeup of him just before he powers Khalid up, holding the 235 pounder straight as an arrow...

Holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...]

GM: The power of Mason on full display here tonight in Toronto!

[...and then finally swings him out, letting go and standing tall as he HURLS him down in a ring-rattling powerbomb!]

GM: OH MY STAAAAAARRRRRRS!

BW: You could count to twenty after that.

[Mason drops to the mat, settling into a lateral press as he shoves two clenched fists into the chest of his opponent.]

GM: This one is history, fans.

[The three count follows as Mason climbs to his feet, looking down at the motionless Khalid and then out on the (mostly) cheering crowd.]

GM: Another impressive victory for the mysterious man known as Mason... and our own Mark Stegglet has camped out in the aisle. He's going to try and get a comment from Mason on this winning streak he's been putting together. Mark?

[We cut to the aisleway where Mark Stegglet is standing right in the middle, trying to block as much of it as possible.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. So far, no one has had any success in getting anything out of the man known only as Mason but... well, let's give it another try.

[Stegglet stands his ground as Mason approaches, walking straight towards him. He does not try to go the side or around the interviewer, walking in a straight line in his direction.]

MS: Mason, can I ask you a few questions?

[Stegglet sticks out the microphone as Mason draws to a stop, staring down at him.]

MS: Can you tell us a little about your background?

[Mason continues to stare, his eyes boring into Stegglet.]

MS: What do you call that devastating finishing maneuver?

[Mason's face grows more stern, glaring as Stegglet extends the mic again.]

MS: Can you tell us anything?

[Mason tilts his head for a moment, appraising Stegglet, and then steps forward, forcing Stegglet to abruptly step aside and let the big man pass. Mason stalks up the aisle, disappearing through the curtain as Stegglet watches...

...and we fade to the back where Sweet Lou Blackwell and the AWA Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar, are watching on a monitor. We catch the same shot of Mason disappearing before Blackwell speaks.]

SLB: Mr. Gellar, I know that Mason was a personal signing of yours and if he won't tell us anything about himself, I know you will.

[Blackwell extends the microphone in front of a smiling Emerson Gellar.]

EG: Oh, I don't think he'd like that very much, Lou. But what I can tell you is what you've already seen. This man is a beast inside that ring. He's a man of unadulterated power... of incredible focus, drive, and determination. He is intensity personified. He IS the irresistible force. And in my opinion, Lou, he is the future of this sport.

SLB: High praise indeed for...

[Blackwell's words trail off as we're joined by the former World Tag Team Champions, Jack and Travis Lynch. Both Lynches are already in their ring gear, and Travis has the National Heavyweight title slung over his shoulder. A quick pan between the pair reveals that neither looks happy.]

SLB: Well, this is an unexpected surprise. I am sure you gentlemen know that you're not scheduled to be here...

JL: I know we ain't scheduled to be here, but it seems to me that, 'round these parts, the way to get somethin' done is to stick your nose where it doesn't belong and make demands.

So consider this the Lynches gettin' somethin' done.

EG: I will be happy to meet with the both of you, and listen to anything you have to say. But-

[Travis interrupts.]

TL: But nothin', Gellar. Two weeks ago, Taylor and Donovan stole our titles! I ain't one to make excuses, but that wasn't a fair match, and everyone here knows it.

So we want us a rematch, and we want it tonight.

[Jack Lynch leans forward, the hint of a smirk on his face.]

JL: Don't worry, Gellar. We're not gonna make any threats. We ain't Lau, we don't need to blackmail you into doin' the right thing.

But you know you owe us that rematch, and I know that there's nothin' the people of Toronto wanna see more than the Lynches reclaim the tag titles.

[The camera cuts to Gellar, who is nodding his head.]

EG: I have to say, I would love to see the Lynches get their rematch tonight.

JL: Well good, make it happen then.

[But just as Gellar is about to open his mouth, he's cut off by a loud, obnoxious, and very familiar voice.]

"No, no, no, no, no!"

[The camera cuts away, to show the man the voice belongs to. None other than the manager of the year, the manager of champions, the only manager in the pro-wrestling Hall of Fame, the manager of the Kings of Wrestling himself, Brian Lau.]

BL: I know, Gellar, that you are not about to give these two...

[Lau sneers as he looks over the Lynches.]

BL:People a title match.

You're on thin ice already Gellar! Don't give me more ammunition. I'll have your job, and you'll be walking up the stands selling peanuts and hotdogs to the cretins in the stands!

EG: AWA contracts clearly state that any former champion is allowed a rematch. Something you invoked two weeks ago, Mr. Lau.

[Lau nods.]

BL: That's true. And someday, down the road, my clients, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Donovan will be all too happy to grant a rematch to the Lynch brothers. But that night is not tonight. That rematch will happen at a time and place of the choosing of the World Tag Team Champions, and not a moment before!

EG: Despite what you might think, Mr. Lau, you do not dictate when and where you wrestle.

BL: No, but since we're talking contracts, you know as well as I do that outside a sanctioned tournament or unusual circumstances, a wrestler cannot be forced to wrestle twice in one night.

And the Kings of Wrestling already have a match tonight! I have right here...

[Lau reaches into the inside pocket of his suit, and pulls out a piece of paper, which he hands to Gellar.]

BL: ...a contract for the Kings of Wrestling to defend their titles against the ShadowS tar Legion. A match that was scheduled to happen two weeks ago, until the Lynches here stole our titles at Memorial Day Mayhem.

Well, this pre-existing obligation trumps anything you can try to pull on us tonight. You cannot give these two men a match tonight, not when truly deserving competitors have already been promised a match!

[Gellar looks over the contract and shakes his head.]

EG: I hate to say this, gentlemen, but Mr. Lau is right.

[Lau smirks happily at those words.]

BL: Now, if you really are in the mood for a match, then Mr. Lynch, I see that nice shiny gold belt on your shoulder. Could I interest you in a match against.... Urk!

[The last is the sound Lau makes as Travis Lynch seizes Lau by the lapels, and begins to shake him furiously.]

EG: Mr. Lynch!

[Gellar takes a step forward, hesitant to intervene, and finally, after watching his brother throttle Lau for about fifteen seconds, Jack Lynch steps forward, his hand on Travis' shoulder.]

JL: Trav, let him go.

[Lynch gets in one final shake before pushing Lau back. Lau lands unceremoniously on his backside, but as he rises, he flashes an enormous and self-satisfied grin.]

BL: Violence is always the recourse of the simple minded...

[As Lau shrinks back, Travis lunges at the manager once more, but he's stopped by his older brother.]

JL: Gellar, you're lettin' him get away with this?

EG: I'm afraid I don't have a choice. This contract is in order. It will be the Kings of Wrestling defending against the Shadow Star Legion tonight.

JL: All right then.

I guess that just means that Trav and I will have to find somethin' else to do tonight.

[The brothers exchange a knowing look.]

TL: See ya around, Lau.

[With that, both Lynches exit.]

BL: Wait a minute, what does that mean? Gellar! Do something!

EG: What can I do? My hands are tied. The only thing they said was they would find something else to do. That could mean anything. You're on your own, Mr. Lau.

[A frustrated Lau glares at both Gellar and Blackwell, but finally departs as we fade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

[A rather generic hip hop beat, sounding like something out of the mid-late 1980s plays over the sound system as BC Da Masta MC comes out to cheers from the kids in the crowd. BC starts to dance(if you can call it that) down the aisle as the kids reach over and pat him on his ample shoulders and back.]

RO: From Alpharetta, Georgia... weighing in at 366 pounds... he is the Round Mound of Hip Hop Sound...

BEE! CEE! DA MASTAH EMMMMMCEEEEE!

[BC has a mic in his hand, and he starts to beat box and rap along to the beat playing over the sound system.]

BC: Gimme a beat on this one... yo... yo...

[Kick it one time, booooooooooy!]

BC: #This guy across the ring tonight
He's all about his rope.
But when yours truly gets going...
I'm gonna make him look like a dope#

[Cheers from the Toronto crowd for the easy rhyme.]

BC: #He's tall and he's strong

He's fast and he's lanky.
When the Turntable come crashing down
He'll be in need of a hanky.#

[BC mimes wiping tears from his eyes with a "hanky."]

BC: #So, bring all you got, homeboy.
Bring what you brought to my lil' homie Manny.
Cause all throughout this one
I'm gonna be whoopin' on that fanny.#

[The crowd cheers as BC scales the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes to get inside the ring. He pumps his fist a few times, handing off the mic to a ringside attendant.]

GM: The rhythmic words of BC Da Mastah MC as we learn that the World Tag Team Titles will be on the line as well here tonight - three big title matches, Bucky.

BW: And no title shot for those stinkin' Stenches! Even bigger news!

GM: BC Da Mastah MC in the ring now - one-half of the team known as BCIQ - and if you joined us two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling, you'd know that Manny Imbrogno - after a loss to Flex Ferrigno - was assaulted by The Hangman. BC was quite upset by that and made the challenge for the match here tonight.

BW: It just goes to show you, Gordo. There are no brain cells in fat.

[As the generic hip hop music winds down, Rebecca Ortiz' voice is heard once more.]

RO: And his opponent...

[The lights drop to black.

After a few chilling moments in the darkness, a set of bright orange and yellow come up... very, very slowly. The result is the look of a sunrise, casting a glow over the walkway. The camera is right by the lights so the vision is blinded for a moment...

...until darkness appears. Ennio Morricone's "Man With A Harmonica" begins to play as well, giving the whole scene quite the old Western feel.]

RO: He hails from The Deadwoods... weighing in at 301 pounds and being led down the aisle by Virgil Rockwell...

THE HANNNNNNNNNNNNGMANNNNNNNNNN!

[As we cut to a long shot of the aisle, we see the tall drink of water known as The Hangman striding down it in an open brown leather full-length trench coat, faded and worn from time. His brown leather gloves are a perfect match. His face is barely visible with a brown Stetson pulled down over his eyes. Gripped in his right hand tightly? A noose, by God... a noose.

Trailing a few feet behind him is Virgil Rockwell, wearing an old-timey black suit. A silver pocket watch chain hangs into view. His eyes are locked on the ring, his face etched with focus as he runs a hand through his wild black beard.]

GM: The Hangman on his way down the aisle... undefeated since arriving here in the AWA almost a year ago. Will that change tonight?

BW: Not bloody likely.

GM: What in the world...?

BW: Sorry, trying to get ready for the shows in the UK.

[Upon reaching the ring, The Hangman and Virgil Rockwell climb the steps. The Hangman steps over the top rope but before he can fully get inside the squared circle, the Round Mound of Hip Hop Sound strikes!]

GM: BC attacking before the bell!

[The 368 pounder tees off, hammering away with right hands to the skull of the Hangman. A surprised Virgil Rockwell backs off, shouting at the official who signals for the bell.]

BW: Why the heck is the bell ringing!?

GM: Apparently the match is underway!

BW: The Hangman doesn't even have his trenchcoat off!

[Grabbing the Hangman by his stringy black hair, BC drags the near seven footer inside the ring, shoving him into the buckles. The rotund rapper squares up, throwing rights and lefts into the body of the Hangman.]

GM: BC is going to town on him!

BW: With illegal fists!

GM: The other guy has a noose out there with him and you want to talk to me about fists?!

[Grabbing the Hangman by the arm, BC shoots him from corner to corner, rumbling in after him, running right into a big avalanche in the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! The Hip Hop Freight Train connects in the corner!

[BC backs off, doing a little jig...

...and the Hangman whips back his wet hair, flinging moisture into the air as he glares dead in the eyes of BC who looks like he's seen a ghost.]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: He didn't even feel it!

GM: He must have! How do you not feel nearly four hundred pounds slamming into your chest?!

[Looking around in a bit of a panic, BC charges back in, this time extending his arm and laying in a clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline in the corner and...

BW: No effect!

[The Hangman continues to stay tall, staring at BC who backs off, gesturing at the Hangman to the official who looks just as surprised.]

GM: BC's gotta stay on him! He can't back off now!

[Coming back in, BC winds up a right hand...

...and gets the Hangman's hand wrapped around his throat in a snapping motion!]

GM: Oh my stars! He's got him by the throat!

[The Hangman advances, walking BC across the ring, pushing him back against the ropes. The referee is shouting for a break, starting his five count as the Hangman stares into the eyes of his trapped prey...]

GM: Let him go!

BW: Hey, that fat tub started this by attacking before the bell! You ask me, he deserves everything that comes next!

[A clubbing blow across the sternum with the other arm leaves BC clinging to the top rope. A second blow, this one across the back of the head drops the rappin' grappler to a knee...

...which is where he stays as the Hangman steps back, takes aim, and delivers a big kick to the cheek, sending BC tumbling through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: The Hangman bringing the pain early on in this one!

[Finally shrugging out of his trenchcoat, The Hangman steps through the ropes, taking aim as BC struggles to get back to his feet, and then leaps off, bringing his forearm down between the eyes of the Rotund Rapper!]

GM: Ohh! Down between the eyes! And now the Hangman has things where he likes them - down on the floor, out by the ropes... place where he really can do some damage.

[The Hand of Justice stands over the downed BC, staring down at him as Virgil Rockwell nods approvingly from nearby. Reaching down, he hauls BC to his feet, wrapping his arms around the torso...

...and DRIVES BC's lower back into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Hangman backs away, pulling BC with him, and DRIVES his back into the apron a second time!]

GM: The Hangman methodically trying to break down BC Da Mastah MC, putting his back into the apron over and over again.

[With BC reeling against the apron, The Hangman squares up, burying a right hand into the ribcage... and a second... and a third... before a big left uppercut snaps BC's head back, causing him to droop down to a knee on the floor again.]

GM: Rockwell encouraging his Hangman to stay on his opponent, dragging him back up...

[But as he does, BC manages to slip a headbutt in, smashing his skull into the Hangman's sending him back a couple of steps to cheers from the crowd...

...but the cheers are short-lived as the Hangman steps back in, BLASTING BC with a brutal uppercut shot. The blow sends BC sprawling back, leaning over the apron as the Hangman shoves him into position, climbing up on the apron himself...]

GM: BC laid out on the apron... the Hangman up there as well...

[Taking aim, the Hangman takes two steps down the apron, leaping high into the air, and DROPS a big leg across the throat of the dangling BC!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Legdrop off the apron and you’ve gotta wonder if that might do it right there, Bucky.

BW: Only if the Hangman thinks it’s time to end it.

[Climbing back on the apron, the Hangman ducks through the ropes into the ring, using the feet to drag BC out towards the middle of the ring, moving into a lateral press.]

GM: The Hangman gets one! He gets two!

[But BC isn’t done yet, kicking out in time.]

GM: Two count only... oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers loudly as the Hangman wraps his hands around the throat of BC, throttling him viciously...]

GM: He’s choking him, ref!

BW: You think Andy Dawson can’t see that? Thanks for letting him know!

GM: Obviously he can see it but-

[The Hangman breaks at four, slowly getting to his feet. He backs into the ropes slowly, barely adding any momentum as he stalks out to the middle of the ring, leaping high into the air to drive the point of his elbow down into the heart of his opponent!]

GM: Leaping elbow finds the mark... and the Hangman covers again!

[But again, he only gets a two count before BC lifts the shoulder off the mat.]

GM: BC Da Mastah MC showing the spirit, the heart that has made him one of the popular men in the AWA, Bucky.

BW: Well, I’d agree he has a lot of heart... mostly because he’s got a lot of everything else so it only makes sense.

[Rising to his feet, the Hangman reaches down to grab BC by the wrist, using that grip to drag him up. He ducks under, slowly executing an armtwist as he backs towards the corner...]

GM: Oh, we’ve seen this before...

BW: But it never fails to impress, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not.

[With BC's wrist still gripped, the Hangman scales the ropes, stepping up on the top turnbuckle and with the crowd buzzing, he walks down the length of the exposed rope, stopping a few steps from the corner...

...and leaps off, DRIVING his forearm down on the back of the head again, putting BC down on the mat for another pin attempt.]

GM: Hangman gets one! He gets two! He gets- no! BC kicks out at two!

[The Hangman rises to his feet again, snapping his head back, sending his wet hair flying as he puts his gaze back on BC who is struggling to get off the mat.]

GM: The Hangman grabbing BC by the head, dragging him up...

[The crowd buzzes as the Hangman leans over, looking to scoop BC up for a bodyslam...

...but BC is having none of it, holding his ground as the Hangman tries to get a 360 plus pounder into the air!]

GM: The Hangman's going for a slam but BC isn't going up!

[BC gets a grin on his face as the Hangman goes for it a second time but fails...

...and that allows BC to duck down, scooping up the Rope Walker, and slams him down to the canvas!]

GM: BC reverses it into a slam of his own!

[The crowd cheers as BC pumps a fist, dropping back into the ropes, bouncing off...

...and leaps into the air, dropping a heavy elbow down into the chest of the Hangman!]

GM: Big elbow by a big man! He covers for one! He gets two!

[But the Hangman kicks out, sliding out from under the very large lateral press.]

GM: Two count only for BC and that would've made headlines all around the wrestling world if he broke the Hangman's undefeated streak, Bucky.

BW: If he breaks the Hangman's undefeated streak, he better take a few days off and head down to Atlantic City, Gordo.

[Gordon chuckles as BC pulls the Hangman up, slamming home fist after fist into the skull, knocking Hangman back against the ropes...]

GM: BC grabs the arm... Irish whip...

[As the Hangman rebounds back, BC throws a kick into the midsection, reaching down to hook him around the body...]

GM: Gutwrench!

[BC flips the Hangman over, throwing him down to the canvas!]

GM: And this is the most offense we've seen out of anyone against the Hangman so far! Could this be his night? Could this be a night that BC will never forget?!

[Pumping a fist to the cheering crowd, BC drags the Hangman up off the mat, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip...

[As the Hangman rebounds, he ducks under a back elbow attempt by BC, running to the far ropes where he bounces off, leaps into the air...

...and throws himself into a graceful clothesline for a man of his size, taking BC off his feet as the Hangman hits the mat, rolling through to a knee where he looks out at Virgil Rockwell.]

GM: Wow! What an incredible maneuver by the Hangman! Athleticism at its finest!

[And Rockwell has apparently seen enough, tugging at his collar as he shouts "SEND HIM TO THE GALLOWS!" A sheen of nervous sweat is on his forehead as he dabs at it with a handkerchief.]

GM: Rockwell wants the Hangman to end it right now!

[The Hangman looks to oblige, nodding in response as he slowly lifts his own right hand, gripping his throat with it.]

GM: We've seen this signal before and we know what it means!

[Turning back to the downed BC, the Hangman reaches down, grabbing him by the throat, pulling him back to his feet...

...and ducks down behind him, muscling the much-larger competitor up into a torture rack...]

GM: Holy- he got him up!

BW: I wasn't sure he could but he's got him there and...

[The Hangman suddenly swings BC out, dropping him in a high impact neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE ROPE'S END! THAT'S IT!

[The Hangman rolls into a kneeling pin, planting his palms on the chest and pressing his own torso up with his arms at full extension as he gets the easy three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The Hangman is triumphant in this one-on-one showdown!

[The Hangman slowly rises to his feet as Virgil Rockwell joins him inside the ring, applauding his charge's victory. The man from the Deadwoods looks down on the Rotund Rapper as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the maaaaatch... THE HAAAAAAAANGMAAAAAAAN!

[The jeers rain down from the Toronto crowd as the Hangman stands unmoving, eyes locked on BC's prone form while Rockwell approaches the corner, lifting the noose from off the ringpost.]

GM: Oh, come on now. Enough is enough.

BW: Try telling them that.

[Rockwell walks over towards his charge who drops to a knee, looking up at the rope. Rockwell looks at the kneeling monster and shouts...]

“LET JUSTICE BE DONE OR THE HEAVENS WILL FALL!”

[...at which The Hangman rises to his feet, taking the noose from Rockwell.]

GM: The Hangman’s got that noose... he’s got that noose that is always by his side and-

[Suddenly, the crowd breaks out into cheers!]

GM: Wait a second!

[The sprinting form of Manny Imbrogno tearing down the aisle towards the ring earns the cheers of the Canadian faithful. The World’s Smartest Man dives headfirst under the bottom rope and comes up swinging, throwing three big forearms to the jaw of the surprised Hangman!]

GM: Mr. Mensa hits the ring! He’s not going to let the Hangman perform his little post-match ritual on his best friend!

[The cheers get louder as Imbrogno lands another blow, knocking the Hangman a step back. Virgil Rockwell has retreated to the floor as the Hangman comes lunging back at Imbrogno, trying to grab him by the throat...]

...but Imbrogno ducks out of the way, sending the Hangman falling off-balance towards the ropes!]

GM: Imbrogno avoids the right hand and-

[Standing tall, Imbrogno uncorks a well-placed dropkick that sends the off-balance Hangman falling backwards over the top rope...]

...where he lands on his feet out on the floor!]

GM: Wow!

[The Hangman looks ready to get back in the ring, making a move towards that end when Imbrogno grabs the top rope, springing off the middle rope and swinging his feet down into the Hangman’s face!]

GM: OHHHH!

[The Hangman falls back again, a look of anger on his face as Virgil Rockwell throws himself in his path, shouting “NOW’S NOT THE TIME! NOT THE TIME!” Imbrogno defiantly shouts at the Hangman from inside the ring, daring the man from the Deadwoods to get back in the squared circle.]

GM: Manny Imbrogno has come to fight and look at this, Bucky! The Hangman and Virgil Rockwell are backing down from this fight!

BW: Hey, it’s a two on one situation in there, Gordo. The Hangman might be willing to face those odds but Virgil Rockwell is a smarter man than that. He knows that at some point down the road, Imbrogno’s going to have to face the Hand of Justice

one-on-one and when that happens, things are going to end very, very poorly for the so-called World's Smartest Man, daddy.

GM: Fans, things are red hot here in Toronto as we count down the days to the Battle of Boston! We are now seven days away from the biggest tournament in all of pro wrestling and you do not want to miss it! I'm told that a very small handful of tickets have JUST been released for all three nights - head to ticketmaster.com right now and make your plans to be right there with us in Boston for the big event. We're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll hear from someone who has quite a bit to say about that tournament I'm sure - Jackson Hunter - so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are halfheartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Canibal?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Dave Bryant running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoo Rage just kick down the front door to attack The Hangman from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Skywalker Jones leaping down the staircase at Calisto Dufresne? And why are Downfall beating up the mailman? Oh, there's Next Gen turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Jordan Ohara is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Rex Summers with a flying bodypress, Juan Vasquez is hiptossing Terry Shane III across your family room, and The Slaughterhouse and The Wilde Bunch are brawling across your driveway. Cain Jackson has just grabbed a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Pure X, while Supernova is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Jackson Hunter and Brian Lau are in a shouting match, Koyla Sudakov tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Koyla hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Maxim Zharkov wanders by and stomps on the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Five AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[Ryan Martinez tries to smash Supreme Wright with a kitchen chair, but Wright pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Martinez and Wright action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[The Rotgut Rustlers do a double throw to send Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the Rustlers, Taylor and Donovan action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Jack Lynch and Brian James double-clothesline Cesar Hernandez in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like Gladiator is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Larry Wallace. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: There's now action figures featuring the women of the AWA!

[Barging in through the door are Lauryn Rage, Charisma Knight and Erica Toughill, who rush into the dining room, where Melissa Cannon, Julie Somers and Lori Wilson just happening to be waiting for them! Then we see a couple of girls playing with the six action figures.]

Announcer: And there's even Torin the Titan!

[None other than Torin himself comes crashing through (yes, through) the wall, after which he grabs poor Jackie Bourassa and headbutts him. Then we see kids playing with the same action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Coliseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Allen Allen, Manny Imbrogno, Caspian Abaran, and Kerry Kendrick. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

...and then back to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell off to one side of the entrance, already with his irritable, dyspeptic guest.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X, fans: seven days from now, this July long weekend the Battle of Boston kicks off, and my guest at this time—the always obstreperous Jackson Hunter...

[Any Canadian fans Hunter might have had were obviously left behind in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, judging from the boos he receives. Hunter furrows his over-caffinated brow in response, annoyed as always.]

SLB: ...Mr. Hunter, your man Maxim Zharkov has not been seen since Memorial Day Mayhem last month owing to visa limitations—

JH: Listen, Jean-Luc Puck-head, don't you worry about Zharkov's visa issues—

SLB: I was NOT worried about Zharkov's visa... If anything, I sleep a lot better knowing that I'm not in the same country as a beast like The Tsar. What I was GOING to say was that in that time off, how has your man prepared for the upcoming tournament since dispatching Kolya Sudakov in that hellacious Russian Chain match?

JH: Well, as I'm sure you remember in the lead-up to SuperClash last year, Maxim Zharkov easily emerged as the victor in Russia's equivalent to the Battle of Boston: Moscow's October Revolution. That, of course, was a 192-person tournament... or, more accurately, a 192-person and one bear tournament. Mr. Zharkov dispatched all his competitors quite handily, and is looking forward to this October's tournament to commemorate the 99th anniversary of the Revolution. And now that Kolya has been... shall we say "disavowed," one of the most powerful instruments of destruction in professional wrestling has been left abandoned in that ring.

But just as Mr. Velikov has gifted The Tsar with the double knee drop... just as Mr. Kostovich has taught Maxim Zharkov in the ways of the Russian Hammer, so too will Zharkov reclaim Kolya's Sickle—not as an instrument of destruction as it has been for years when he rained hell upon everyone who felt it—

SLB: Including you.

JH: Including myself and I don't think that's very damn funny, Lou—Zharkov will raise the Sickle, transforming it from an instrument of destruction, into an instrument of Glasnost. A deterrent. One week from tonight in Boston, Zharkov will unveil the Peacemaker. A move, that in combination with the Pushka, the Gorynych, and the mighty Tsar Bomb, will propel Zharkov through the Temple Bracket, through the finals, and beyond.

And then... I am so sorry, Johnny, but that sets us on a direct trajectory for that World Championship. I am so sorry, but you don't go undefeated in the AWA for over a year and not start leapfrogging up the rankings.

SLB: Now hold on: what happens if Zharkov manages to get by Ryan Martinez and by some chance his opponent in the Temple Bracket semi-finals is Juan Vas—

JH: [tersely] Good night and may God continue to bless the AWA.

[Hunter huffily tucks his clipboard under his arm and storms off. Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: It appears as though there are some questions that Jackson Hunter would prefer NOT to discuss. Right now, let's take you to some footage recorded earlier tonight when the group known as SM&K made their arrival here in Toronto!

[Caption: "EARLIER TONIGHT."

A limousine pulls up in the parking garage of the Air Canada Centre. Mark Stegglet walks up to the door to interview the occupants...]

"Ahem."

[The sound of the throat clearing just offscreen draws his attention. He turns and a look of resignation crosses his face. Erica Toughill menaces even closer, a hockey stick draped over her shoulder, her palm held open to him.

With a sigh, Stegglet offers up the wrist that holds his microphone, and instead of dragging him around, Ricki Toughill merely plucks the microphone from his hand. She points off-camera with the hockey stick, shooing him away, then opens the limousine door. Out steps...

Summers, his Torontonion Sweetheart melting off his rugged arm...

Mahoney, steely-jawed in anticipation of his Television Title challenge mere hours in the future.

And Kendrick, transfixed on a legal-sized clipboard that looks to have the brackets for the Battle of Boston on them.

The three men make their way confidently through the back hallways of the arena, the Sweetheart and Toughill flanking them.]

KK: Can you believe this? I mean, talk about a ham-fisted attempt to get a rise out of us. I know the AWA brass think it's good business for their rating to get me riled up and have me holler and scream about what an unfair shake I've got, but come on—could this be any more of a ham-fisted attempt to get us riled up?

[Summers scoffs.]

KK: Put me against the alleged West Memphis Assassin... some scrub called up from the Combat Corner Academy and put under a mask so he could try and avoid the appearance that was seeding me directly against the AWA World Champion-in-Waiting, Mr. Red Hot himself.

RS: Nice try, Gellar.

KK: I know we're supposed to show that there's dissension in the ranks, and "whose side is Rick on?" and "whose side is Callum on?" And that's what expected of us. I'm supposed to be up in arms about this, but you know what? I don't rise to being baited. That's not what SM&K is based on. We're nobody's lackey. That's not what Ernest Hemmingway would do.

CM: That's not what Jack Dempsey would do.

RS: That's not what Teddy Roosevelt would do.

KK: We're businessmen—

[Ricki Toughill clears her throat.]

KK: Oh yeah. And that's not what James Garner would do.

[Toughill briefly cracks a rare smile, biting her bottom lip, giving the microphone a provocative squeeze.]

KK: And business... is booming. And you know, now that I have a certain... let's call him an Unprofessional Element... Now that the Unprofessional Element is out of my hair, there's nothing that can stop the Self Made Man and Red Hot from Stealing the Spotlight. My only regret is that three of us weren't in separate brackets so it could be an all SM&K final. So if you're looking for me to whine and complain some other time. We don't need to prove anything. We just need a Heat Check here, an Armbar there, peppered with some Liberty Bellringers, and Ricki will be there breaking the boys' hearts and the girls' ribs. It is just... that... simple...

[Rex Summers nods his head, a smirk crosses his lips.]

RS: The Self Made Man is absolutely correct. Ever since Memorial Day Mayhem everyone has been questioning where my loyalty lays. Well, I'm here to tell you that while the "Red Hot" may lay in a different bed, in a city night after night his loyalty to SM&K is unwavering!

[The Summers Sweetheart smiles broadly as she nods her head in agreement.]

RS: Was there a conversation between Dr. Fawcett and myself? Yes, there was. You're damn right I did. And yet all everyone seems to focus on is the belief that I turned my back on SM&K and signed on with Dr. Fawcett. No one seems to be able to grasp the simple concept of why I did what I did.

As you all know, Dr. Fawcett is an intelligent man and he made an offer - an offer I needed to take. Ever since SuperClash, Emerson Gellar did everything in his power to make sure Rex Summers would never wear championship gold here in the AWA. And at Memorial Day Mayhem, he succeeded in that but I succeeded in ruining his night! He was hoping the undefeated, the unstoppable Gladiator would walk out AWA World Champion.

[Summers lets out a throaty chuckle.]

RS: Instead a windfall of some extra cash landed in my lap. But I didn't hoard that cash, I treated my friends to a grand old time after Memorial Day Mayhem. SM&K isn't just three men tossed together, we're three men with common goals and desires. We're three men who know we should be at the top of the AWA and it's time we reach those goals!

And it starts tonight when Supernova can no longer ignore the Armbar Assassin tonight!

[Summers smiles as he smacks Mahoney on the shoulder.]

CM: Rumors of dissension only arise when small-minded folk cannot fathom how three great minds can co-exist. And they only plot to bring down a unit like ours because they view us as a legitimate threat, like Gellar does. So he keeps throwing opportunity after opportunity at his favorites, until he runs out of favorites and can ignore us no longer.

I have no doubt that Kerry has my back, as I have always had his. I have no doubt that "Red Hot" has our backs, as we've always had his. And Ricki? She has all our backs. But tonight, fellas, I need you to do me a favor. I need you to stay in the back while I go get us the Television title.

[Mahoney's request stops everyone in place. If this segment had sound effects, this is where one would hear the record needle scratching.]

KK: Wait. What?

RS: You said it yourself, we need to have each others' backs.

CM: And I know you have mine, but I am not going to allow either Supernova or Emerson Gellar any excuses. I need to go out there and do this myself, because when it comes down to Supernova and me, one-on-one, the ending is inevitable...

[Mahoney places a hand each on the shoulders of his brothers-in-arms.]

CM: Tonight, the AWA World Television championship comes home to SM&K.

[Mahoney turns and continues walking as Summers and Kendrick watch him. Kendrick turns to Summers and they both turn to look at Toughill, who merely shrugs...

...and we fade from the pre-recorded footage back to live action in the arena where "Perfect Strangers" by Jörn plays as the whole arena illuminates. And standing at the entrance ramp pointing straight up to the sky is...]

GM: We are back in the Air Canada Center just seven days away from the Battle of Boston tournament and Noboru Fujimoto is here tonight in Toronto. And ladies and gentlemen, this NOT a sanctioned match: this is a public workout as Fujimoto prepares to battle the best in all the land.

[Fujimoto stands at the entrance way soaking in the crowd's reaction - a loud mix of cheers and boos. He has orange tinted spiked hair and a pair of mirrored Ray Bans on his face. His glossy white trench coat has gold trim and runs past his knees.]

BW: Look at this: the Electric Dragon's imported some of Japan's finest scrubs to demonstrate on!

[With a nod, Fujimoto makes his way towards the ring. He is clad in all white warm-up gear. He climbs up the ringsteps and wipes his feet before he enters the ring and makes his way to the center, arms outstretched as he spins around. In the ring are three very generic-looking young Asian men in short haircuts and plain black ring gear.]

GM: The Electric Dragon requested this time to demonstrate how ready he is physically for the Battle of Boston AND to lead his Steal the Spotlight squad.

[Fujimoto slides out of his trench coat and hands it as well as his glasses to the ring attendant standing there. He begins pulling on the ropes as the music ends.]

GM: And again, this is not a match... this is a public workout.

[Fujimoto beckons one of the three students to approach.]

GM: And these three are students of the Tiger Paw Pro dojo. We understand their names are Ko, Nosaka, and Isobe... I believe that's Ko there.

[Fujimoto throws Ko to the mat with a deep armdrag. Then he kips up and quickly armdrags Nosaka, then kips up again, and armdrags Isobe, punctuating it with a shove to the back of the young boy's head.]

BW: Wow, no pausing, three at a time!

GM: What athleticism from the Electric Dragon! Quite possibly the finest athlete to come out of Tiger Paw P—

NIGHT comes howling down a whispering street

Is that the sound of sirens?

Can you taste the heat?

[Myers is cut off by the sound of “Whispering Streets” by Barry Adamson. Fujimoto's workout is interrupted by the grinning presence of “The American Ninja” Riley Hunter, holding nunchucks overhead.]

BW: You were saying, Gordo?

[Hunter whirls the nunchucks through the air dramatically. His eyes are partially obscured by small circular-framed sunglasses, and his unruly dirty blonde and royal blue curly hair. He casts his pleather duster aside, revealing his “Dead Man's Party” t-shirt and strolls his way down the aisle, a haughty and deranged grin on his face.]

GM: And look at Fujimoto—he hasn't taken his eyes off of the American Ninja.

[Hunter hooks the nunchucks around his neck like a scarf and takes a seat between Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde at the announce table.]

GM: And... we're being joined by the American Ninja. I certainly hope you are less obnoxious than your cousin, Mr. Hunter.

[Fujimoto shouts down over the ropes to the announce position. Riley Hunter briefly addresses his old rival before sitting down.]

RH: Ni usagi wo ou mono wa ichi usagi wo mo ezu, Noboru! Don't mind me, bubba.

[“Whispering Streets” fades, and Fujimoto warily turns back to his workout. He lights up Ko with a massive knife-edge chop that doubles him over. Hunter, at the commentary position, appears in a split-screen.]

RH: Gentlemen, gentlemen. I am here on a mission of peace, as the best athlete to be entered in the Battle of Boston. I realize that some of my wrestling maneuvers are state-of-the-art...

[Fujimoto swats Nosaka to the ground with a forearm uppercut.]

RH: ...So because I've been informed that you gents are not quite prepared to call state-of-the-art wrestling matches, I've prepared a series of flashcards, and a glossary of terms for you gents to refer to when I take the ring against the winner of the International Wild Card.

BW: Oh neat.

GM: Swell.

[Hunter hands Myers and Wilde a stack of brightly-colored laminated cards and a legal-sized laminated sheet. Fujimoto takes out Isobe with a short-arm lariat.]

BW: You did these yourself? These are cool.

RH: I have a laminating machine at home.

BW: So, the double chickenwing slam is a “Day of Lavos,” and the—HOLY...! “DIM MAK?!” You have the Death Touch!?

[In the ring, Fujimoto picks up the pace, sensing that he is being upstaged. He waistlocks Ko and delivers a vicious German Suplex.]

RH: Now, look at this, Fujimoto is punching himself out trying to prove how athletic he is... and make no mistake, he is one of the best wrestlers I have ever faced, and one of the best wrestlers I have ever defeated. He's getting into his own head.

GM: Well, Mr. Hunter, your official AWA debut will be in seven days at the Battle of Boston—

RH: Let's not assume, Gordo. No no; do not presume that because the AWA is so massive that it is the be-all and end-all of professional wrestling.

[Fujimoto takes down Nosaka with an exploder suplex.]

RH: The AWA has collected the best wrestlers in the world, make no mistake, but it's become homogeneous and inbred and it must evolve, and don't think that I'm not prepared to make my mark. I am not out here to scout Noboru Fujimoto. No no. I've studied so much tape of the Electric Dragon and every other wrestler in the tournament that I'm beginning to feel like David Berkowitz's dog.

[Fujimoto locks in an inverted headlock on Isobe.]

RH: There's my cue. Gentlemen, flash card 22! Thank you for your time! "Aloha" means goodbye!

[Fujimoto delivers a Falling Laser Lasso to Isobe as Hunter leaves the announce position and rolls into the ring unseen.]

GM: What is Hunter doing? Fujiwara with a Falling Laser Lasso to the first trainee... setting up a second, he doesn't see the Ninja behind him!

[Hunter picks up Isobe with a double chickenwing, lifting him into the air, then slamming him face-first in synchronization with Fujiwara delivering a Falling Laser Lasso to Ko.]

BW: [reading excitedly from flash card] "DAY OF LAVOS!"

GM: Another Falling Laser Lasso and he's looking for the hat trick—the Electric Dragon still doesn't see Riley Hunter!

[Riley Hunter locks in his own inverted headlock to Ko, mirroring Fujimoto and Nosaka.]

GM: And what is this?! Riley Hunter using his own Falling Laser Lasso!

BW: [reading] "MAMMON MACHINE!" "GOOD NIGHT NOW!"

[Fujimoto looks over his shoulder to see Hunter manically grinning back at him over the prone forms of three young trainees.]

GM: And look out—I think we're going to see a confrontation here! These two have had some wars in the past year and they may be bringing it to Boston next weekend.

BW: Forget Boston! We might see them go to town here in Toronto.

[The ever stoic and cool Fujimoto and the grinning Hunter go face-to-face, staring each other down. Referees and agents swarm the ring around them. When the

trainees begin coming to, they join the fray, trying to separate the Electric Dragon and the American Ninja.]

GM: Oh, this feels explosive.

[Fujimoto reaches up and pats Hunter condescendingly on the shoulder a couple of times. He backs off and smirks, spreading his hands wide. Hunter chuckles right back at him, and responds by mussing up Fujimoto's hair, before quickly backing off and rolling out of the ring.]

GM: Well, it looks like this one will stay unresolved for now... but in seven days, that could have a very different result. Both men part of the Graham Bracket with Riley Hunter in the play-in match against the International Wild Card and the winner of that meeting Noboru Fujimoto. A definite international flavor to that corner of the bracket, fans... but now, let's change gears and head backstage where Mark Stegglet has a very mysterious guest. Mark?

[We fade from ringside back to the locker room area to an extreme closeup of ten spindly fingers, looking more like bleached twigs than actual fingers, steepled together. The voice of Mark Stegglet is heard.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Right now, I have with me an individual who we first met two weeks ago in Calgary. He was introduced by Doctor Harrison Fawcett as a friend...

[The shot has pulled back enough now to reveal the Slender Man from the last SNW. His jet black hair is shoulder-length and slicked back as is his pencil-thin mustache which makes it look greasy. We can see his upper body is covered in a black sportscoat... black dress shirt... black tie... you get the idea. And as he did two weeks ago, he wears a smile on his face... a twisted, devious-looking smile.]

MS: ...from his past. And then, this man introduced the AWA to an unnamed brute of a man who savaged Shane Taylor in short order. First of all... can we please get your name, sir?

[The Slender Man turns towards Stegglet, appraising him for a moment, and then with the slightest bow of the head...]

"My name is Draco Romero."

[Stegglet seems almost surprised it was that easy. He quickly composes himself and continues.]

MS: Okay! Well, Mr. Romero, can you tell me the name of your beast? That man you introduced to the world two weeks ago?

[The ever-present smile on Romero's face somehow grows.]

DR: Mr. Stegglet, you use the word "man" rather liberally there when, in fact, my Varag is a monster.

MS: A monster. I see. And... Varag you call him. Well, Mr. Romero, I'd like to ask you a question about your friendship with Doctor Harrison Fawcett.

[Romero turns his hands up in a soft shrug, almost gracefully.]

DR: Relationships are living, breathing creatures, Mr. Stegglet. Some are born out of respect. Some are born out of necessity. Some are born out of mutually shared interests. I am sure that you have many friends who work in this very company... people you find yourself sharing time with outside of work because you share the same interests.

[Stegglet shrugs with a nod.]

DR: Doctor Fawcett and I share... similar interests.

MS: I feel like that's all we're going to get out of that line of questioning.

[Romero's smile twists up again.]

DR: Mr. Stegglet, you wouldn't want to read the last page of the mystery novel before you get to the good part, would you? Hmm?

MS: I suppose not. Then I'll ask the question that I've been dying to know since two weeks ago... what are you and Varag doing in the AWA? What are your goals?

[Romero slowly raises one spindly finger, tapping it on his chin thoughtfully.]

DR: I gather you expect the goals of the masses. "We want championship gold! We want glory! We want money!"

MS: That does tend to be the answer.

DR: It, Mr. Stegglet, is not my answer. My answer is that I am simply... following orders.

MS: Orders? Orders from who? Brian Lau? Harrison Fawcett?

[A humorless chuckle escapes Draco Romero's mouth.]

DR: Mr. Stegglet please. Don't try to fan away the shroud of mystery. Life is so boring if we know all the answers, don't you agree?

[Romero doesn't give Stegglet a chance to answer, simply turning and walking away with the same chuckle.]

MS: Perhaps more questions than answers remain after that conversation. But we're about to see Mr. Romero lead his... Varag... to the ring. Let's head down to Rebecca Ortiz for the introductions!

[Crossfade to the ring where the aforementioned Miss Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Our next matchup is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. First, in the corner to my right... from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 330 pounds...

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEF BOOOOONNNNHAAAAAM!

[The "beefy" enhancement talent raises both arms into the air, showing off the "BEEF" written on the belly of his doubled-strapped singlet.]

RO: And his opponent...

[Lana Del Rey's creepy cover of "Once Upon A Dream" from the Maleficent soundtrack plays over the PA system. After a few moments, a slender man dressed in black from head to toe emerges from the entrance portal - the man we now know as Draco Romero. His jet black hair is slicked back and his pencil-thin mustaches is wet down, giving a greasy look to it. He looks very much like the guy trying to sell you a used car that might blow up on your way home... and that smile... oh, that devious smile. He pivots, giving a slight bow as he waits.]

GM: Draco Romero, fresh off his AWA debut two weeks ago... and this guy give me the chills, Bucky.

BW: Really? I had a chat with him earlier. Pleasant man. Seems pretty sharp. Well-traveled businessman.

GM: He pick up the tab for your lunch?

BW: Well, sure... but that's just how things go.

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: From Parts Unknown... accompanied to the ring by Draco Romero... HE IS VAAAAAAAAAAAAAG!

[And soon enough, through the curtain walks a man dressed in a pair of black vinyl pants with a silver studded belt. He wears a matching mask with small slits for his eyes and mouth. A silver studded collar around his muscular neck is present as he flexes his fingers, his bare torso rippling with muscles as he walks past the slender man who nods with an approving smile, turning to follow him down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: And in walks the man known as Varag.

BW: Not a man, Gordo... a monster.

GM: As Mr. Romero says, yes. Bucky, since you're new-found friends with Mr. Romero, what can you tell us about Varag?

BW: Look, Mr. Romero is a man who has his secrets. He told me all that I need to know about Varag, I can see when he's in the ring.

GM: Of course he did. As a friend of Doctor Harrison Fawcett, I suppose I shouldn't be surprised this guy has tons of secrets. And if we need to know about Varag, all we need to do is look back two weeks ago when Shane Taylor was absolutely dominated and destroyed by this monster.

BW: Shane Taylor is an accomplished professional wrestler and Varag made short work of him, Gordo. That should tell you a lot.

GM: Tonight, Varag might have his hands full with someone a bit larger in size. Beef Bonham is bigger than Varag actually.

BW: He may weigh more but...

[Varag grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron. He lets loose a roar before stepping inside the ring as Draco Romero takes his place in the corner, watching with a curious eye.]

GM: Varag inside the ring now... waiting for the bell...

[And as the bell sounds, Beef Bonham decides to take the fight to Varag, charging across the ring, arms raised over his head...

...and runs headlong right into a big boot to the jaw, wiping him out!]

GM: OHHHH!

[A pleased Romero steeples his fingers, nodding with approval as Varag stands over Bonham, looking down on him.]

BW: That might be it right there, Gordo.

GM: It certainly could be. A hellacious boot right up under the chin and... man, that took Beef Bonham down hard. Bonham, who impressed many with his showing in the Battle Royal back at Memorial Day Mayhem, may be wishing he'd tried a different plan of attack in this one, Bucky.

[Varag reaches down, grabbing the wrist of Bonham, dragging the 330 pounder up to his feet...

...and then drops him a second time, this time with a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: And another devastating shot! Beef Bonham made a costly error at the bell and Varag is simply dominating him at this point.

[Turning away from the downed Bonham, Varag rushes to the ropes, bouncing off to the middle of the ring where he leaps into the air, dropping all his weight down on Bonham's torso with a splash.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: That's nearly three hundred pounds of muscle crashing down on ya!

[Varag stays atop Bonham, earning a two count before Beef weakly gets a shoulder off the canvas.]

GM: Two count only.

BW: Bonham should've called it a day right there. It's over, Gordo, it's just a matter of how much he hurts Bonham now.

GM: This Varag is impressive. Six foot six, 300+ pounds... solid muscle... but he moves so quickly and with such agility in there.

[Varag gets to his feet as Romero looks on, tilting his head slightly as he appraises the situation. The masked man drags Bonham off the mat again, the latter barely able to stay on his feet it appears as Varag clutches him by the throat.]

GM: Varag's throttling him around the ring, choking the life out of him...

[And Bonham, suddenly with a burst of energy, slaps the hand away. His eyes go wide as he throws himself into a left jab...

...and Toronto fans do their job, shouting "BEEF!"]

GM: Bonham trying to fire back!

[A second jab lands, a second "BEEF!" to follow.]

GM: The fans rallying behind Bonham as he pistons in that left jab!

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

[Bonham winds up his right hand, looking out to his cheering fans...

...but as he throws it, Varag sidesteps, swooping in to hook him around the head, neck, and arm...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[He lifts the 330 pounder into the air, twists him around, and DRIVES him down across a bent knee!]

GM: BACKBREAKER!

BW: That same uranage backbreaker we saw him use on Shane Taylor!

GM: It was enough to take Taylor out of action. He's not even here this week... and it looks like it's done the same thing to Beef Bonham as Varag gets one... two... and three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The masked man gets up, staring down at Bonham as he reaches up, touching the side of his masked face.]

GM: It looks like Varag might be feeling the effects of those jabs a bit...

BW: Uh oh!

[Varag angrily reaches down, grabbing Bonham by the throat, dragging him back to his feet. He pulls Bonham back into uranage position a second time, looking to deliver a second backbreaker...

...when suddenly, a smaller individual comes charging down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Dylan Harvey! Dylan Harvey's coming to help his partner! Dylan Harvey is coming to-

[But as Harvey slides under the top rope at top speed, climbing to his feet, sprinting towards Varag...

...the masked man shoves Bonham aside, lifting up Harvey, twisting around, and DRIVING him down across a bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER BACKBREAKER! GOODNESS!

BW: So much for the big save that Harvey must've had running through his mind there.

GM: Dylan Harvey tried to aid his friend and partner there but...

BW: Well, I guess he kept Varag from hitting Bonham with another backbreaker so... mission accomplished?

GM: In a way, I suppose... but now both men are laid out as Draco Romero - a pleased Draco Romero, I might add - is guiding his monster out of the ring. Another impressive victory for Varag as they head back up the aisle. Fans, this pair is something to watch - I've got a feeling about that one. But I've also got a feeling

that you should stick around after this break because you won't want to miss what's coming up next

[Fade to black.

We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...

...and then come back up on the Air Canada Centre crowd, buzzing with anticipation over what's coming next. Cut to Rebecca Ortiz in the ring.]

RO: Coming up next is a match set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the ring to my right... from Minneapolis, Minnesota... weighing in at 215 pounds... Sebastian Eriksson!

[Eriksson raises a hand, smiling at the few cheers he hears as he stands in his plain black boots and trunks.]

GM: Sebastian Eriksson, fresh out of the Combat Corner, looking to make an impact here tonight in Toronto.

BW: If Michaelson was going to let these kids graduate, you'd think he'd teach them to choose their opponents a little smarter.

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: And his opponent...

[A voice rings out over the PA system, the digitally-enhanced voice of a breathy female who lustily utters a single phrase...]

"Oh, Rexy... you're SO sexy..."

[Mickey Avalon's "Stroke Me" begins to play over the arena sound system. A sample of Billy Squier's classic 'The Stroke' is easily recognized...]

#STROKE ME, STROKE ME#

[As Mickey Avalon finishes saying it's "As easy as one, two, three" the curtain opens and out walks the one and only "Red Hot" Rex Summers and a dazzling blonde-haired beauty. She smiles widely as her arm is wrapped around Rex's. She is wearing a bright red halter top and a pair of form fitting white pants.]

RO: Hailing from St. Paul, Minnesota, he weighs in at 251 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by...

[The next words are dripping with even more disgust than usual.]

RO: ...the luckiest girl on the planet tonight...

"RED HOT" REX SUMMERS!

[Summers is dressed in a full length blue robe with white sequins running down both lapels and in a zig zag formation across the front. He walks slowly down to the ring, a cocky strut shows his arrogance and disdain for his opponent. Summers simply smirks as he approaches ringside, and we catch the words "Red Hot" are spelled out in more sequins on the back of the robe as he walks past the camera, the Summers Sweetheart by his side, beaming at the camera. They walk up the steps together where she sits on the middle rope, allowing Summers to easily step into the ring where he grabs at the mic.]

RS: Cut the music!

[The boos come louder from the crowd as the music stops. Summers arrogantly sneers at the fans as he raises the mic and the young lady accompanying him stands off the side, rubbing his neck with her hands. He throws her a glance, smiling before speaking again.]

RS: Every single one of you in this building right now need to do three things... button your lips... open your eyes... and take a nice, long look at the man who is going to win the Battle of Boston and become THE Number One Contender for the World Heavyweight Title.

Now, Sweetheart... let's get this robe off my magnificent body and test just how good this country's Universal Healthcare is!

[In a shock to no one, the arena once again fills with boos, as the sensational looking blonde begins to remove the robe from the back of Summers.]

GM: The Red Hot One never with a lack of ego, Bucky.

BW: It's not ego if you're that damn good. You're talking about a former Longhorn Heritage Champion. A former Steal The Spotlight contract winner... a guy who'd still have that contract if Emerson Gellar hadn't changed the rules on him. Rex Summers is headed into the Battle of Boston as one of the odds-on favorites to win the whole thing, Gordo.

GM: That remains to be seen.

[The bell sounds as Eriksson comes quickly from the corner, making a lunge at Summers, looking for a single leg takedown. He actually manages to get a grip on the leg but Summers quickly maneuvers back into the ropes, shouting at the referee to "get this kid off me!" The official obliges, starting his five count as Eriksson lets go of the hold, backing off. Summers glares at him from across the ring as Eriksson backs out to the middle.]

GM: Sebastian Eriksson backing off as Summers makes the ropes and Bucky, if Rex Summers is going to win the Battle of Boston, he's gotta make his way through the Hardin Bracket. He's got a first round date with either his SM&K partner in Kerry Kendrick or the mysterious West Memphis Assassin.

BW: I'm not a big fan of either of those matchups for Remy actually. Kendrick's going to come into this tournament very motivated... he's going to want to make an impact and show the world that he belongs. Then you take the mystery of the Assassin into account. We've got no details on that front. He could literally be anyone!

GM: And... AND... if he gets through that, he's gotta face the winner of Jack Lynch and MAMMOTH Maximus!

BW: Look, it's not an easy road, Gordo... NOBODY'S got an easy road. If he gets to the Finals of his bracket, he might have the likes of Supernova waiting for him... or Shadoo Rage... or heck, he might even have the World Champion, Johnny Detson, waiting for him! There are no easy outs in the Battle of Boston. This is the best in the world coming to town for one weekend so everyone's gotta be at the top of their game if they want to win it.

[And while our announcers debated the tournament, Sebastian Eriksson managed to get a single leg again but this time, Rex Summers buries the point of his elbow down between the shoulderblades to break it up. On his feet, Summers is putting the boots to Eriksson as we catch up to the action.]

GM: Summers shining his shoes on the back of Sebastian Eriksson, pulling the young man up to his feet...

[A pair of knife edge chops sends Eriksson falling back into the corner where Summers grabs the top rope, switching to big knees into the midsection.]

GM: Summers going to town in the corner, slamming that knee home into the body over and over...

[Grabbing the arm of Eriksson, Summers shoots him across the ring, running from corner to corner, and SLAMS his knee up into the gut again!]

GM: The Red Hot One putting a pounding on the midsection of this young man fresh out of the Combat Corner...

[Pulling Eriksson out of the corner, Summers muscles him up into the air, dropping him across a bent knee in a gutbuster!]

GM: OHHH!

[Summers shoves Eriksson off his knee, smirking as he gets back to his feet, looking out at the jeering crowd. He buries a boot into the ribs... and another... and another...]

GM: Summers continuing to target the body of his opponent - a bit of a change of pace for "Red Hot" Rex Summers who - as we all know - has that Heat Check DDT in his pocket that could end a match at anytime.

BW: We talk about the brackets... we talk about the Battle of Boston... Rex Summers is just a handful of Heat Check DDTs from winning that thing, Gordo. It might be the most devastating move in the entire AWA.

GM: It certainly is effective.

[Eriksson manages to get to the ropes, pulling himself to his feet as Summers approaches from behind, smashing a double axehandle down across the shoulderblades, sending Eriksson falling through the ropes to the ring apron.]

GM: Ohh... out to the apron goes Eriksson, barely hanging on and avoiding falling to the floor.

[Summers reaches over the ropes, grabbing Eriksson by his blonde hair, pulling him to his feet where he hooks him, bringing him back in with a spine-rattling vertical suplex.]

GM: Summers brings him in the hard way, floating right into a lateral press...

[But only a two count follows before Eriksson kicks out. Summers pushes up to his knees, slamming a double axehandle down across the ribs once... twice... three times before he gets back to his feet. The crowd is jeering as he pulls the young man off the canvas...]

GM: Summers perhaps starting to look for that Heat Check DDT we talked about a few moments ago...

[With a solid grip on Eriksson's wrist, Summers pulls him towards him, looking for a short-arm kneelift to the body...]

...but Eriksson throws himself into a forearm smash, earning some cheers and catching Summers off-guard!]

GM: Ohh! Eriksson caught him good there!

[With Summers in a bit of a daze, Eriksson dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards Summers...]

...who suddenly lifts Eriksson under his arm, holding him for a few moments...]

GM: He's got him up and- DOWWWWWN across the knee with a backbreaker!

[Summers shoves Eriksson arrogantly off his knee, striking a single arm bicep pose from a kneeling position, looking out on the jeering crowd.]

BW: Well, that comeback was short-lived.

[Climbing to his feet, Summers looks down at Eriksson as the young rookie struggles to get up off the canvas...

...and dashes to the ropes behind the rising Combat Corner graduate, bouncing off the far side...]

GM: Summers building up speed and-

[And as Eriksson gets to his feet, Summers BLASTS him in the back of the head with a running lariat!]

GM: OHHHH! NORTH STAR LARIAT ON THE MONEY!

[Summers continues on, bouncing chestfirst off the far ropes, striking a double bicep pose for the mostly-jeering fans although you can hear some high-pitched cheers as well.]

GM: The fans are disgusted by Rex Summers.

BW: Not all of them. Some of these Toronto Turtles are panting and begging for more of Sexy Remy.

GM: Toronto Turtles?

BW: Yup. When you see 'em coming, you wish they'd pull back into their shells.

GM: Give me a break!

[While that banter was ongoing, Summers pulled Eriksson off the mat and right into a short-arm kneelift to the midsection, doubling up the rookie as Summers snatches a double underhook...

...and DRIVES him skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: HEAT CHECK DDT!

[Summers rolls Eriksson to his back, applying a lateral press, and getting the three count as Summers blows a kiss in the direction of the camera.]

BW: And Gordo, Jack Lynch, Terry Shane, Supernova, the West Memphis Assassin and all the rest better be watching because it can be just that easy... and just that quick to end up with your lights out and Rex Summers moving on in the Battle of Boston next weekend.

GM: Summers has gotta be flying high these days. Let's see if our own Mark Stegglet can get a few words from him.

[The Summers Sweetheart sits on the second rope, pushing the top rope up so the Red Hot One can exit the ring onto the ring apron. He pauses and looks out towards the crowd and pops a double bicep pose as Mark Stegglet waits out on the floor.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. An impressive victory for Rex Summers as he joins me out here at ringside.

[Summers approaches Stegglet, smirking as the Sweetheart takes a towel to his sweaty upper body.]

MS: Rex, earlier tonight I was trying to get a few words from you before Erica-

[Summers raises his right hand and shakes his head.]

RS: Look Stegglet, Ricki took control of that interview for a real simple reason. You're a predictable bore! You came out there to ask SM&K about the possibility of Kendrick and myself having to face off against one another at the Battle of Boston.

MS: Well yes, but I also wanted-

[Summers again shakes his head and cuts Stegglet off.]

RS: And you wanted to know about the Gladiator.

[The AWA fans cheer loudly at the mention of Gladiator's name. Stegglet nods his head in agreement.]

RS: Look Stegglet, you're in this business so I know you've read Blackwell's app, heard the podcasts, read the tweets and the articles published by the hacks at Pro-Wrestling Firebomb and PW-Flare. And they all wanted to know the same thing as you. Is the Red Hot One afraid that the Gladiator will eventually catch up and extract his revenge for what happened at Memorial Day Mayhem?

[A chuckle comes from the "Red Hot" one.]

RS: Do I look afraid? Do I look like I am worried at all about old helmet head finding me?

[The Summers Sweetheart shakes her head no.]

RS: Of course I'm not, Stegglet. The Gods Gladiator sought wisdom from...

[Summers chuckles.]

RS: Though they obviously never granted him any. Those Gods witnessed his fall from the mountain top and because of that fall, they turned their backs upon him. Just as he failed his so-called fans and he failed Emerson Gellar, he failed his Gods! And so they cast him into the Lake of Avernus to suffer and never be heard from again. All because I ruined Gellar's best-laid plan and sent the Gladiator tumbling down, down the mountain!

[The fans boo as the Summers Sweetheart smiles and rubs her hand over Summers' bicep.]

RS: I warned them, Stegglet, I warned them that there would be repercussions.

[Summers smirks.]

MS: Rex, Mr. Gellar must know something you do not as he did give Gladiator a spot in the Battle of Boston tournament.

RS: Gellar knows nothing, Stegglet. What he should be doing and what you should be doing instead of asking me these pointless questions about Gladiator, is walking down the street to the Toronto Police Station and filing a missing person's report.

You heard that right. Gladiator is gone and done! And this is the last time you will hear me speak of him, 'cause as I've said now is Rex Summers' time.

[Summers motions at himself.]

RS: And I'm focused on the Battle of Boston and what comes from being the best in the world, an opportunity at the AWA World Heavyweight Championship. Two weeks

ago, Mr. Detson, I told you that you owe me one and yet not a peep, not a mention of Rex Summers' challenge to you. Normally I would be offended but I can't tell if Detson just wanted to ignore me or if because good old Bobby O'Connor decided to make his triumphant return, the World Heavyweight Champion became distracted.

[Summers pauses and he does not look pleased.]

RS: I want to lean towards him being distracted, I really do, Stegglet.

But I have to say watching O'Connor slide right into a title match tonight left a sour taste in my mouth.

MS: Bobby O'Connor earned his title shot and he capitalized on it, unlike you Rex.

[Again, Rex Summers does not appear pleased with Mark Stegglet.]

RS: He won a Rumble and received a contract, a contract he earned but never had to defend! I earned my contract and I was forced to defend it like I was Gellar's damn lap monkey.

But tell me this, Stegglet, how long has O'Connor been sitting at home licking his wounds?

[Before Stegglet can answer, Summers continues to speak.]

RS: Nearly seven months! Seven months and he just comes strolling in like he is the savior of the AWA.

[Summers shakes his head.]

RS: I'll tell you this, ladies and gentlemen, if that was me, Gellar would have stripped me of that opportunity the second my arm was broken. But then again I never hitched my wagon to Jack or Travis Lynch, my grand daddy never ran the AWA so why wouldn't Gellar strip off a shot if I had won it nearly a year ago.

Tonight Stegglet, I'll be back there...

[He points to the entrance way.]

RS: Dying to see how this one ends. Cause in two weeks when the Battle of Boston ends there will be a new Number One Contender to the AWA World Heavyweight Championship, "Red Hot" Rex Summers. And whoever wins tonight, don't say I didn't warn you.

[The Summers Sweetheart intertwines her arm with Summers' and they begin to walk down the aisle towards the entrance way.]

MS: Rex Summers with a warning shot towards the men in tonight's Main Event. Is Rex Summers the next in line for a shot at the World Title? We may find out next weekend in Boston. Right now, fans, let's go backstage to our own Sweet Lou Blackwell who is standing by with Derrick Williams! Lou?

[The camera cuts back to the interview area, where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark... another great night of action here on Saturday Night Wrestling but my next guest is not currently scheduled to be a part of it - although you'd never know it to see him. I'm talking about the young lion himself, Derrick Williams, who does NOT look happy.

[Williams comes into the shot from behind the camera, wearing his gear and vest, hands on hips as he turns around when he gets to Blackwell.]

DW: Sweet Lou... you're absolutely right, I'm not happy at all.

So many weeks chasing the World TV Title, and pinched at the post again. I'm not going to take anything away from Supernova, he beat me. He won, and I know the deal, and I'll do my time, go to the back of the line, and work my way back.

[Williams raises a hand, pointing towards the camera.]

DW: But that doesn't mean I rest on my laurels, and doesn't mean that I don't remedy a situation, and that's the situation concerning myself and one Shadoe Rage.

SLB: Of course, you're referring to the entire world learning that Shadoe Rage has been behind the lights going out during your matches as of late... something that many argue has cost you the World Television Title on more than one occasion.

[Williams nods.]

DW: Precisely, Sweet Lou... and yeah, I'm hot about it, Lou... HOT. We know Shadoe Rage has been screwing with me because of his obsession with the World TV Title. And I'm tired of it. Twice he took the belt out of my hands, so now I get even.

I want Rage, I want Rage as soon as possible.

[Williams shakes his head.]

DW: Hell, I want Rage tonight!

[Williams gestures at himself, dressed in his ring gear.]

DW: Look at me, Lou, I'm not on the schedule, but I went and got dressed to fight, I'm ready to go. I'll fight Rage here, I'll fight Rage later, hell, I got half a mind to go find Melissa Cannon and make a pitch to be her partner tonight! I might just go and camp-

[Everybody pauses as Shadoe Rage enters the shot. The Misfits back him up. Rashan Hill rubs his hands together in anticipation as Amos Carter brushes his hair with a sponge brush to get his afro just messy enough. Rage stares through Williams, saying nothing. He cocks his head to the side, staring Williams up and down. He draws off his sunglasses, a smirk twisting the corner of his mouth.]

AC: Hold on, boss! We got this!

RH: (chuckling like a hyena) We sure do! Let us let you in on a little sumthin, Derrick Williams...

AC: ...If that's your real name.

MS: What else would it be?

AC: I dunno ... Loser McLoser?

[The Misfits giggle stupidly.]

AC: But seriously, the boss has bigger fish to fry.

RH: We was the ones messin' with the lights. So, you know, if you wanna take somebody on...

AC: ...Why don't you find a partner and...

RH: (getting right up in Williams' face) Take us on, McLoser.

AC: That's his name! That's his name!

[Behind the Misfits, Rage continues his trance like, murderous stare. Williams smirks at Hill]

DW: A'ight, you two clowns wanna take the bullet for Rage? I'm game. I owe you two a receipt anyway, but don't think I'm forgetting Daddy because I'm going to take a swing at you goons. You head out to that ring, and I'll go get myself a partner, and knock you two back to the bench.

[Williams backs away, not taking his eyes off the trio.]

DW: See you two in a bit.

[The Misfits seem pleased with this turn of events, patting each other on the back as they back away with their Coach.]

SLB: An interesting turn of events here as the Misfits are now set to take on Derrick Williams and a partner of his choice... but who is that partner going to be? We'll find out later tonight but right now, it's time for action from the Women's Division, with the Rumble to crown the inaugural AWA Women's World Champion less than a month away in Madison Square Garden.

[We fade back to ringside as the arena fills with the sound of an ominous synth as a sullen presence appears in the entry way. As "Everybody Knows" by Leonard Cohen kicks in, Erica "Ricki" Toughill makes her way down the aisle, wearing a schoolgirl's blouse and plaid skirt, a hockey stick slung over one shoulder. She pays very little attention to the fans and focuses on the ring, snapping a wad of pink bubble gum the whole time.]

GM: And a bit of a new look for Ricki Toughill tonight.

BW: Man, I remember being in school and seeing the other girls trying to avoid eye contact with girls who had that look on their face.

[Rebecca Ortiz' voice rings out.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest set for one fall is an AWA Women's Division match! Introducing first, entering the ring now... she is from Rochester, New York... weighing 170 pounds... ERICAAAA TOUGHILL!!!

[Cut to her opponent: a tanned, toned woman in her early twenties in a small white sports bra and black yoga pants with a long flowing mane of platinum blonde hair, almost the color of white gold; almost as striking are her bright green eyes. She looks like the paragon of fitness, with a body fat percentile that must be in very low single digits.]

RO: Her opponent, to my left, from London, Ontario... weighing in at 155 pounds... Holly Gardhouse!

[Ricki Toughill removes the blouse, revealing a black neoprene tank top and a large octopus tattoo occupying her right shoulder. Toughill is very much the opposite of her opponent: pasty-skinned, shapeless, greasy raven-black hair and murky brown

eyes. She backs into the corner, does a few squats and lunges, and blows another pink bubble.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And it's been a while since we've seen Toughill in action, at least in the context of her being a legal competitor. She's been the chief difference-maker in the corner of SM&K.

BW: She scared off the Gladiator just by looking at him! She's one mean momma!

[Toughill frowns up at her slightly taller, more statuesque opponent. Gardhouse goes into what might be charitably described as an MMA-style fighting stance. Toughill just slouches, fists balled at her sides.]

GM: And a bit of a different tactic from Ricki Toughill; usually she explodes out of gate but here she seems to be waiting for the right moment.

[Toughill petulantly shoves Gardhouse back a couple feet and steps forward, still scowling. She slaps her own face with her open palm.]

GM: Toughill egging her opponent on!

BW: Wow, can't no one, woman or man, lay on intimidation like Ricki can!

GM: And that's all her opponent needs... knife-edge chop... My goodness... it had no effect on her.

[Toughill responds with an annoyed look on her face. Gardhouse tries again.]

BW: Even her name says she's Tough.

GM: And those are not half-hearted chops Toughill is shrugging off. Her opponent looks to have three inches in height, a longer reach...

SMACK

GM: ...My stars, you can hear them echoing throughout the Air Canada Centre!

[After the third chop, Toughill responds with another shove to her opponent.]

GM: Ricki Toughill is very much the school bully of the Women's Division.

[Gardhouse had realized she's not exactly up against friendly competition. So she slaps Toughill across the face in response.]

“OOOOH!”

GM: Oh my!

BW: Hey! She knocked out her gum!

GM: This young lady, Holly, showing she's not about to be pushed around by the bully!

[Gardhouse pumps her fist as Toughill turns around, covering her jaw and cheek with her palm, somewhat stunned. The replay does indeed confirm Bucky's statement as a pink wad jettisons from Erica Toughill's open mouth as her head snaps to one side.]

GM: Look at that impact—wow! And listen to the fans! Holly Gardhouse from just up the road in London—

BW: Now, hold on! Rochester is just across Lake Ontario from here! They're both locals! And I can smell Rochester a lot stronger here than anywhere else.

GM: Gardhouse staying on the attack...

ET: "EEEEEEYAAAAAGH!"

[Ricki Toughill turns around abruptly and nearly coldcocks her opponent with a balled-up taped fist.]

BW: Yikes, mistake!

GM: And the referee warning Erica Toughill about closed fists again! Toughill with a rear-mounted reverse chinlock now... You don't see a lot of acrobatics or complex holds in an Erica Toughill match.

BW: You bet, Gordo. She's a practitioner of the lost art of brawling.

GM: Other AWA's female combatants have trained for the ring using every modern training technique available, like Charisma Knight or Ayako Fujiwara. Some have wrestling in their blood like Lauryn Rage or Julie Somers. There are ring tacticians like Skylar Swift and Melissa Cannon... Ricki Toughill cut her teeth in the seedy underbelly of wrestling.

BW: She's a street fighter. And really, who'd you pick in a straight-up fight? Julie Somers? Cannon? Ayako? She can't even break a profanity law, much less a bone. I'm taking the woman who's survived fighting in front of a few dozen sweaty mutants every night from Buffalo to Joliet to Pittsburgh.

[Toughill's hands creep up from under Gardhouse's chin, and she hooks her middle and ring fingers into her opponent's mouth. The referee quickly starts the count.]

GM: You can tell... she's just vicious.

[Toughill releases the hold on four and scowls back at the ref. She peels her opponent off the mat easily with a handful of hair and runs her across the ring.]

GM: And what's she going to do here... Oh my! Sending Holly airborne over the top rope to the floor.

BW: And that was a statement, Gordo! Ricki Toughill has sent dozens of women over that top rope to the floor over the years, and that's how easily she can do it.

[Toughill rolls to the floor after Gardhouse, and yanks her upright by the wrist.]

ET: "YAAAAAH!"

GM: And a short-arm clothesline turns Ricki Toughill's opponent inside out! What has gotten into Toughill!?

[Gardhouse lands on the thin padding with a sickening thud. Toughill kneels beside her and again grabs a handful of golden hair in one hand, and slams the other into her opponent's face repeatedly.]

BW: Ricki is laying in everything with extra salt; she's riled up about something. Really nice to watch her come out of her shell.

[Toughill scrapes her opponent off the ground, only to shove her face-first into the ring post.]

GM: Toughill the Tigress has been mauling every opponent she steps in the ring with, but I don't know that I've ever seen her so... so barbarous with her opponent's well-being. Back in the ring now...

[Toughill pulls herself into the ring after bundling Gardhouse between the ropes. She kneels down beside her and plants her open palm on her prone opponent's sternum.]

GM: A bit of an arrogant cover there... Two—Two-and-a-half count there. Toughill scooping her opponent up... Big headbutt from Toughill, but the referee needs to step in here; I've caught Erica Toughill taking this poor young lady by the hair on at least three occasions during this match.

BW: Girls like to have a lot of hair. Ricki just gets her fingers caught. You start sweating, the tape on her wrists starts coming loose and the adhesive—

GM: The adhesive, Buckthorn? Are you serious?

[Irony. The referee begins laying in a count as Toughill's hand guides Holly Gardhouse by the hair between the top and middle ropes. Toughill reaches over the top rope and yanks Gardhouse's head back by the hair, shaking it up and down brutally.]

GM: And finally Andy Dawson stepping in, saying he'll disqualify Toughill if she goes after her opponent's hair again.

BW: She had to make the last one worth it.

[Toughill backs off the requisite distance, defiantly frowning back at the official's scolding, then charges in to attack again, shoving her opponent into the nearest corner. Toughill crosses to the opposite side of the ring.]

GM: Look out, Toughill with a head of steam...

BW: OHH!

[Toughill launches her posterior into her opponent's midsection.]

GM: The Tigress turned herself into a cannonball!

BW: That'll knock the wind out of you, no matter how fit you are.

ET: "YAAH! YAAH!"

GM: And an axehandle to the back! And another!

[Gardhouse tries to stumble away, doubled over, but Erica Toughill relentlessly goes for a rear waistlock.]

BW: Oh watch this!

GM: I don't know if I can keep watching this—OH MY STARS!

ET: "uu-WAAAAH!"

[Toughill uproots her statuesque opponent and plants her the other way around with a backdrop suplex.]

GM: Ricki Toughill is dominant here, and if I'm the referee I'm looking for an opening to stop this one-sided walloping.

BW: It's like watching a cat with a mouse, and the cat's just toying with the little rodent who strayed too close.

[Toughill mounts her opponent's back and clasps her hands together, and begins dropping double axehandles to Gardhouse's neck and the back of her head.]

GM: This shrieking madwoman could have finished this match five times over already and I don't know why the referee is allowing this to continue...

[Toughill pulls her opponent up to her hands and knees, then drags her into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Toughill has lit this poor young lady up—oh my!

[Toughill elevates Gardhouse into the air and throws her forward, dropping to her knees while maintaining the waistlock.]

GM: Powerbomb! Shoulders are down, and please can this be—

[At two, Toughill releases the waistlock petulantly and stands. She begins prowling the ring, sweeping her oily black hair to one side of her partly-shaved hair.]

GM: Just end this! I don't know what you're trying to prove, Miss!

BW: Something is eatin' her, Gordo. I don't know if something Blondie did in there peeved her, but when a woman is hot about somethin' you don't argue with her.

[Toughill sits the dazed and maimed Gardhouse upright: her face looks swollen, her eyes are glassy and there is a cut on the bridge of her nose. She kneels behind her and begins tying her arms around her opponent's shoulders and neck.]

GM: The Shrew's Fiddle... and it's academic at this point.

[With little hesitation, the referee calls for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And come on!

[Toughill lies back and compliments the Shrew's Fiddle with a body scissors.]

GM: Whatever the meaning of this is, I'm sure the point has been made!

[The referee tries to pry Toughill off of Gardhouse. A couple more referees arrive on scene.]

“DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Bucky, this woman is sadistic! There is no call for this!

[Toughill releases the Shrew's Fiddle, not at the urging of the officials, but of her own accord. They crowd around Gardhouse, looking to attend her medically, but Toughill shoves them aside and picks her opponent up off the ground.]

GM: And for goodness' sake! What more does she have to prove?!

BW: I don't know! Look at her eyes, Gordo: she's lost it!

[Toughill scoops Gardhouse up and tosses her easily over the top rope to the floor. She circles the inside the ring, snarling at the officials who are trying to calm her down, clearing them out of her way. She rolls to the outside.]

GM: Stay away from her! Stay away from her!

[Toughill corners a terrified Rebecca Ortiz at the timekeeper's position...

...But only seems interested in one thing...

...The microphone?]

BW: Oh... my god...

GM: Is she going to...?

ET: THIRTEEN YEARS!

[Everyone in attendance seems to gasp. Erica Toughill is speaking. Angrily.]

ET: Thirteen years I've given to this business! Thirteen years of my life I've given to you people! My entire adult life I have worked to turn that ring from a place where women were treated as strippers and sideshow freaks to a place where we can be legitimate athletes like anyone else who would step foot in there! What thanks do I get?

The AWA signs me for a tryout and they put me in there against a hillbilly in bedazzled camo!

Do I get a match at SuperClash? NO! Do I get a match at Memorial Day Mayhem? NO!

Am I announced in the first block of Rumble entrants? No! They put me in the second block, and then they dig into the archives and find some match from my rookie days where Lucie Richter sits on me like a sideshow freak, breaks two of my ribs, punctures my lung and cracks my orbital bone! Is that what they think of me? I've got scars all up and down my leg from barbed wire! I've lost two pints of blood to Poet Wright. I didn't survive a year in that craphole in Pittsburgh to get treated like this! Half of that locker room ought to be on their hands and knees when they see me walk in the door for what I gave to this business!

And who does everyone hype up as the centerpiece of the Women's roster? Melissa Cannon? JULIE SOMERS?! What? I'm the one who's put in the work! I'm the one who still gets treated like she hasn't paid her dues! I won Angels and Amazons! I won the Empress Cup! I've had to jump through every single hoop that's been put in front of me, and YOU, Spitfire... You get chosen as the AWA's Golden Girl.

So I've had all this garbage dumped on me for thirteen years, and now I'm going to pay it back onto all the girls back there. You can't stop me; you can't even slow me down. And Julie, Melissa, if you've got a problem with that, MEGAPOWERS, you can find me in New York City next month.

[She tosses the microphone back to the timekeeper's position and sullenly prowls her way back up the aisle. The announcers are silent. The crowd is stunned. Toughill is the focus of all as she heads towards the entranceway...

...and we fade backstage where we find Mark Stegglet standing before an AWA backdrop. Standing beside him are Chris Choynet and Cesar Hernandez. Choynet,

to Stegglet's left, is dressed in a pair of light blue trunks with white trim, blue kneepads and elbowpads, white wrestling boots and a University of Maine letterman jacket. Hernandez, to Stegglet's right, is wearing a jacket with pleated sleeves, white wrestling trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots.]

MS: Chris Choisent, Cesar Hernandez, you face the Samoan Hit Squad in mere moments. I know, Chris, that you want to avenge what happened to your tag team partner in the Northern Lights, but now, it looks like things have gotten more personal, between your partner Cesar Hernandez and the manager of the Samoans, Dave Cooper.

[Choisnet thrusts a finger at the camera, anger etched on his face.]

CC: You better believe this has only gotten more personal! Samoan Hit Squad, I will not stand by and watch you hurt more people! And I certainly will not stand by when you try to jump me and my partner from behind! And to you, Dave Cooper, you dare to insult a good friend of mine?

[Motions to Hernandez]

CC: Cesar is a lot like Rene Rousseau to me -- he taught me so much about the wrestling business, what it means to show respect those who have come before you, those who have good advice and those who are competitive, but never selfish when it comes to guiding those who are looking to make a name of themselves! If it hadn't been for Rene, if it hadn't been for Cesar, I wouldn't be where I am today, and Cooper, I will not stand for you trying to cripple Rene, insulting Cesar or any of the ways in which you think you can intimidate them or me! Tonight, Cesar and I, we're evening the score and teaching all three of you a lesson you won't forget!

[He takes a deep breath and lowers his hand.]

MS: Cesar, I can tell your partner is fired up for tonight's match... I take it the feeling is mutual?

CH: Mark, it most certainly is! Dave Cooper, there was a time when I thought you were the perfect individual to lead the way for so many promising talents in the AWA, but now it's become clear that you're more than just bitter -- you are outright vicious and you show no respect for anyone who doesn't kowtow to you! From stabbing your former tag team partner in the back, to disregarding everybody you once aligned with as not being worthy of your time, and to the things you dared to say to me two weeks ago, you can bet this has become personal for me as much as it for Chris here and Rene, wherever he's watching!

[Hernandez raises an arm, pointing at the camera.]

CH: But tonight, Chris and I are going to show you, Dave Cooper, exactly why all your tactics are going to come back to haunt you! And to Scola and Mafu, perhaps after tonight, you'll get it through your heads that Cooper isn't the man to associate yourselves with -- and most of all, you'll learn that when you hurt my friends, you pay for it in spades! Vamos!

MS: Thank you, gentlemen... let's go over to Sweet Lou!

[That's the cue to cut to Sweet Lou Blackwell, who is standing in front of an AWA backdrop -- we can only assume it's elsewhere backstage, because joining him are "The Professional" Dave Cooper and the Samoan Hit Squad. Cooper is dressed in a pair of khakis and a navy blue button-down shirt. Scola stands behind Cooper, arms folded and casting a hard glare. Mafu is standing opposite Cooper, to Blackwell's right, his hair hanging down in his face, but you can make out his wide eyes well enough.]

SLB: Dave Cooper, tonight your tag team of the Samoan Hit Squad will take on Chris Chonisnet and Cesar Hernandez. Ever since Scola and Mafu put Rene Rousseau out of action, it seems clear to me that Chonisnet and Hernandez are not going to give up this fight so easily!

DC: Blackwell, what you said about those two not wanting to give up the fight so easily shows that while they have a lot of guts, they lack any brains! What I have standing right here are two of the most dangerous men to ever step foot into the AWA ring. All they needed was the proper guidance to take them straight to the top and, ever since I've brought them back, there hasn't been a team yet who could take them down! And these two men would be on their way toward a World Tag Team Title shot, if it was for Chonisnet and Hernandez wanting to keep getting in our faces, thinking that somehow they're gonna even the playing field for their fallen comrade.

SLB: Dave Cooper, I must say that while the Samoans have been on a roll since their return to the AWA, you seem to be looking past Chonisnet and Hernandez, if you are already talking about a World Tag Team Title shot for your men!

DC: You listen to me good, Blackwell... Chonisnet should have stepped out of the way right after Scola and Mafu took out his tag team partner and Hernandez could have been giving that kid the proper advice, to stop causing trouble for the Lion's Den if you know what's good for you! Instead, Hernandez wants to try what he thinks is the good fight, and all he's done is set it up so that not only will Chonisnet will be crushed by the Samoans for good, but Hernandez will join him! And Hernandez thinks he's setting a good example -- the only example he is setting is how to be the biggest idiot in the AWA!

SLB: I imagine Cesar Hernandez would take exception to that... after all, he's the one who pointed out that everyone you associated with in the past didn't live up to your expectations!

DC: And that's why I told Hernandez last week that I had every intention of working with those people, but Hernandez's only intention was to use people to get ahead! If you've been watching the past few months, you can tell that the Samoans work with me and I work with them, while Hernandez is just trying to find any excuse to keep himself in the spotlight! Those people before who didn't work with me, it's their own fault for thinking that I was only there to work for them. But now, I have men beside me who understand that we are in this together.

SLB: I have a few doubts about that. [Turns to Scola.] In fact, maybe if this man was willing to say a few words to me, he would...

[Scola glares at Blackwell for even suggesting that he talk. And that's when Mafu reaches over to grab the mic and pull it toward him.]

M: My brother doesn't like you, we've told you this before!

[He turns to face the camera, his eyes growing wider by the minute.]

M: Dave Cooper has promised that we would have proper guidance and he has delivered! He has promised us that we would have greater success and he has delivered! And in return, we have promised him that we will finish off Chonisnet and Hernandez once and for all! And after that, any other team that dares to step before us, step in our way of the World Tag Team Titles, they will find out that we will deliver on our promises to Dave Cooper to finish them off! Ha ha ha!

[He jerks his hand away from Blackwell, who seems agitated.]

SLB: It seems to me that Dave Cooper hasn't taught you a few manners and...

DC: [cutting him off] It seems to me the only one who needs to learn manners is you, Blackwell! Trying to talk to Scola when you know the man doesn't like you. Ignoring Mafu when he has something to say, and you should be grateful for that. Most of all, you trying to instigate something on behalf of Cesar Hernandez, when it's clear you know nothing about the relationship I have with the two gentlemen who have joined me in the Lion's Den! For that, Blackwell, this is the end of the discussion!

[He motions to Scola and Mafu to follow him off the set. Mafu grunts at Blackwell before departing. Scola stands there, menacingly, then shakes his head and slowly walks off the set as well.]

SLB: And they say I like to engage in hyperbole. [Shakes his head.] Gordon, let's go back to you.

[We fade back to a panning shot of the Air Canada Centre crowd.]

GM: Thanks, Lou... and you want to talk about a tag team grudge match, this one fits that definition to perfection. Quite some time ago, it was a match between the Samoan Hit Squad and the Northern Lights... let's take you back to the closing moments of that one...

[We fade into footage marked "APRIL 23, 2016 - SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" where we see Rene Rousseau applying the Quebec Crab on Mafu.]

GM: It was Rene Rousseau locking on his signature hold - the Quebec Crab - on Mafu after Chris Chonisnet had backdropped him into it - a combination they call Les Bomb De Rousseau... and in the eyes of many, the Northern Lights had the match won at that point, Bucky.

BW: Well, I wouldn't go that far but it certainly didn't look good at that point.

[We see Mafu crying out in pain, clawing at the canvas as the crowd rises to their feet in anticipation of the upset. The referee isn't checking Mafu though, forcing Chonisnet out of the ring first, and then dives to the mat to check.]

GM: Mafu may have been on the verge of giving up... of giving in... but here comes Scola with the chair and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow across the back of Rousseau knocks him flat as the crowd jeers and the referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: A disqualification is immediately called for by the official but... well, that wasn't going to be it.

[We cut with a flash a little deeper into the action where Rousseau is hurled over the top rope, crashing down to the barely-padded floor in a heap as Mafu starts climbing the ropes.]

GM: Scola sends Rousseau out hard to the floor but the Samoans STILL weren't done as Mafu climbs up top... looking down at Rene Rousseau...

[A wild-eyed Mafu perches up top, his tongue hanging from his mouth...

...and LEAPS into the air, soaring through the sky, and plummets down onto a prone Rousseau on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: An absolutely devastating flying splash off the top - a move that would force Rene Rousseau to seek medical attention. Rousseau has been sidelined ever since that day and since then, Chris Choynet has been looking to avenge his fallen partner. Tonight, he gets another shot with the aid of their good friend, Cesar Hernandez. This promises to be a good one. Rebecca Ortiz, take it away.

[The attractive Latina ring announcer smiles sexily at the camera before the unmistakable notes from the tuba that signals the start of "The Theme from Jaws" kicks in over the PA system and she begins.]

RO: Coming up next is tag team action set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. First, coming down the aisle... at a total combined weight of 530 pounds... accompanied to their ring by their manager, Dave Cooper..

SCOLA... MAFU...

THEEEEE SAAAAAAAMOAN HIT SQUAAAAAAAAD!

["The Professional" Dave Cooper comes through the entrance first. He has thinning brown hair and a mustache, and is dressed in a pair of tan dress slacks and a white button-down shirt. Walking behind him are Scola and Mafu. Scola, the larger of the two, has an afro and is dressed in a pair of black tights with a blue floral pattern and white wrestling boots. His partner, Mafu, has unkempt black hair that hangs down the sides of his face, is dressed in a similar pair of tights, but he does not wear wrestling boots, although his bare feet have white tape wrapped around them.]

GM: The devastating duo known as the Samoan Hit Squad are heading for the ring and these two have really been on a tear since falling under the guidance of Dave Cooper, Bucky.

BW: Sometimes all it takes is one missing ingredient, Gordo. The Samoans have been in the AWA before but never could quite find success. But with Dave Cooper in their corner, they've been essentially unstoppable, daddy.

GM: We'll see about that.

[The Samoan Hit Squad follows Cooper to the ring, Scola keeping a stoic look on his face, a hard stare in his eyes, while Mafu has a wilder look in his eyes and a smile, as if he can't wait to tear into his opponent. Cooper has a smirk on his face as he leads his charges to the ring, Scola climbing through the ropes while Mafu chooses to slide underneath them. Once in the ring, Mafu slides toward the middle of the ring and gets on his hands and knees, as Scola steps behind him and folds his arms, Cooper pointing to his men approvingly.]

RO: Annnnnd their opponents... at a total combined weight of 463 pounds... they are the team of...

CHRIS CHOISNEEEEEET and CEEEEESAAAAAAR HERNANNNNNNNDEZ!

[A trumpet fanfare leads into "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara", and the crowd cheers. Immediately, Cesar Hernandez steps from behind the curtain, and takes a deep theatrical bow to the audience. His partner, Chris Choynet, is by his side, looking very focused on the battle to come.]

GM: And here they come, fans! Quickly becoming one of the most popular tag teams at our live events!

BW: Are they really popular, Gordo? Or are people just sick of Rousseau and glad he's gone?

GM: I'm told that Rene Rousseau has still not received medical clearance to return to the ring. So, for now, he just has to be happy to watch his partner and friend team up.

[Hernandez fistpumps and claps, exhorting and greeting the fans on his side of the barricade. Choisnet slaps the occasional hand but is quite focused on the ring where the Samoans await him.]

GM: Look at the focus on Chris Choisnet.

BW: Gordo, how long have you been calling this kid's matches and you still can't pronounce his name right?

GM: Oh, brother. The... well, I'll call them the Southern Lights for lack of a better name... hit the ring and they're ready for action, fans!

[Choisnet shouts some threats at the Samoans as Hernandez and Cooper trade words as well.]

GM: Some bad blood on display in this-

[But before Gordon can get the words out of his mouth, Scola and Mafu rush across the ring, assaulting both members of the opposing team as referee Scott Ezra signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go LIVE in Toronto!

[Hernandez is rocking back and firing blows into the skull of Mafu as Scola bullrushes Choisnet back into the corner, hammering down forearm blows across the sternum.]

GM: All four men inside the ring as the official tries to get some control.

BW: Why the heck would you call for the bell if you don't have control?!

GM: An excellent question.

[Scola grabs Choisnet by the arm, whipping him across the ring as Hernandez uses a clothesline to take Mafu through the ropes and out to the floor. Hernandez ducks through the ropes, going after him as Choisnet approaches the corner, bringing up a foot to block his momentum...

...and catches the incoming Scola with a back elbow up under the chin!]

GM: Oh! Choisnet catches Scola coming in!

[Choisnet steps up to the second rope, back still turned to Scola...

...who steps forward, grabbing the Maine native around the torso, lifting him off the ropes!]

GM: Oh my! Look at the power!

[Scola walks out to the middle of the ring, holding Choisnet up like he's going for a back suplex...

...but Choisnet slaps on a side headlock, peppering Scola with short right hands, and then uses his momentum to take Scola down with a flying headlock takedown!]

GM: What a takedown out of Choisnet!

[Dave Cooper suddenly climbs up on the apron, drawing Choisnet towards him with his fist drawn back...

...but Cooper drops down to the floor, wagging a finger at Choisnet who turns around as Scola charges at him. But Choisnet sidesteps, flinging Scola through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Ole! And out goes Scola to the floor!

BW: Ole?! Schwanee isn't the Mexican out here, Gordo.

GM: But with the speed and grace of a bullfighter, he sends Scola out to the floor!

[A fired-up Choisnet drops down to the floor, grabbing Scola by the back of his head and SMASHING his skull into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst into the apron!

[Turning Scola around, Choisnet lays in a pair of overhead chops to the chest before grabbing the Samoan powerhouse by the arm...]

GM: Big whip on the way...

[...but Scola reverses the whip, sending Choisnet sailing towards the railing where he flies into the air off his feet, clearing the railing, and landing in the front row of seats!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wow! Incredible power out of Scola!

[And as Scola looks to do more damage out on the floor, Mafu is rolled back inside the ring by Cesar Hernandez who climbs up on the apron, pumping a fist at the cheering Toronto crowd.]

GM: Mafu up to his feet...

[Hernandez flies over the ropes, dragging Mafu down in a sunset flip!]

GM: Sunset flip gets one! He gets two!

[But Mafu clashes his legs together on the head of Hernandez, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: Two count only... and I suppose these two are the legal competitors.

BW: Sure seems like it. If Ezra even knows!

[Hernandez comes up firing, throwing a pair of right hands between the eyes of Mafu, backing him into the ropes...]

GM: Hernandez with the whip, shoots Mafu across...

[As Mafu rebounds, Hernandez goes low with a right hand to the midsection, doubling him up...

...and then scores with a running kneelift, taking Mafu down to the canvas!]

GM: The kneelift connects... and Hernandez makes another cover for one... and two... and-

[But Mafu kicks out again. Fired up, Hernandez swings a leg over Mafu, taking the mount position as he drives down right hands into the skull of the Samoan. After a few blows land, Dave Cooper pulls himself up on the apron again, shouting at Scott Ezra who is trying - and failing - to get Hernandez to break off the attack.]

BW: Get him off the man, ref!

[Ezra is attempting to do exactly that but only succeeds when Hernandez gets his eyes on Cooper, drawing off Mafu to threaten the Professional.]

GM: Hernandez and Cooper had a bit of a physical interaction two weeks ago and it could happen again if Cooper doesn't watch himself.

[Hernandez seems to be laying down the same threat before turning back to Mafu, pulling the rising Samoan up by the hair...

...only to have Mafu dig his fingers into Hernandez' eyes!]

GM: Oh! Mafu, the Samoan Savage, goes to the eyes!

[Grabbing Hernandez by the hair, Mafu hauls him to the corner, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle. Holding onto the ropes for balance, Mafu plants his bare foot on the throat of Hernandez, choking him as the referee reprimands him for it.]

GM: A blatant choke on the part of Mafu who truly couldn't care less what an official thinks of his actions in my opinion.

[Mafu breaks at four and change, leaning over the ropes with a harsh bark in the direction of the fans as Hernandez staggers out of the corner, trying to create some space between he and Mafu.]

GM: Mafu coming out of the corner now, chasing down Hernandez...

[Digging his fingernails into the flesh of Hernandez, Mafu rakes down the back, causing Hernandez to recoil in pain before staggering into the corner. Mafu continues to pursue, turning him around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop across the chest of Hernandez!

[Hernandez absorbs the chop, throwing a right hand to the skull of Mafu!]

GM: Hernandez fires back!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The veteran responds to the chop with another right hand, backing Mafu out of the corner.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[Another haymaker follows, the crowd cheering this exchange of strikes.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[Hernandez lands another right... and another... and another...]

GM: Hernandez is firing up!

[The crowd is cheering as Hernandez lands two more haymakers, backing Mafu up near the opposite corner...]

...until Mafu responds with a headbutt, catching Hernandez flush and knocking him down to the mat.]

GM: Oh! And just like that, Mafu puts Hernandez back down on the canvas!

[Cooper nods approvingly from the floor, shouting to Mafu who follows orders, hopping up on the middle rope...]

GM: Mafu setting his feet, looking to fly...

[And the Samoan Savage hurls himself into the air, rotating his body in mid-flight to drive his skull down into the torso!]

GM: ...and an unusual-looking flying headbutt out of Mafu!

[Mafu smiles broadly before settling into a lateral press, not bothering to hook a leg as the referee delivers a two count.]

GM: A two count there for the Samoans... and Cooper's calling for the tag.

[Mafu climbs off the mat, dragging Hernandez with him as he makes the tag to the Samoan powerhouse, Scola.]

GM: The tag is made... in comes Scola...

[A double whip shoots Hernandez across the ring as the Samoans double up...]

...and LAUNCH Hernandez through the air, sending him crashing down to the canvas with a double backdrop!]

GM: Wow!

BW: You know, Gellar could've paid Hernandez a couple of extra bucks to change some of the light bulbs if he was going to be up that high.

GM: A couple of extra bucks...

BW: Hey, that's double his usual salary. He should be grateful!

[Mafu exits the ring, pausing to snarl at the official who quickly moves away as Scola stalks towards Hernandez who is crawling across the ring, trying to get away from the bigger competitor.]

GM: Hernandez is starting to take some major punishment in this one and should start looking to make a tag. Chris Choynet is back inside the barricade, trying to get back to the apron...

[But as Hernandez uses the ropes to get back to his feet, Scola approaches from the blind side and BLASTS him with a double axehandle across the back, knocking him back down to his knees. Scola glares out at the jeering crowd before winding up to deliver a second double axehandle, putting Hernandez down to all fours.]

GM: So much power at the disposal of Scola, Bucky.

BW: He's a beast and a half.

[Scola reaches down, snagging Hernandez by the back of the trunks, yanking him off the mat where he shoves him into the ropes, burying a short forearm into the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! Scola with a shot to the lower back, knocking Hernandez back into the ropes...

[Hernandez leans through the ropes, wincing in pain as Scola pulls him back, tucking his arms behind the top rope to expose his chest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Clubbing forearm across the chest!

[Keeping Hernandez in position, Scola winds up and fires over and over...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The referee steps in, forcing Scola to step back...

...which leaves Hernandez wide open as Mafu shuffle steps down the apron, throwing a thrust kick into the side of Hernandez' head!]

GM: OHH! Come on!

[Mafu slinks away before the official can figure out what happened, leaving Hernandez limp between the ropes as Scola drags him back inside the ring, turning him around as he slaps Mafu's hand.]

GM: Scola makes the tag... and Dave Cooper approves.

BW: Cooper knows more about tag team wrestling than perhaps anyone on the roster, Gordo. He knows how to break down a tag team. How to keep the weakened man in. How to cut the ring in half.

GM: Scola lifts him up, holding him in a bearhug...

[Which is Mafu's cue to hop up to the middle rope, take aim...

...and leap off, connecting with a flying headbutt across the face of Hernandez, putting him back down as Scola exits the ring.]

GM: Scola's out, Mafu's in!

[Mafu crawls into a lateral press, earning another two count before Hernandez lifts the shoulder!]

GM: Two count only!

[Mafu angrily glares at Ezra, clapping his hands together three times. The official holds up two fingers as Mafu gets off the mat, looking out to Dave Cooper who signals for something.]

GM: Right there, you see how much the Samoans are relying on Cooper to guide them. Mafu certainly must have known what he wanted to do next but he checked with Cooper for advice... approval... something.

[Mafu pulls Hernandez into a lift, scooping him up and slamming him down to the canvas...

...and then points to the corner, earning a buzz of concern from the Toronto crowd!]

GM: And it looks like Mafu may be headed up top!

BW: Maybe he's going to take out Hernandez like he did Rousseau and leave Swanaay a sad loner!

GM: Bucky!

[Mafu gleefully climbs the ropes, muttering to himself all the while he climbs. Reaching the second rope, Mafu barks out at the crowd who are letting him have it.]

GM: He's taking his time though, Bucky.

BW: Hey, he's got a lot on his mind.

GM: I highly doubt that.

[Reaching the top rope at long last, Mafu steadies himself...

...as a hurting Cesar Hernandez comes off the canvas, staggering across the ring, throwing himself into a right hand to the gut of Mafu!]

GM: Hernandez caught him up top!

[Hernandez throws another right hand, trying to keep Mafu in a bad spot. He reaches up with the other hand, grabbing Mafu who begs off, trying to escape what's coming...

...and gets HURLED from the top rope, flipping through the air and crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: BIG SLAM OFF THE TOP! OH MY!

[Hernandez collapses to his knees, taking deep breaths as Cooper angrily slams his hands into the mat, shouting at Mafu to get back up.]

GM: Hernandez with the timely counter and Mafu's in a bad way now!

[With Hernandez on all fours, crawling across the ring to where Chris Choynet is waiting for him, Scola insistently sticks out his arm, shouting at his partner to get him into the ring.]

GM: Both men down off that big slam... but Hernandez is drawing closer to his corner!

[Mafu rolls to all fours, wincing and grabbing at his back as he does. Cooper is shouting at him, ordering him to make the tag as Hernandez continues to progress towards his own corner.]

GM: We've got ourselves a race now! Who can get to their corner first? Who can make that tag first?

[Mafu covers ground pretty quickly, reaching out...]

GM: Tag!

[Scola comes through the ropes, rushing towards Hernandez...

...who makes a last second lunge!]

GM: TAG!

[Big cheer as Chris Choynet catapults over the ropes, throwing a pair of overhead chops on Scola before grabbing an arm, whipping him into the ropes...]

GM: Whips him in...

[And as Scola rebounds, Choynet slips in next to him, snapping him back with a side Russian legsweep, floating over into a pin attempt!]

GM: Russian legsweep takes him down! Choynet with the cover! ONE!! TWO!!

[But Scola powers out at two, breaking up the pin!]

GM: No, no! Two count only!

[Choynet quickly gets to his feet, throwing a glance at the opposing corner to make sure Mafu or Cooper aren't about to get involved. He leans down, hauling Scola up to his feet...

...and ducks down, lifting him up into a fireman's carry!]

GM: Choynet's got him up!

BW: Hold on, Scola... you're going for one heck of a plane ride!

[With the Toronto crowd cheering him on, Choynet starts spinning... and spinning... and spinning...]

GM: AIRPLANE SPIN!

[Choynet gets in over a dozen rotations before he comes to a halt, slinging Scola off his shoulders and down on the canvas. He staggers and then falls into a lateral press.]

GM: Choynet covers for one! He's got two! He's got-

[A running Mafu stomps the back of Choynet's head, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: Oh! I think he might've had him there but Mafu with the save on his part-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Cesar Hernandez comes tearing across the ring, leaping into the air, driving his forearm between the eyes of Mafu, sending him falling to the canvas where he rolls out to the floor!]

GM: EL MISIL DE JALISCO!

[With Mafu out on the floor, Hernandez gets shouted at by the official who is trying to get him out of the ring. Dave Cooper climbs up on the apron, shouting at the slowly-rising Scola as he dips into his pants pocket, coming out with a small chain that he quickly wraps around his fist.]

GM: Cooper's got a chain! He's got a chain around his fist!

[As the official argues with Hernandez, Scola grabs the rising Choisnet, holding his arms behind him...

...which allows Cooper to wind up and DRILL Choisnet between the eyes with the chain-wrapped fist!]

GM: OHHH!

[Cooper drops off the apron, stowing the chain back in his pocket as the referee wheels around to find Scola on top of Choisnet. He dashes across the ring as Hernandez steps out to the apron...]

GM: ONE!!

[Hernandez spots the pin, coming back through the ropes...]

GM: TWO!!

[...and makes a lunge, trying to break up the pin!]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd jeers as Dave Cooper leaps into the air, arms thrust over his head to celebrate the victory. He's all smiles as he rushes around the corner, helping Mafu up off the floor.]

GM: The Samoans and Dave Cooper just STOLE this one, fans!

BW: What are you talking about now?

GM: What am I talking about? I'm talking about Dave Cooper using a chain-wrapped right hand to knock Chris Choisnet into the middle of next week!

BW: Oh. Hmm. Must've missed that.

GM: Oh, give me a break, Bucky! Fans, the Samoans just stole this one with that right hand and-

[The crowd ROARS as Cesar Hernandez rolls out of the ring, grabbing Dave Cooper from behind. He hurls him under the bottom rope, sending him back inside the ring.]

GM: Hernandez tosses Cooper in! He's coming for him!

[Getting back inside the ring, Hernandez grabs the backpedaling Cooper, blasting him between the eyes with a right hand, sending him falling backwards...

...where the chain falls out of his pocket!]

GM: There it is! Right there! There's the chain!

[Hernandez makes a lunge for it as Cooper does the same, both men struggling to possess the match-ending weapon...]

GM: Scola from behind!

[...but as the Samoan powerhouse swings Hernandez around, he gets a big shot to the gut. Scola howls in pain, falling backwards clutching his abdomen...]

GM: Oh!

BW: Wait a second!

[And as Hernandez holds up his fist, we catch a glimpse of the shiny metal.]

GM: And now Cesar's got the chain!

BW: Oh, come on!

GM: Scola got drilled in the gut with that chain!

[Scola falls through the ropes to the floor, caught by Mafu as Hernandez turns his attention towards Dave Cooper who is trapped in the corner, begging off as Hernandez winds up with that chain-wrapped fist...]

GM: Hernandez has got Cooper dead to rights and these fans are loving it!

[Hernandez is threatening Cooper, playing to the fans as he advances on him...

...but Cooper goes to strike first, throwing a right hand that Hernandez blocks before **BLASTING** Cooper with a chain-wrapped fist in the stomach. Cooper hops up and down, clutching his gut as he stumbles across the ring, falling to the mat and rolling out to join the Samoans!]

GM: And Cesar Hernandez has cleared the ring with the help of that chain! Oh yeah!

[A fired-up Hernandez shouts over the ropes, waving for the Samoans and Cooper to get back in the ring. Scola and Mafu seem happy to oblige but Cooper stands between his men, keeping a hand on both, urging them back down the aisle.]

GM: And look at them running for it!

BW: Hey, the match is over and they won. They've got nothing to gain by getting into another scrum with Hernandez and Schwaneey.

GM: Cesar Hernandez helping Chris Chonisnet up after that shot with the chain to the head. He's going to need his friend to explain what in the world just happened, fans, and while he does, we're going to take a quick break but don't go away because when we come back, we'll see if Terry Shane has changed his mind about taking on "Flawless" Larry Wallace!

[Fade to black.

We fade up from black on a star-lit sky. All is peaceful as our voiceover begins.]

"This year, the fireworks won't just be on the 4th of July."

[On cue, the shot is filled with exploding fireworks - red, white, blue, green, orange - all exploding in tremendous bursts of color as the opening guitar riffs "Highway" by Bleeker begins to play. As the vocals kick in, we cut to shots of AWA competitors in action.]

#No going down
No cutting out
The sun comes up before you go#

[The first group shows Pure X securing The X anklelock on an opponent before flash-cutting to Supernova sailing through the air with a Heat Wave splash to Brian James delivering the infamous Blackheart Punch to a set of steel steps.]

#My baby's gone
My hollow soul
I feel a cold wind start to blow#

[A Travis Lynch Discus Punch starts up the next batch followed by a flash-cut to Jordan Ohara sailing off the top rope with a crossbody and finally to Dave Bryant delivering the Call Me In The Morning superkick.]

#Every little stop sign#

[Rufus Harris bulldozes down an opponent, delivering ferocious ground and pound inside the GFC Hexagon.]

#All the red lights like#

[Maxim Zharkov recklessly flings a victim across the ring with a released gutwrench suplex.]

#A preacher on a Saturday night#

[Rex Summers drops a foe on their head with the devastating Heat Check DDT.]

#The devil's in the details#

[Derrick Williams delivers the Neuralyzer, blasting his opponent in the back of the head with a rolling elbow.]

#Pretty little females#

[The Gladiator brings a helpless foe crashing down to Earth with his military press powerslam.]

#Tell me all your sweet sweet lies#

[MAMMOTH Maximus PLANTS his victim with a devastating powerbomb before we flash cut to Jack Lynch connecting with a leaping knee to the jaw.]

#I can't slow down it's so damn loud
Let's burn this town alive#

[Larry Wallace delivering the Best Dropkick In The World flash cuts to Noboru Fujimoto using the Falling Laser Lasso to plant someone facefirst into the canvas.]

#Oh pocket full of moonshine
Countin' all the white lies#

[Riley Hunter gets big air, diving over the top rope onto a pile of competitors with a Tope Con Hilo before we flash cut to Eddie Van Gibson driving someone facefirst into the mat with the Move That Shall Not Be Named to Johnny Detson using the Wilde Driver.]

#Time to take the highway highway highway#

[Supreme Wright brings someone crashing down onto his knees with Fat Tuesday.]

#Baby take the highway#

[Juan Vasquez delivers the Right Cross to a kneeling opponent.]

#Ima' take the highway#

[Ryan Martinez delivers the brainbuster onto his foe as we flash cut to black, the music still playing as we see the details on the big event.]

"BATTLE OF BOSTON
July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th
TD Garden
LIVE on The X"

[And then... black.]

We fade back up from black on a booing crowd. After a few moments, we learn exactly why they're booing when we see that "Flawless" Larry Wallace is standing in the ring dressed in black slacks, a white dress shirt, and a royal purple tie. He seems to be in mid-diatribes.]

FLW: -and that goes for everyone else in that locker room too!

[The boos pour down on the Flawless One who reaches up, adjusting his tie.]

FLW: But let's get down to the reason I'm out here tonight... and that's to address someone who has been on my mind a lot recently. Recently, he got up in my face. Recently, he made the mistake of a lifetime by getting on my bad side.

And I'm talking to you, Dave Bryant!

[The fans respond with a mix of cheers and boos.]

GM: Dave Bryant? I thought he was out here to confront Terry Shane.

BW: No, no... Terry Shane wants to confront him! The Flawless One decides on his own terms who he's here to talk about.

[Wallace smirks as he walks around the ring, knowing there's a third generation grappler in the back that he just snubbed.]

FLW: Now, the AWA brass would have you believe that Dave Bryant has made some grand comeback from injury. That my teacher and mentor Hamilton Graham didn't put Bryant on the shelf for good with the aid of his former student. But I'm here to tell you that's a lie!

Dave Bryant's career is done! Finished! Over!

[Wallace pauses, scratching his chin.]

FLW: Right? It must be. Because Memorial Day Mayhem came and went... Dave Bryant came and went... and yet, we haven't heard a whisper from him since then. He's been in hiding... in seclusion like Ryan Martinez to hear it told. He's working hard, training, saying his prayers and taking his vitamins...

That's what they tell you.

But I think they're wrong. I think Dave Bryant took two steps past that curtain on Memorial Day and one thought crossed his mind...

[Wallace slaps a hand to his face, Home Alone style.]

FLW: "What in the hell have I done?"

[The crowd jeers as Wallace grins.]

FLW: Because it's abundantly clear that Dave Bryant thought he could walk into Memorial Day Mayhem and get some kind of payback on my teacher and mentor, Hamilton Graham, and there would be no repercussions.

But the moment he did it. The moment he put his hands on the greatest professional wrestler to ever lace up boots... the moment he put his hands...

[He gestures at himself.]

FLW: ...on me... he knew he'd sealed his fate. He knew there was no hope. He knew that the light at the end of the tunnel was yours truly coming to lay him out and put an end to the legend of Dave Bryant once and for all.

Eddie Van Gibson thinks he's going to make Dave Bryant relevant again.

I think he's going to be a footnote... the answer to the trivia question... "Who was Dave Bryant supposed to face in his final match that he never showed up for?"

Because Dave Bryant's not coming back. Dave Bryant is not lacing his boots. Dave Bryant's not even putting a mic in his hand to run his mouth about how great he USED to be.

[Wallace gets serious, staring into the camera.]

FLW: Dave Bryant... is done... and he knows he's done because if he comes back... if he even dreams of coming back...

Then he's going to take two of these...

[Wallace points down at his feet.]

FLW: ...and call me in the morning.

[The Flawless One puts the mic on the ground, walking away. He ducks through the ropes when suddenly...

...there's static.]

GM: It looks like Terry Shane III doesn't care about Wallace's terms, Bucky!

BW: Shane is about to make the biggest mistake he's ever made...and that's saying something!

[The ghastly sounds of True Rangstrom's Symphony No. 4 begins resonating throughout the arena however they are soon buried under a wall of cheers as Terry Shane III steps through the curtain. Shane's stride actually falters, his serene façade slipping long enough to show genuine surprise at the crowd's reaction. He recovers soon enough, tossing strands of jet black hair with a roll of his neck before beginning a heavy stepped trek towards the man waiting in the ring.]

GM: Shane doesn't look like he's out here to talk things over, Bucky. His fists are clenched and he's in his ring gear looking like he's ready for a fight!

BW: It doesn't surprise me that he would wait until after Larry Wallace was done verbally decimating Dave Bryant. He's already worked up quite a sweat!

[The music abruptly cuts as Shane, with a mic clenched in one hand, points down at Wallace who is halfway pressed through the ropes and turns over his shoulder to see if someone is standing behind him. Shane leans over the mic in his hand, staring a hole through the forehead of Larry Wallace as he continues to walk down the aisle.]

TS3: Yeah I'm looking right at YOU, Wallace.

[Wallace postures up, stepping back into the middle of the ring.]

TS3: Your time...

[Shane snorts.]

TS3: ...it's up, my old friend. But before I give you the beating you so richly deserve, I've got one thing to say to you, Larry. Something that a coward like yourself probably hasn't heard in a long, long time.

[Wallace mouths, "What?!"]

TS3: Thank you.

[Shane nods, the fans even look on a bit puzzled.]

TS3: Thank you for giving me two weeks to REALLY think things over. Thank you for allowing me a chance to walk down the halls in Calgary and for the first time in months look Bobby O'Connor in the eyes man to man and ask him..."Do you want a piece of this punk? Do you want to kick this moron's teeth in yourself and pay him back for what he did to you?"

And do you know what your old partner said?

[Wallace throws his hands up.]

TS3: He said you weren't worth it.

Bobby put his hand on my shoulder, looked me right back in the eyes, and said to promise him something. He told me that when I was done with you to make sure Larry Wallace couldn't even dropkick the remote control off the coffee table. And do you know what I told him? Do you?

[Wallace begins to turn his attention elsewhere, feigning boredom at his former's friend's words.]

TS3: LOOK AT ME!

[Wallace rolls his chin back towards Shane half-heartedly. Shane steps up on the apron, ducking through the ropes.]

TS3: I promised him that when I was done with you that you'd never throw another dropkick so long as you live. You see unlike Bobby who is going to come out here and win the World Title later tonight...

[Shane nods as the crowd cheers that idea.]

TS3: Unlike Bobby, I've got absolutely NOTHING better to do than to stomp your teeth right down your throat...

[Wallace shakes his head defiantly. Shane gestures at his legs.]

TS3: ...or maybe twist those legs of yours until they snap.

Because you see, Larry...I'm not the forgiving type. I'm NOT Bobby O'Connor. I'm Terry Shane III and just letting things go isn't exactly my M.O. and I've got the history to back that up.

So... again, I say thank you for giving me two weeks to think about what comes next because those two weeks?

[Shane smiles, stepping closer to Wallace who instinctively steps back.]

TS3: They were the biggest mistakes you've made of your career thus far.

And right now?

[Shane smirks.]

TS3: I'm going to do something your washed up mentor should have done a long time ago.

I'm going to BEAT some respect through that dense skull of yours!

[Shane drops the mic. Wallace begs him on, centering himself and crouching down into a fight stance.]

GM: Looks like Shane has had enough! Larry Wallace is about to pay for his actions at SuperClash last year when he played a role in breaking Bobby O'Connor's arm!

[Shane looks ready to strike when suddenly Wallace shouts "NOW!" and bails out of the ring.]

GM: What in the...?

[Obvious confusion on his face, Shane shouts at Wallace, daring him to get back in the ring as the smirking Flawless One stands out on the floor, watching as Shane draws even closer to the ropes...

...and two men come leaping over the barricade, sliding under the ropes into the ring!]

GM: Wait a second!

[Clad in a silver glittering tanktop and black skinny jeans, one of them charges across the ring, throwing himself into a spear tackle in the middle of Shane's back. The other in a similar gold tanktop rushes in, jumping up on the middle rope,

snapping off a kick to the head of the struggling Shane as he tries to get out of the corner!]

BW: Gordo! Gordo! Do you know who that is?!

[The gold and silver duo use a double hiptoss to flip Shane out of the corner as Larry Wallace cheers them on from the floor!]

GM: I do! I know exactly who that is! Those are Larry Wallace's twin brothers! That's Chaz and Chet Wallace!

BW: We saw them in Japan last year as part of the Dead Man's Party!

GM: But what the heck are they doing here?! Wallace knew! He knew they were coming and... this was all a setup, Bucky!

[Chaz and Chet are stomping the heck out of Shane down on the mat before Chaz dashes to the ropes, bouncing off where he leaps up into wheelbarrow position as Chet lifts him up...

...and Chaz slips in a crotch chop before Chet drops him in a sitout facefirst powerbomb on Shane!]

GM: OHHH! Innovative doubleteam by... what did they call themselves? Youth In Asia?

BW: Hardly seems a fitting name now, does it?

[Chaz and Chet violently begin kicking Terry Shane III in the ribs as the Toronto fans jeer this turn of events.]

GM: Oh, come on! This is a two on one!

BW: And even worse, it's a two on one when the one is Terry Shane. Do you honestly think someone's going to come help HIM?

GM: We're told Bobby O'Connor hasn't even made it to the building yet. He's working out at a gym down the street, getting prepared for his World Title challenge and-

[Shane tries to get up off the mat, doing his damndest to fight off these two jackals...

...but Chet slips a solid knee up into the midsection before Chaz grabs Shane by the hair, slamming him facefirst down into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Shane again... and now look at this!

[Larry Wallace pulls himself up on the apron, directing traffic for his younger siblings who continue to pepper Shane with kicks to the body as he tries to cover up on the canvas.]

GM: With seven days to go until the Battle of Boston, you start to wonder if the Wallace twins are taking Terry Shane out of the tournament!

BW: Gordo, it just dawned on me. You said this was a setup and you're ABSOLUTELY right! It's a master plan unfolding before our very eyes! Two weeks ago in Calgary, Larry Wallace told Terry Shane that if he wanted him this week, he was going to give him all the Wallace he could handle! And he wasn't kidding,

daddy. Shane came here tonight expecting one Wallace and he got three! Oh, Battlin' Burt's gotta be proudly looking on at this.

[Again struggling to get off the canvas, Shane fires a right hand into the jaw of Chaz Wallace, sending him flying through the air before crashing to the mat. He turns his attention to Chet Wallace, drawing back his fist again...

...but Larry Wallace hooks his arm from outside the ring, allowing his little brother to wind up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKIIIIICK!

[The blow snaps Shane's head back, making him grab the top rope to stay on his feet. Larry Wallace grabs Shane by the head, peppering him with haymakers to the skull as Chaz and Chet regroup inside the ring. The Flawless One charges down the apron, smashing Shane's head into the top turnbuckle where his brothers swoop in, pounding away with fists and forearms.]

GM: The Wallaces are all over Terry Shane in the corner... and there's still no sign of anyone coming to help this guy!

[Chaz slaps Chet on the shoulder, asking "You ready for this?" He gets a smile and a nod as the two smaller competitors back off...

...and Chaz comes charging in first, throwing himself into a running dropkick on a cornered Terry Shane!]

GM: Running dropkick in the corner!

[Chet is the next one in, throwing a dropkick that hits the sternum!]

GM: Another dropki-

BW: Oh no, Gordo... this isn't just any dropkick.

GM: What do you mean?

[Chaz comes charging back in, throwing another...]

BW: DROOOOOPKIIIIIIICK PAAAAAARRRRRTYYYYYYY!

[Like rabid dogs both Chaz and Chet race up and dropkick Terry Shane III...

...and again...

...and again...

...and again...

...and again....

...and again!]

GM: Somebody stop this! This is absurd! Shane is out cold!

[Chaz and Chet back off, looking at Shane who is motionless against the buckles. They trade a high five as their brother looks on with pride. Chaz leans down, dragging Shane out of the corner by the foot...]

GM: The Wallaces aren't done yet!

[With Shane in the middle of the ring, each one of the Wallaces exits out to opposing aprons, each grabbing the top rope on their side of the ring...]

GM: I don't like the looks of this one, fans.

[Chaz and Chet leap into the air in tandem, Chaz twisting as he does, springing backwards off the top rope with a moonsault as Chet springs off the top rope, soaring through the air, and dropping a leg across the throat!]

GM: DOUBLE IMPACT!

[And with Shane motionless and laid out on the canvas, Larry Wallace joins his brothers in the ring, raising their arms triumphantly as the fans jeer loudly. AWA medical and security finally arrive to the ring, trying to force the Wallaces to exit.]

GM: I don't even have words, Bucky. That was-

BW: AS ADVERTISED! The World may know them as Youth in Asia but these Wallace twins have just landed here in Toronto!

GM: We've got to cut away, folks. The medics are attending to Shane and I hope we are able to follow up in a bit with his status as it's not looking good as we cut to this commercial break.

[The medical team is still working on Shane as we fade to black...

...and then back up on the exterior of a fast food restaurant that looks quite familiar to fans of delicious, mouth-watering, artery-clogging fried chicken. Yes, it is the Mecca Of Fried Chicken, KFC.

We cut inside where a friendly young man is working the counter, smiling at the customers he aids.]

FYM: Thank you and have a fantastic day!

[The next person steps up to the counter wearing a black trenchcoat, dark sunglasses, and a hat. We see him from the front.]

FYM: Good afternoon, sir, and welcome to KFC! What can I get for you today?

[The customer lifts his head slightly to look at the menu and responds.]

C: Three piece meal. Original recipe. Breasts and legs... heh... breasts and leg, oh yeah.

[The employee raises an eyebrow in recognition.]

FYM: I'm sorry. But aren't you former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson?!

[The sunglasses come down to reveal an angry EVG.]

EVG: How did you know?!

[We cut behind him to see the back of his trenchcoat is covered in a large maple leaf with the words MISTER MAPLE LEAF surrounding it. Cut back to the friendly young man who smiles.]

FYM: I had a hunch.

[We cut to a shot of the chicken, glimmering and golden in all its glory. A voiceover begins.]

"Come into your local KFC today and not only can you get our three piece combo meal for the low price for \$4 but you can also pick up these special souvenir cups featuring some of the greatest pro wrestling stars of all time!"

[Cut to a young boy showing his cup.]

"I got Ryan Martinez!"

[To an older lady.]

"Hamilton Graham? I remember him!"

[To a family of four, all showing different cups.]

"Collect them all!"

[We cut back to Eddie Van Gibson sitting at a table, groaning as he eats a piece of chicken. He looks up, his eyes locking on a pair of twins in their early twenties. The two blondes giggle as they look at the Hall of Famer.]

EVG: If I were to LET you suck on my...

[He looks down invitingly.]

EVG: ...Original Recipe chicken from KFC...

[And then into the camera.]

EVG: Would you be grateful?

[Cut to the end graphic advertising the promotion. Another voiceover.]

"Get your KFC today! As good as it's always been!"

[Fade to black...

The camera shot fades up to a narrow corridor within the confines of the Air Canada Centre. Stalking the halls is Terry Shane III. The Ring Leader has a look in his eyes we haven't seen since the war he waged with a certain Boston Madman and as he struggles to remain upright as he launches himself around the corner he screams out into the hallway.]

TS3: WAAAAAAAALLLACE!!!

[Shane barrels forward, hurling some stacked packages from his path and continuing to press forward. To the side we see glimpses of AWA personnel all clinging to the walls as if a magnetic force were pulling them in as a seething Shane belts out once more.]

TS3: COME AND FACE ME, COWARDS!

[Shane peels the remains of his shredded jacket off and flings it from off his shoulders. He finally comes to a dead stop in front of an unsuspecting Lou

Blackwell who bobbles the microphone in his hand only to have Shane rip it away from him mid-air.]

TS3: LARRY WALLACE... you and your brothers have been WARNED. Look at me. Look at my face?!

[Shane reaches out, grabbing the camera man by the collar and pulling him in in closer. Close enough that you can see some swelling forming under his eyes.]

TS3: It took the work of THREE of you to do this to me. THREE OF YOU!

[Shane releases his grip and the shot bounces as the cameraman backs away.]

TS3: In Boston...

[He takes a deep breath.]

TS3:YOUR BLOOD....

[And delivers an even harder exhale.]

TS3: ...WILL BE ON THESE HANDS.

[Shane holds both hands up, fingers curled nearly into a fist.]

TS3: I don't care who shows up. I DON'T CARE IF YOU ALL SHOW UP!

[Shane brushes the saliva forming on the right corner of his mouth.]

TS3: THERE_WILL_BE BLOOD!

[He calms himself, steadying himself and allowing his shoulders to relax.]

TS3: And it will NOT be mine.

[Shane shoves his way past Blackwell who stands there, eyes widened, jaw draping as he stares into the camera as it slowly fades...

...to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing between two smiling faces that belong to the once again World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, who appear to be ready for action.]

MS: A disturbing scene elsewhere here backstage in Toronto. Gentlemen...

[Stegglet pauses, looking at Taylor. He turns, looking at Donovan.]

MS: You guys look very happy.

[Taylor laughs annoyingly.]

WT: Of course we're happy! Why wouldn't we be happy, Steggo? The sun is shining, the birds are chirping, the Instagram models are plentiful!

[Taylor pats the title belt draped over his shoulder.]

WT: And we are - once again - YOUR World Tag Team Champions. Now, I'll admit that it's been a rough couple of weeks for us.

[Both Kings get a solemn expression on their faces.]

WT: I mean... you wouldn't believe how many pesos they charge up here to get the smell of Lynch off of gold and leather.

[Donovan leans closer to his title belt, takes a big whiff, and then does an exaggerated stagger backwards. Taylor waves a hand at his partner.]

WT: Don't worry, Tony. When we get back to the civilized world, we'll get the smell out. I got a guy.

[Donovan arches an eyebrow at his partner having a "stink" guy but hey... it's a living.]

WT: But Mark, the best news of all is that yours truly and his truly... we are right back on track to being YOUR Tag Team of the Year for 2016. I told you all it would happen and nothing... NOTHING... is going to get in our way of making that happen. Not Emerson Gellar and his abuse of power. Not those backjumping treacherous Lynches. And especially not our opponents tonight, the Shadow Star Legion.

TD: Now, hang on, Wes -- we are talking about a pair of gen-u-ine super heroes, are we not?

[Tony smirks.]

WT: That's right. When I got the booking sheet and saw we were facing the Shadow Star Legion, I actually got concerned for a moment. No kidding. Because how could we... Kings that we are... be expected to compete against superheroes!

[Stegglet rolls his eyes.]

TD: Don't sweat it, Wes, because a little birdie told me something that'll help us overcome this...obstacle...

[Tony looks around "conspiratorially".]

TD: The Shadow Star Legion...they're mere mortals, just like us!

[Tony pauses, then chuckles.]

TD: Well, not like us, but then again, who is?

WT: Hah! They're just men, Mark Stegglet! And if they're just men, that means that they are below the Kings. But Tony and I are a charitable sort.

TD: We brake for animals.

WT: True, true.

TD: We recycle all of our beer bottles... almost.

WT: Right.

TD: And we've always got the time of day for a lonely Instagram model looking for some... exposure.

[Donovan winks at the camera in a ham-handed attempt at being seductive.]

WT: Very true. So when they said, "Champs, can you lower yourselves down to the level of facing Hashimoto and Nakamura, we said..."

[Taylor pauses.]

WT: Tony, what did we say?

TD: We said we're charitable sorts, and we truly are. We are willing to not only lower ourselves to face a couple of no-account scrubs like the Shadow Star Legion...we're willing to roll through the muck that is Toronto, Ontario, Canada...

[Tony pauses, quite deliberately, to grin as the crowd boos.]

TD: ...to bring the briefest ray of sunshine into these people's lives.

WT: Indeed we did. So Toronto, Canada... get ready to be thrilled because the champs are here and we're coming to remind each and every team in this tag team division... whether you're the SSL or the Samoans... Slaughterhouse or Next Gen... or anyone in between-

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: Even the Lynches?

[Taylor glares at Stegglet.]

WT: That's old news.

TD: Ancient history.

WT: Like those old movies from the 30s and 40s that Tony likes to watch.

[Stegglet looks over at Donovan who shrugs with a nod.]

WT: As I was saying, it doesn't matter which of those teams you are and how good a chance you think you've got to put us down, the fact remains clear as crystal... that chance is about the same as Travis Lynch scored on his SATs.

[Donovan forms a "0" with his fingers.]

WT: So, for all those teams that are about to get their shot, you can plan your strategy, watch your films, and get all the advice you need but really there's only one suggestion you need to listen to...

[Taylor points exaggeratedly at his partner.]

TD: Start running.

[Taylor grins.]

WT: I love it when he says that.

[With a pat on the shoulder of Mark Stegglet, Taylor and Donovan take their leave. Stegglet shakes his head as he wraps it up.]

MS: The World Tag Team Champions certainly are confident as they head into this title defense... makes you wonder if they know something that we don't, doesn't it? Let's go down to Rebecca!

[Cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AAAAAAAWA WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first, they are the challengers...

[The synth sounds of Altimas "Burst The Gravity" begins to play over the PA system to big cheers from the Toronto crowd.]

RO: From Japan... at a total combined weight of 255 kilos...

GEMINIIIIIII HAAAAASHIIIMOOTOOOOO!

KENNNNNJIIIII NAKAMUUUUURAAAAAAA!

THE SHADOOOOOOW STAAAAAAAAR LEEEEEEEEEGION!

[The big reaction gets bigger as Hashimoto and Nakamura stride through the curtain, saluting the cheering crowd.]

GM: And ever since these two have arrived here in the AWA nearly a year ago, we've been waiting for the former Global Tag Crown Champions to get their title shot. Tonight, that wait is over, fans.

[GEMINI Hashimoto is the larger of the two men that make up the SSL - some might even call the man plump. He's shirtless which does little to dissuade that claim as his ample midsection loops over his waistline. A pair of bright white full-length tights with red "claw" marks across the thighs and red boots round out his attire. He's also sporting a white bandana with a burning red sun on it holding back his jet black hair and has a well-drawn red and white star surrounding his right eye and splashing down his cheek.

Kenji Nakamura is slender but muscular - more of a swimmer's physique than a pro wrestler's. He claps his hands together over his head a few times, drawing more cheers from the crowd. He jerks a thumb at the similar painted star around his left eye. Nakamura is sporting red full-length pants, billowing out around his black boots.]

GM: Bucky, what do you think about the Shadow Star Legion and their chances here tonight?

BW: They're a great team, Gordo. They wouldn't be former champs in Japan if they weren't. But are they good enough to beat the Tag Team of the Year for 2016? I'm not so sure about that.

[Nakamura pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes as Hashimoto climbs the steps.]

GM: Hashimoto climbing in now to join his partner, hoping that in a short while that they'll be walking out as the new World Tag Team Champions.

[Hashimoto lumbers through the ropes, giving his ample belly a slap as Nakamura jogs in place, staying loose as their music fades and is replaced by the sounds of ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers & Hell Raisers" which sparks jeers from the crowd.]

RO: And their opponents... representing the Kings of Wrestling and being accompanied down the aisle by Brian Lau... at a total combined weight of 503 pounds... they are the AAAAAAWAAAAA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAAAAAMPIONS...

WES TAAAAAAYLORRRRRR annnnd TOOOOONYYYY DONNNNOVAAAAAAN!

[With the crunchy guitars leading the way, Taylor and Donovan make their way through the curtain trailed by an applauding Brian Lau. Taylor is dressed in a silver vest with "OUTLAW" scrawled across the back in black text. Underneath, he's sporting black trunks and black cowboy boots. His partner, Donovan, is in a double-strapped singlet with legs that end around mid-thigh. He trades a high five with his partner, patting the title belt draped over his shoulder as Brian Lau says, "Let's go, gentlemen" and the trio starts down the aisle to jeers.]

GM: The World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, on their way down the aisle... of course, joined by the only manager in the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame, Brian Lau, and where Brian Lau goes, you can bet there may be some evil plots coming with him.

[Reaching the ring, Taylor and Donovan climb up on the apron. Taylor shrugs out of his vest, tossing it to a ringside attendant before stepping through the ropes. Tony Donovan joins him in the ring, pointing a threatening finger at Nakamura and Hashimoto.]

GM: Tony Donovan with some words for Kenji Nakamura and GEMINI Hashimoto... and Wes Taylor holding him back.

[Taylor backs his partner across the ring, trying to settle him down as the official moves towards them, claiming the World Tag Team Title belts.]

GM: There's the big prize, fans... the title belts being held up in the air...

[Taylor persuades Donovan to exit the ring, trading a double high five with his partner as GEMINI Hashimoto stays in the ring on the other side.]

GM: It looks like we're almost ready to get this thing going... Wes Taylor looking to start things off with GEMINI Hashimoto... Big Hash as many call him.

[Referee Ricky Longfellow steps out to the middle of the ring, conversing with both competitors before giving a signal for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, Wes Taylor darts out of the corner, faking a lunge into a tieup... and then pulls up with a smirk, flipping his hair back and beckoning Hashimoto towards him.]

GM: Wes Taylor having a little fun in there... and that can't be a good idea.

[Hashimoto moves in, locking up with Taylor, easily pushing the smaller man back towards the neutral corner. The referee steps in, calling for a break...]

GM: Longfellow starts his count... three... four...

[Big Hash steps back as Wes Taylor ducks through the ropes, shouting at the official to "get him back!" Longfellow obliges as the crowd jeers. Taylor comes back through the ropes, eyeing Hashimoto warily as Lau talks to him from the floor. Taylor gives a nod as he moves forward again.]

GM: Another tieup...

[Taylor tries to push Hashimoto back but Big Hash easily turns it around, pushing Taylor back into the corner. Taylor shouts at the official, bellowing about a hair pull. The referee steps in, calling for a break...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! Overhand chop by Hashimoto!

[Taylor cringes, nearly sinking to his knees as a red welt starts to form on his chest.]

GM: When GEMINI Hashimoto throws one of those chops, you'd better believe it's gonna sting.

[Hashimoto plants a hand on the face of Taylor, shoving his face back, exposing his chest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wheeeewwww. That's going to leave a mark.

[Taylor stumbles away, wobbling down the length of the ropes towards his corner. Donovan slips an arm around Taylor's shoulders, whispering to his partner as Hashimoto stands in the middle, beckoning Taylor towards him.]

GM: Big Hash looking for another shot at Taylor... and Taylor's going to oblige.

[Taylor rushes right into another collar and elbow, trying to get some momentum behind it as he grabs a handful of hair and drives Hashimoto back across the ring, sending him into the far corner...]

GM: He's got the hair there... oh! Sharp right hand to the mush by Taylor!

[The second-generation grappler lands two more right hands before backing off, pleased at his work...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[The big knife edge chop takes Taylor off his feet, causing him to roll around on the canvas as he clutches his chest in pain. A grinning Hashimoto pulls Taylor up by the hair, shoving him back into the neutral corner...]

GM: Hashimoto's got him back in the corner again and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The referee steps in, forcing Hashimoto to back off as Taylor staggers out of the corner, clutching his chest...

...and then flops with flair down facefirst on the canvas as the fans cheer!]

GM: Hehehe... Wes Taylor was out on his feet after all those chops to the chest and he goes down right in the middle of the ring.

[Hashimoto nods at the crowd's cheers as he leans down, hauling Taylor off the mat by the hair...

...and Taylor POPS him with an uppercut on the chin!]

GM: OH! Hard shot by Taylor!

[Taylor promptly retreats, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Quick tag made to Donovan... both men in now...

[Taylor and Donovan each grab an arm on Hashimoto, whipping him across the ring, setting for a double shoulder tackle...

...but as Big Hash lets loose a big roar, running them both down with a double tackle of his own!]

GM: OH MY! Big Hash picks up the spare!

[Hashimoto is all smiles as Taylor and Donovan roll out to the floor, huddling up with Brian Lau. With a shake of the head, Hashimoto makes the tag to Kenji Nakamura...

...who runs down the length of the apron, driving his foot into the back of Taylor's head with a soccer kick!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Taylor slumps down to the floor as Donovan makes a lunge at the legs of Nakamura who leaps into the air, coming down with a double stomp on the back of Donovan's head, slamming his face down into the ring apron!]

GM: Nakamura lighting up the champions out on the floor, dragging Donovan back inside the ring now...

[On his feet, Nakamura shoves Donovan into the neutral corner, grabbing the top rope as he snaps off rounding kicks into the body of the third generation grappler.]

GM: Kicks to the body - one after another!

[After landing three big kicks, Nakamura steps out, leaps up, and snaps a leaping back kick into the chin of Donovan, snapping his head back!]

GM: Nakamura putting those feet to good use...

[Grabbing the arm, Nakamura whips Donovan from corner to corner, charging in after him...

...and leaps up into the air, driving his knee up under the chin of Donovan!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: The champions are in trouble, Bucky!

BW: This isn’t going the way they planned, Gordo.

[Nakamura reaches back, using a snapmare to take Donovan down into a seated position...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and drives a hard kick into the spine!]

GM: Another brutal kick... and Nakamura makes a cover!

[A two count follows before Donovan kicks out. Nakamura comes back to his feet, making the tag to Hashimoto.]

GM: Quick tags by the challengers... double whip by the Shadow Star Legion...

[A double back elbow to the chin takes Donovan down to the mat as Hashimoto breaks into a dash to the ropes, rebounding back, giving a loud roar..

...and leaps up, dropping all his weight down in a big elbowdrop!]

GM: Hashimoto with the big elbow... and right into a cover! He gets one! He gets two!

[But Donovan kicks out, breaking the count.]

GM: Another two count there... and Big Hash is right back up, pulling Donovan off the mat...

[Donovan reaches out, digging his fingers into Hashimoto’s eyes...]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot by Donovan as he goes to the eyes! And now Donovan to the ropes, rebounding off...

[With another big shout, Hashimoto steps into a thunderous clothesline, taking Donovan off his feet and putting him down on the mat!]

GM: BIG CLOTHESLINE!

[At the sight of his floored partner, Wes Taylor dashes into the ring, coming in towards Hashimoto who resets... and BLASTS Taylor with a matching clothesline, taking him off his feet and putting him down on the mat!]

GM: Another one! Both Taylor and Donovan go down hard off those clotheslines!

[Hashimoto turns, ready to attack again...

...and again both Taylor and Donovan have vacated the ring to jeers from the Toronto fans.]

GM: Taylor and Donovan bailing out of there again... remember, Tony Donovan is the legal man right now...

[Taylor, Donovan, and Lau huddle up on the floor again.]

GM: Perhaps a change in strategy is needed by the World Tag Team Champions if they want to stand a chance of walking out of the Air Canada Centre with the titles still around their waists.

BW: Wait a second! Get this big goof away from them!

[Having waited long enough in his mind, GEMINI Hashimoto approaches the ropes, reaching over to grab Tony Donovan by his dark blonde hair, trying to pull him back into the ring...]

GM: Hashimoto's got hold of Donovan! He's got him by the hair!

[But Wes Taylor reaches up, BLASTING Hashimoto with an uppercut under the chin, sending him staggering backwards. Donovan scrambles through the ropes, rushing at Hashimoto...]

...who scoops him up, pivots, and DRIVES him down in a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!!

[Hashimoto leans in, cradling both legs tightly.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-

[Donovan kicks out just barely as Hashimoto looks surprised.]

GM: Wow! How close was that?!

BW: We were a half count away from having new World Tag Team Champions, Gordo!

[Hashimoto comes up off the mat, pulling Donovan up and tossing him into the corner before tagging Kenji Nakamura back in.]

GM: Another tag by the challengers...

[Scampering out to the middle of the ring, Nakamura grabs Hashimoto by the arm, falling to the mat with the effort he puts into a hammer throw that sends Hashimoto crashing into Donovan with a big running splash.]

GM: Oh my! That's a lot of weight crashing into Donovan!

[Hashimoto ducks out as Nakamura wraps his arms around the torso of Donovan, tossing him overhead in a Northern Lights Suplex!]

GM: Northern Lights with a bridge! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another close call there for the champions!

[Nakamura claps his hands together in frustration, climbing back to his feet...]

GM: Nakamura back up, measuring his man now...

[And as Nakamura dashes to the ropes, Brian Lau distracts the official, allowing Wes Taylor to slide down the apron, pulling down the top rope, sending Nakamura tumbling over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! DOWN GOES NAKAMURA! Wes Taylor with an illegal assist and-

[Taylor hops down off the apron, grabbing Nakamura by the hair, slamming his head down into the apron!]

GM: Taylor's all over Nakamura on the floor!

[Turning Nakamura around, Taylor flings him into the barricade...

...and then backs away as GEMINI Hashimoto comes lumbering around the corner, coming after Taylor. Lau points it out to the official who slides out, ordering Hashimoto to retreat.]

GM: Wes Taylor with an illegal assist and... well, that totally changes the complexion of this one, Bucky!

BW: Hey, you want to be a tag team? You gotta be able to watch your partner's back!

[Hashimoto shouts something in Japanese, presumably encouragement to his partner as Taylor gets back up on the apron, shouting in to Tony Donovan who rolls out to the floor.]

GM: And now it's Tony Donovan out there after Nakamura.

[Grabbing Nakamura by the arm, Donovan takes aim...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHIPS HIM INTO THE STEEL!

[Nakamura is laid back against the railing, arms draped over it as Donovan moves towards him. From inside the ring, Ricky Longfellow demands that the match get back inside the squared circle.]

GM: Donovan's got him up against the railing... forearm after forearm driven into the jaw...

[Pulling his challenger off the railing, Donovan rolls him back under the ropes before climbing up on the apron. Hashimoto shouts a complaint at Donovan as he steps in, tagging his partner.]

GM: Donovan with the tag to Taylor...

[The crowd jeers as Donovan and Taylor opt for nothing more sophisticated than simply putting the boots to Nakamura down on the canvas, stomping him for a count of four and change before Donovan makes his exit.]

GM: Nakamura getting stomped into the canvas by Taylor and Donovan... oh! Hard stomp down between the eyes!

[Taylor leans down, dragging Nakamura off the mat. He pulls him into his arms, lifting Nakamura up into the air, and slamming him down to the mat.]

GM: Scoop and a slam...

[And with Nakamura down in front of him, Taylor leaps into the air, dropping his knee down into the chest of the Japanese superstar!]

GM: Ohh! Leaping kneedrop!

[Taylor shoves Nakamura back down to the mat, lunging across in a lateral press.]

GM: Taylor gets one... Taylor gets two... but that's it.

[Taylor grabs Nakamura by the hair, PASTING him with a pair of right hands before getting up, reaching out to tag his partner.]

GM: Quick tag to Donovan who is in as Taylor steps out.

[Donovan wastes no time in grabbing Nakamura by the hair, dragging him up.]

GM: Donovan staying on top of Nakamura, dragging him up to his feet... ohh! Big forearm uppercut by one-half of the World Tag Team Champions, sending Nakamura back against the ropes...

[Donovan approaches, throwing a right hook, snapping Nakamura's head to the side as Donovan grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Donovan sets his feet, winding up a right hand but Nakamura drops into a slide, going between the legs of Donovan, coming up to his feet behind his opponent.]

GM: Nakamura behind him!

[Nakamura throws a roundhouse kick but Donovan catches it under his leg, ducking his head under the armpit, lifting the Japanese superstar off the mat, spinning, and DRIVING him down with a takedown!]

GM: Ohh! Nice takedown!

BW: And it's a move like that that makes you recall that he's a former member of Team Supreme, Gordo.

[Transitioning from the takedown, Donovan snags a front facelock as Nakamura scrambles to get off the mat...]

GM: Donovan trying to keep Nakamura down... oh! Knee to the skull! And another!

[The crowd jeers as Donovan lands knee after knee to the skull of Nakamura before using a front chancery to roll Nakamura onto his back where he opens up with closed fists, raining them down on Nakamura before getting up and tagging his partner back in.]

GM: The champions making a lot of quick tags in this one.

[Taylor and Donovan each take an arm, whipping Nakamura HARD into the neutral corner. Donovan runs in, smashing him with a clothesline before Taylor runs in behind him, throwing himself into a running knee to the midsection!]

GM: Effective doubleteam in the corner there as Donovan makes his exit...

[Taylor turns his back on Nakamura, using his 243 pound frame to hold Nakamura against the buckles, throwing his right arm back with a back elbow... and again... and again...]

GM: Come on, referee! Get the man out of the corner!

[The official's count forces Taylor to walk out of the corner, raising his arms in the air to plead his innocence...]

...and then rushes back in, kicking Nakamura repeatedly, chopping the Japanese superstar down into position where the kicks turn into stomps!]

GM: Taylor's all over Nakamura in the corner! Stomping away on him!

BW: And again, nothing fancy... just Wes Taylor dishing out some good old fashioned punishment on one-half of the Shadoe Star Legion, Kenji Nakamura.

[Taylor's stomps manage to drive Nakamura down to the canvas as a smirking Taylor backs off, soaking up the jeers of the Toronto crowd as he backs across the ring, not stopping until his back touches the turnbuckles...]

GM: Taylor backs across the ring, standing in the opposite corner...

[And as the official gets out of the way, Taylor comes charging across the ring at top speed...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OH HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RUNNING KICK TO THE CHEST! OH MY!

[Taylor grabs the ankle of Nakamura, dragging him out of the corner and applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Nakamura kicks out at two, breaking the pin.]

GM: Not enough to keep Nakamura down, fans... but Wes Taylor's going for more, dragging Nakamura back to his feet...

[With Nakamura dazed, Taylor dashes to the ropes, rebounding off, and throwing himself into a leaping reverse back elbow, catching Nakamura flush under the chin, knocking him flat!]

GM: Oh my! And Taylor with another cover for one! For two! But that's all!

[Taylor glares at the official, telling him to "pick up the pace!" as Brian Lau shouts at Longfellow from the floor.]

GM: Taylor pulling Nakamura up to his feet... look at this, fans...

[Applying a front facelock, Taylor slowly... very slowly... almost silly slowly turns that hold over so that he and Nakamura are both facing the arena lights with Nakamura's neck pressed against Taylor's shoulder...]

GM: Neckbreaker on the way and- HOLD ON!

[Suddenly, Nakamura reaches back, hooking Taylor's arms, breaking his grip as he drops to his knees...]

...and drags Taylor down in a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE OUT OF NOWHERE! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Oh my! He almost had him there, fans! He almost had him right there! We almost had new World Tag Team Champions!

[Nakamura attempts to scramble up off the mat, trying to take advantage of the situation...

...but Taylor THROWS HIMSELF into an impactful clothesline, knocking Nakamura off his feet and down to the canvas! He dives on top of Nakamura, reaching back for a leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, Nakamura’s shoulder pops up off the canvas!]

GM: Nakamura out at two or a little bit more!

[Coming back to his feet, Taylor puts the boots to Nakamura a few times before walking to his corner, slapping Tony Donovan’s hand.]

GM: Another tag to Donovan. The champions on the attack once again, pulling Nakamura up to his feet...

[They back Nakamura into the ropes, each one holding an arm...]

GM: Double whip on the way...

[Taylor and Donovan lock hands, looking for a double clothesline...

...but Nakamura ducks under, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back, leaping into the air with his legs split, catching each of the champions with a boot in the mush!]

GM: SPLIT-LEGGED DROPKICK! HE CAUGHT ‘EM BOTH!

[The crowd ROARS at the “double dropkick” as Nakamura hits the mat, taking a few deep breaths before rolling over to his chest, trying to crawl towards his waiting partner.]

GM: Nakamura’s trying to get the tag! Taylor rolls out and it’s up to Tony Donovan to try and stop this tag! Brian Lau shouting at him, trying to get him into position to do exactly that.

[Donovan rolls to her stomach, crawling after Nakamura...]

GM: Donovan’s crawling after Nakamura... and he grabs the ankle!

[The crowd is cheering Nakamura on as Donovan clings to the leg, trying to keep Nakamura from tagging out to Big Hash. Nakamura rolls to his back, swinging his dangerous foot down towards Donovan once... twice... three times...]

GM: Nakamura’s trying to kick himself free! Trying to get a clear path to the corner!

[Donovan struggles to a knee, hanging on for dear life...

...but Nakamura pulls his legs back, pushing off with both feet, knocking Donovan away!]

GM: HE KICKS HIM OFF! NAKAMURA TURNS...

[From his knees, the young Japanese superstar makes a lunge!]

GM: ...TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as GEMINI Hashimoto steps into the ring, taking aim and running Donovan down with a running knife edge chop!]

GM: OHHH!

[Wes Taylor climbs back up on the apron...

...and Hashimoto takes him right back down with a knife edge chop, sending him falling to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TAYLOR GOES DOWN AS WELL!

[Hashimoto pulls Donovan off the mat, whipping him to the ropes, and burying a spinning back kick into the abdomen, doubling up Donovan. Big Hash slips in behind him, hooking a waistlock...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[...and HURLS Donovan overhead, dumping him down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX!

[Hashimoto comes up to his feet, looking out at the roaring crowd. He nods his head, approaching Donovan who is struggling to get off the canvas...

...and gets yanked right back up, locked around the waist again...]

GM: Hashimoto has got him again... GERMAN!

[Donovan CRASHES down to the canvas a second time as Hashimoto lets go, turning to look out at the crowd as he gets to his feet. He holds up one finger and then gives a bellow in strained English...]

"ONE... MORE?!"

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of it as Hashimoto circles around behind Donovan who is struggling to get up off the mat. He's on all fours when Big Hash hooks him around the torso...

...and deadlifts him up, holding him at his chest...]

GM: HASHIMOTO'S GOT HIM UP!!

[Donovan is struggling, trying desperately to get free before he can get hit with another German Suplex...

...when Wes Taylor comes in, hammering Hashimoto with a forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: Taylor from behind!

[Taylor clubs Hashimoto rapidfire, battering him until he drops Donovan down on the mat...

...and then slowly turns, glaring at Taylor who looks shocked at Hashimoto's resilience!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Hashimoto lashes out with a palm strike, sending Taylor flying through the air, crashing into the buckles. Big Hash rushes in after him, throwing a big clothesline that stuns Taylor!]

GM: Hashimoto's going after Taylor!

BW: Yeah, but he needs to stay focused on Donovan! Donovan is the legal man!

[Big Hash backs out of the corner...

...and then throws himself forward, flipping to connect with a koppo kick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The kick causes Taylor to slump down, falling through the ropes to the floor as Big Hash turns his attention to Donovan, stalking out of the corner...

...and yanks Donovan into a standing headscissors as the crowd goes wild!]

GM: Hashimoto's got him! Hashimoto's got him!

[With Donovan struggling to get free, Hashimoto lifts him into the air, flips him over...

...and DRIVES him down with a thunderous powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERBOMB! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Folding up the legs in a jackknife, Hashimoto leans over, pressing the shoulder down into the canvas...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! DONOVAN KICKED OUT! HOW IN THE WORLD DID HE KICK OUT OF THAT POWERBOMB?!

[Hashimoto seems to be wondering the same thing as he comes to his feet, moving to the corner, slapping his partner's hand...]

GM: The tag is made... and Nakamura is going up top!

BW: We've seen this before, Gordo! We've seen this before!

GM: Nakamura's going for that flying double stomp off the top! If he hits this, we're going to have new champions!

[Nakamura is poised up top, ready to fly...

...when Brian Lau suddenly is up on the apron, jumping up and down as Ricky Longfellow rushes to confront him. Nakamura is distracted, pointing at Lau...]

GM: TAYLOR!

[...when Wes Taylor gets up on the apron and SHOVES Nakamura off the top rope, sending him flying through the air, CRASHING down in a heap on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Taylor drops off the apron, moving quickly as Hashimoto tries to get back in, the referee holding him back as Lau stays on the apron. The Phoenix, Arizona native pulls Nakamura off the ringside mats by the hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

[...and BOUNCES his skull off the steel ringpost before shoving him back inside the ring to a dazed but waiting Donovan who grabs Nakamura, flipping him to his back, diving across to hook both legs!]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Ahhh, come on!

[Donovan rolls off of Nakamura, throwing his arms up into the air as Taylor does the same thing on the floor before rolling in to join his partner. A furious GEMINI Hashimoto comes rushing in, looking to get a shot at Taylor and Donovan but Ricky Longfellow intervenes, blocking his path...

...when suddenly, the crowd starts cheering loudly!]

GM: Wait a second!

[After a few moments, we see the source of those cheers as Jack and Travis Lynch are in the ring, talking to the official. Travis points to Taylor, miming shoving someone off the ropes. Ricky Longfellow looks puzzled, asking the Lynches for clarification...]

GM: This is...

BW: The Lynches have no business being out here, Gordo! NONE!

GM: They said they might have to find something else to do.

BW: Like being no-good busybodies sticking their nose in someone else's business?!

GM: Maybe!

[The referee accuses Wes Taylor, asking about Travis' accusation...

...when suddenly, Wes Taylor rushes forward, looking to attack Travis Lynch!]

GM: CLAW!

[The crowd ROARS as Travis Lynch locks his left hand around the skull of Wes Taylor! Tony Donovan pops up off the mat, looking to intervene...]

GM: AND ANOTHER ONE!

[...and runs right into Jack Lynch who locks the Iron Claw on Donovan as well!]

GM: WE'VE GOT A DOUBLE CLAW IN THE MIDDLE OF TORONTO!

[Brian Lau is beside himself, shouting at the action in the ring, frantically waving his arms...]

...and the cheers get louder as the Texans drive Taylor and Donovan through the ropes and out to the floor with their clawholds!]

GM: And the Lynches are standing tall, fans!

BW: This is ridiculous! They should be fined! Suspended! Whatever it takes to keep them from getting involved in other people's affairs, Gordo!

GM: I wouldn't hold my breath on that one, Bucky... and as the Lynch brothers clear the ring, you have to expect we haven't seen the end of this situation between the Lynches and the Kings of Wrestling. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll have Mark Stegglet standing by with Emerson Gellar!

[The Lynches seem quite pleased with themselves, trading a high five as we fade to black.

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and then back up to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside the AWA's Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar. Gellar is grinning broadly as Stegglet speaks.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X and, Mr. Gellar, I wanted to get your thoughts on this Canadian tour. Sold out arenas every step of the way, major media coverage, huge crowds... you've gotta consider this a success.

EG: Mark, Canada has a history of loving their wrestling. Of course, two weeks ago, we paid tribute to Chinook Wrestling and their history in Calgary... and everyone knows that Toronto used to be a stronghold for places like the IIWF and UWF among others. So, we're just proud to be a part of that legacy now. The AWA has come to Canada for the first time but I can promise you not the last time.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Shifting gears though, let's talk about the Battle of Boston tournament. Seven days away... you've gotta be feeling the butterflies.

[Gellar grins.]

EG: It's hard not to, Mark. The Battle of Boston, as I've said before, was really my first creation I brought to the table. I'm a big fan of the Stampede Cup and I wanted to see a singles version of that... I wanted to see the first Three Way Dance in AWA history... and I wanted to find out who the best pro wrestler in the world actually is. Now that it's upon us, I've got-

[Suddenly, a voice rings out.]

"Emerson!"

[Gellar looks agitated at being interrupted, his gaze shifting quickly. The camera shot pulls back a bit to reveal a familiar face... familiar underneath a mess of a beard... bloodshot eyes... tangled and unwashed hair. Gellar looks disgusted for a moment.]

EG: Dane? Is that you under all that?

[And as he says that, we realize that it is indeed former AWA announcer Jason Dane who looks like he's seen better days. Even Mark Stegglet seems surprised by his good friend's appearance, reaching out a hand towards him but slowly pulling it back.]

JD: Emerson, I've called your office... I've left messages...

EG: I'm in the middle of something, Dane. Maybe you can go... I don't know, take a shower, clean yourself up... call my office tomorrow-

JD: NO!

[Dane's sudden outburst catches everyone by surprise.]

JD: I... I can't. I've tried that. I can't get a call back. This was the only way.

[Gellar sighs.]

EG: What is it? What do you want? This isn't more horror stories about wrestlers being kidnapped and all that, is it?

JD: No, not that.

EG: Because I think we all know now that was a sham. None of the people you claimed were kidnapped were. In fact, I just read a report of a show in Brazil where Ebola Zaire competed.

JD: I know, but-

EG: Even your own brother is back wrestling in Japan, right?

JD: He is, yes... but- but it's not the same. Something's... something's different. He won't talk to me.

[Gellar shrugs.]

EG: If memory serves, your lunatic brother's never been the most social type.

JD: It's... it's different.

[Gellar waves a dismissive hand.]

EG: Anyways... if it's not that, why are you here?

JD: I need to talk to you about something else.

[Gellar stares at Dane.]

EG: I don't have all night, Dane. What is it?

[Dane throws a glance at the camera, looking nervous.]

JD: I... uh... can we do this in priv-

EG: Just spit it out!

[Dane does.]

JD: The Korugun Corporation!

[Gellar freezes, eyes going wide. He too turns to look at the camera.]

EG: I... maybe you're right. Maybe this is a conversation best held in private.

[He turns towards Stegglet, turning the executive charm back on.]

EG: My apologies, Mark. Another time perhaps?

[Without waiting for an answer, Gellar grabs Dane by the arm, steering him off camera as quickly as he can.]

MS: The Korugun Corporation? What's going on here?

[Fade to black...

...and then back out to a panning shot of the Air Canada Centre crowd. The fans are still on their feet, supporting the first-ever AWA event in their city when suddenly the opening guitar strands of Ugly Kid Joe's "Everything About You" echo in an AWA arena for the first time in, well, a long damn time. The crowd absolutely ERUPTS in cheers at the sound!]

GM: And here he is, Bucky Wilde! A name that is as synonymous with the AWA as perhaps any name in history. It's the return of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott!

BM: Never thought I'd see the day, Gordo.

[Emerging into the aisle is the aforementioned Stevie Scott, former National Champion that he is. He still wears the same attire as in years past - flower-patterned silk shirt, cargo shorts and loafers sans socks. His hair remains cut short and he sports a little bit of stubble.

However, instead of striking his trademark Superman Pose (tm), he raises his arms with palms up slowly in the air while closing his eyes. He holds the stance for a few seconds, then opens his eyes and looks around the Air Canada Centre with the smile of a kid on Christmas morning.]

GM: I can't disagree with you, Bucky, but I think it's crystal clear that he's glad to be here.

BW: He is for the moment, but will he be when he has to come face-to-face with Juan Vasquez?

[Stevie works his way down the aisle, slapping as many outstretched hands as he can, before climbing into the ring and ascending the turnbuckles to salute the crowd. He does this in all four corners, drawing a huge cheer each time. Finally, he hops down and stops in the center of the ring as the music fades.]

HSS: Ah, AWA.

[A huge grin develops across his face as he raises the microphone high and tilts back his head.]

HSS: IT'S GREAT TO BE HOME!

[Another roof-shaking pop fills the Air Canada Centre before a chant breaks out...

"WEL-COME BACK! WEL-COME BACK! WEL-COME BACK!"

Stevie nods, soaking it all in. It's incredibly clear that he's missed it.]

HSS: I've gotta be honest. I wasn't sure this day was ever going to come. In fact, if you'd told me even three months ago that I'd be standing on this canvas, with the AWA logo under my feet, staring out into a crowd full of the best fans in whole damn world...I'd have said you were crazy.

[He pauses, shaking his head.]

HSS: But as it turns out, I'M the one who's crazy.

Because this moment? It wasn't planned. I didn't train for it. I didn't have some master plan of getting back into the ring and doing the thing that I do so damn well.

It happened because I went to Calgary to honor a friend.

[The once-hot crowd has now settled in, and a smattering of boos accompany the direction that Stevie is about to go.]

HSS: So isn't it ironic that the actions of a FORMER friend ruined it and led to me standing in front of you tonight.

Perhaps I'm crazy for getting involved. Maybe I'm a little nuts for sticking my nose in where some will say it doesn't belong. After all, I'm retired, right?

[He tilts his head.]

HSS: Perhaps I'm crazy for still believing in this little thing called HONOR. This little concept called RESPECT. This idea of maybe not being a huge ass-

[The volume mutes for a moment.]

HSS: -all the time!

[The crowd ROARS at that as they have no doubts about to whom Stevie refers. Stevie smirks, covering his mouth with his hand for a moment before mouthing "sorry" in the direction of the camera.]

HSS: Whoops. Got carried away.

I know, I know...that might be the pot calling the kettle black. Everybody knows I've done things in my career that would make even Bucky Wilde blush. And hey, when you're climbing the ladder and trying to establish yourself, sometimes you do what you've gotta do.

But that's not what it was about two weeks ago, was it, Juan?

[And Stevie finally says the name.]

HSS: Hell, there ain't a more household name in the game these days than Juan Vasquez. So it couldn't have been about making a statement.

No...I know what it was about. I know why you disrespected a man who means more to that locker room than ANYONE who's ever graced the American Wrestling Association.

It's because YOU, my friend, are a piece of-

[Stevie pauses, stopping himself before he raises the ire of the company, the network and the censors... again.]

HSS: There was _no reason_...NO REASON...to attack a retired Sweet Daddy Williams, a man who is about as big a threat to you at this point in his life as Jim Towel.

[Nostalgia pop from the wrestling historians in the crowd.]

HSS: No reason except to prove that you...

...need a reality check...

[Stevie points into the hard camera.]

HSS: ...courtesy of the Hotshot!

[Another big cheer!]

HSS: You know, the good thing about taking some time off? Your body gets a chance to heal up.

You might even say that I'm back in...

[He grins.]

HSS: Fighting shape.

[Another big pop from the Toronto crowd as they have a feel for where this is going.]

HSS: Let's cut to the chase, Juan.

I want you back inside this ring... one more time!

[The crowd buzzes at the idea of that.]

HSS: And when I think about Juan Vasquez versus Stevie Scott, there's only one company that can host it... and that's right here in the AWA. And when I think about that match... that epic rivalry getting one more match... there's only one city in the world that can host that match... one... more... time!

And that's DALLAS, TEXAS!

[There are some cheers but also disappointment that it wasn't Toronto.]

HSS: As it turns out, the AWA is heading back to Dallas in a couple of months for an event that is appropriately named if you ask me... a show called HOMECOMING!

[More cheers.]

HSS: You and me, Juan. Dallas, Texas. One more time!

[Well, there it goes. Biggest roar of the segment so far from the Toronto crowd!]

HSS: The feud that made the AWA... one more time! The match that headlined TWO SuperClashes... one more time!

That gives me two months to get ready...two months to prepare for what's going to be the fight of MY life, and I can assure you...the fight of yours.

This isn't about winning and losing, Juan. Not for me.

It's about REVENGE.

It's about RESPECT.

It's about helping you remember who you used to be.

And reminding you who I am... one more time.

[Stevie pauses and nods.]

HSS: I may only have one fight left in me. I may leave Dallas in an ambulance... hell, maybe even a medevac helicopter. But I don't care.

Because if I've gotta go through hell to teach you a lesson?

Then by God...

[Stevie pauses, nodding his head.]

HSS: I'M TAKING YOU WITH ME!

[Stevie drops the mic as "Everything About You" cranks back up.]

GM: OH MY STARS! THAT'S A CHALLENGE, WRESTLING FANS! STEVIE SCOTT VERSUS JUAN VASQUEZ AT HOMECOMING... ONE MORE TIME!

BW: Wow. I never thought we'd see it again, Gordo!

GM: The challenge has been issued! Stevie Scott has laid it down! But will Juan Vasquez accept? Will Juan Vasquez be willing to take on perhaps his greatest rival one more time? Hopefully we'll find out later tonight! What a moment though, fans! What a moment!

[Stevie mounts the midbuckle, soaking up the roaring cheers of the Toronto crowd as he looks out on them with a smile on his face...

...and we fade to black.

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

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brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

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[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and we fade backstage on a visibly excited Emerson Gellar standing beside "Sweet" Lou Blackwell with a giant "BATTLE OF BOSTON" banner with the AWA logo plastered on the wall behind them.]

SLB: Alright, Mr. Gellar... I suppose this is Take Two?

[Gellar chuckles with a nod.]

SLB: It's a pleasure to have you join me at this time and from what I have gathered you have a very important announcement to make regarding the upcoming event next week in Boston where the AWA has seemingly hijacked in all the right kind of ways the better part of the New England area.

EG: You are absolutely correct, Lou. The time has come to get down to the nitty-gritty and fill in some HUGE blanks about the hottest tournament of the summer! Wait, scratch that, Lou. It's the hottest tournament of the year in ALL of wrestling! There's other pretenders, there's other emulators, but there is only ONE AWA and only ONE place to be next week and that is LIVE with us in Boston, Massachusetts for the Battle of Bost-

"YOU!"

[Gellar's grin is instantly erased from his face at the sight of the man stalking down the hallways with one large finger pointed in his direction...

...Flex Ferrigno.]

EG: Look, I already had to deal with Dane. This isn't the time for whatever you need to-

FLEX: I DON'T NEED NOTHIN' FROM YOU! But you...YOU...you NEED me, Gellar. You NEED me in Boston. You NEED me in that tournament. You NEEEEEEEEEEED the Quadrasaurus and the baddest man from the biggest apple in all the lands to show up next week and show the world what this place is made of!

[Ferrigno poses because Flex always has time to pose... curling his right fist up towards his head and showing off his bowling ball size guns.]

EG: You had the same chance just like the rest, Flex. What I NEED from you is to you to go back to the locker room and wait till your name is called like everyone else before you interrupt MY show and MY time. Later tonight, I'm going to announce who the Wild Card entry is for the LAST remaining spot in the Battle of Boston but until then... after what you pulled two weeks ago... I really don't want to see you out here.

[Flex, pondering this for a moment, doesn't take too kindly to this notion as he lunges forward, getting right up in the face of Gellar who visibly flinches, stepping back. But Ferrigno closes the gap, causing Gellar to bump back against the wall as Blackwell instantly panics, looking in all directions before doing the only thing he knows how to do in a physical encounter. He runs.]

FLEX: LISTEN HERE, PUNK! I'm the MEAL TICKET. I'm the BIG GAME PLAYA. I'm the MAN who is going to take you and your dreams and make them a WORLDWIDE PHENOMENON. You want me to sit back and wait?!

I AIN'T WAITIN' FOR NOBODY! WHOSE SPOT IS IT?! WHO?! YOU BETTER SAY MY NAME IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD-

[Gellar squirms away, creating some space as he sticks a finger up in the face of the Quadrasaurus.]

EG: Back off, Ferrigno! You back off or-

[Ferrigno smirks, turning to spit on the ground.]

FLEX: Or what?

[Gellar pauses...]

EG: Or I'll toss you right out of the voting for the Wild Card spot!

[Ferrigno seems about to lunge forward again but holds his ground, snarling through clenched teeth at Gellar.]

EG: And I don't know if you've checked the voting yet, Ferrigno... but it's down to you...

[Ferrigno's eyes light up.]

EG: ...and Bobby O'Connor.

[A loud "HAH!" comes out of Ferrigno like a cough.]

FLEX: THAT PIPSQUEAK?!

[Ferrigno, almost appalled, loses focus and allows Gellar to take a pair of steps back, creating a little more distance between he and Ferrigno.]

EG: So, later tonight, I'll come back out and-

FLEX: I AIN'T WAITIN'. GIVE ME SOMETHING. GIVE ME SOMEONE!

[Ferrigno rattles his fists back and forth.]

FLEX: NOW!

[Gellar nods.]

EG: You want a match, big man? You got it! Go out to the ring right now... I've got someone who has been looking for a tryout match and tonight... they're going to get it!

[Flex doesn't even respond. He just shoves his way past Gellar who bites his tongue a bit as Flex stomps down the hallway and towards the ring as the camera fades and we cut away to a break.]

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are halfheartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Canibal?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Dave Bryant running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoe Rage just kick down the front door to attack The Hangman from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Skywalker Jones leaping down the staircase at Calisto Dufresne? And why are Downfall beating up the mailman? Oh, there's Next Gen turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Jordan Ohara is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Rex Summers with a flying bodypress, Juan Vasquez is hiptossing Terry Shane III across your family room, and The Slaughterhouse and The Wilde Bunch are brawling across your driveway. Cain Jackson has just grabbed a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Pure X, while Supernova is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Jackson Hunter and Brian Lau are in a shouting match, Koyla Sudakov tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Koyla hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Maxim Zharkov wanders by and stomps on the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Five AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[Ryan Martinez tries to smash Supreme Wright with a kitchen chair, but Wright pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Martinez and Wright action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[The Rotgut Rustlers do a double throw to send Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the Rustlers, Taylor and Donovan action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Jack Lynch and Brian James double-clothesline Cesar Hernandez in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like Gladiator is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Larry Wallace. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: There's now action figures featuring the women of the AWA!

[Barging in through the door are Lauryn Rage, Charisma Knight and Erica Toughill, who rush into the dining room, where Melissa Cannon, Julie Somers and Lori Wilson just happening to be waiting for them! Then we see a couple of girls playing with the six action figures.]

Announcer: And there's even Torin the Titan!

[None other than Torin himself comes crashing through (yes, through) the wall, after which he grabs poor Jackie Bourassa and headbutts him. Then we see kids playing with the same action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Allen Allen, Manny Imbrogno, Caspian Abaran, and Kerry Kendrick. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

...and fade back up from commercial to Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde in the booth.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, to Saturday Night Wrestling! Just before the break we saw Emerson Gellar and Flex Ferrigno get into a bit of uh...

BW: A battle of muscle, Gordo, and when that happens you can only guess who came out on top! The SHEIK OF MUSCLE PEAKS!

GM: First, nobody calls him that... not even himself. Second, I think Gellar held his ground pretty well.

BW: Was that before or after he cowered before the DUKE OF DELTOIDS?

GM: Nevertheless, Gellar promised Flex Ferrigno some action and said a new wrestler was going to debut who give the muscle tank a run for his money. Let's go to Rebecca Ortiz for the introductions!

[Fade up to the ring where the lovely Ms. Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Coming up next is a contest set for one fall, fifteen minutes...

["Give Him Everything You've Got" by Craig Armstrong fires up!]

RO: First... from STRRRRRONNNNNNNNG ISLAND... he stands six foot three... he weighs in at 287 pounds... he is the QUADRASAURUS... THE MONSTA MUSCLE... THE GUNZILLA THRILLAH...

FLLLLLLLLEEEEEEEX FERRRRRRRRRRIGNOOOOOOO!

[The methodical tones of metal being struck, the eerie wind up, and finally the score kicks in with the violin instrumental and rapid escalation of beats. Flex bursts through the entrance portal, fists beating across his massive physique, and then exploding outward.]

GM: Here he comes, Bucky. One of the hottest up and coming athletes here in the AWA. Two weeks ago in Calgary, he shocked a lot of folks with the way he ended the match against Manny Imbrogno with what can only be described as, well...

BW: The most powerful headlock in all of wrestling, daddy! He almost made Mr. Mensa's brain explode!

GM: I have to say, it's not very often that a single act of strength takes my breath away and even I was caught off guard by that. Ferrigno is quite the physical specimen and while I may doubt his actions at times there is no question that he is one of the strongest men to ever step foot in an AWA ring. He's right up there with guys like Hercules Hammonds, Tony Sunn, Gary Bright, to name a few.

BW: But you know what the difference is between those guys and him? He's the COMPLETE package, Gordo. He's got the look, the gift of gab, and more importantly...when you see this guy running you down you get the heck out of the way if you know what's good for you.

[He's got the chainmail headdress...he's got the mirrored Aviator glasses...he's got gobs and gobs of baby oil lathered across his pecs. But he's also got something that nobody else except AWAsShop.com does...another new shirt! Fresh off the press..STRONG ISLAND FEVER shirt, hanging from his trunks. You too can own a part of history for only \$19.99]

GM: Strong Island Fever?

BW: It's spreading like wildfire through the AWA Galaxy, Gordo.

[Flex stomps up the ring steps and shoves his way through the ring ropes. He lowers himself down to one knee in the center of the ring and strikes a picturesque double bicep pose which strikes a chord with the Toronto crowd who scream out at him.]

RO: And his opponent...

["Pobre De Ti" by Tijuana No! strikes up. The song is soothing and slow for about twenty seconds before the vocals kick in and the song skyrockets up in pace and volume!]

RO: At 143 pounds... making his AWA debut straight out of TIIIIIIJUANNNNNAAAAA, MEXICO... he is...

BALLISTYK!

[A man bursts through the entrance portal. His head is shaved tight on the side, black hair pulled into a man-bun on the top of his head, a face plate with all kinds of wild and electric colors covering his face, and ring gear to match. His chest is bare and littered with tattoos, he has tights on that are neon yellow on one side and turquoise on the other with purple stitching down the middle. His ankles are flooded with multi-colored tassels over his ring boots.]

BW: This is the big debut?

GM: Never judge a book by its cover, Bucky. I'm being told Ballistyk spent some time down in SWLL and has been wanting to make his debut here in the AWA for quite some time.

BW: But... this guy? He LITERALLY weighs half as much as Flex.

[Ballistyk, living up to his namesake, sprints down to the ring and dives underneath the bottom rope. He bolts past Flex who looks uninterested and still remains in one of his iconic poses and grabs the ring ropes on the far side and begins throttling them relentlessly. Ballistyk finally shakes himself free and turns his attention to Flex and as he does Davis Warren immediately signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Flex postures up immediately, taking the center of the ring and as he does the smaller Ballistyk races past him and hits the ropes... and he does it a second time... and a third... before finally leaping into the air towards Flex...

...who SWATS him away!]

BW: Welcome to the big stage, Basillica!

GM: Ballistyk.

BW: If you say so.

[Ballistyk topples over into the corner and Flex beats his chest and yells at the masked star, "LETS GO!"]

GM: Ferrigno doesn't look as entertained as some of the young fans in the front row who seem to be enjoying the more colorful newcomer.

[Ballistyk pulls himself up slowly, moves towards Flex, and then somersaults out of harm's way as Flex lunges for him. He immediately bounces up, hits the ropes, and flies back towards Ferrigno who tries to strike him with an elbow only to have him duck underneath and fire off the ropes once more.]

GM: The luchador building up steam!

[Ballistyk comes racing back, slides through Flex's legs, pops up before Ferrigno can turn around, and slaps him across the backside!]

GM: Oh my.

BW: What the heck was that?!

[The Toronto fans erupt at this act as Ballistyk struts around behind Ferrigno. A fuming Flex spins towards him, lunging towards the luchador again who ducks back

through the ropes, rocking back to swing his feet up into the chin of the incoming Quadrasaurus!]

GM: OH!

[Using the momentum of the ropes, the masked man rocks back the other way, throwing a forearm into the chin of Ferrigno, sending him stumbling back a few steps.]

GM: Ballistyk on the offensive! He's showing lightning like speed, Bucky. I don't know how long he can keep this up but he could very well be on the verge of what seemed like an implausible upset a minute ago if he can continue to evade Ferrigno like this.

BW: This is a mockery. Who's under that mask? Who?!

GM: I don't think it's anyone in particular, Bucky. This is just another-

[As Ferrigno shakes off the early effects, Ballistyk ducks back into the ring, coming in strong with a flurry of kicks, rifling off shin kicks and thigh kicks.]

GM: Ballistyk trying to chop him down to size!

[The luchador takes aim, kicking out Ferrigno's knee, putting him down on one bent knee as he winds up...]

GM: ROUNDHOUSE!

[But Ferrigno's having no part of that, ROARING as he explodes back up to his feet, lifting Ballistyk up onto his shoulders...]

GM: Ferrigno's got him up! He's got him up!

[...however the luchador leans back, flipping out of the powerbomb position to land on his feet. He ducks a wild right hand from Ferrigno, dashing to the ropes again. Ferrigno spins, throwing another haymaker that the masked man ducks under, running to the ropes again...]

BW: I'm getting motion sickness, Gordo.

[Ferrigno rushes forward, trying to attack as Ballistyk leaps up, his legs going through the ropes as he hooks the top rope with his arm, swinging his legs back, catching Ferrigno in the gut as he moves in!]

GM: Ohh! Incredible show of athleticism! Ballistyk is on quite a roll! Those kicks nearly made Ferrigno lose his lunch!

BW: As a fellow former powerlifter, I know firsthand how important getting those calories in is. That would greatly upset Ferrigno if that happened!

GM: A former powerlift... give me a break!

[Out on the apron, Ballistyk reaches over, grabbing Flex's hand, locking his fingers as he steps to the second rope and then to the top from the apron...]

...and then leaps high into the air, attempting a sunset flip!]

GM: HIGH ELEVATION SUNSET FLIP!

[But Ferrigno's going nowhere, posturing up, muscling up...]

...and drives a clenched fist downwards...]

GM: OH! HE MISSED! Ferrigno punches the canvas!

[Scampering back to his feet, Ballistyk throws himself into a low dropkick, driving his feet between the shoulderblades, sending Ferrigno forward with his head draped over the middle rope...]

GM: Ballistyk signals to the crowd... these fans in Toronto are on their feet, cheering him on! They might be on the verge of a major upset, Bucky!

[The luchador builds up momentum again, hitting the far ropes, rebounding off to charge towards the ropes where Flex is draped...]

GM: He's going for that kick again!

[For the second time in the match, Ballistyx leaps through the ropes, hanging on and swinging his legs back towards Ferrigno...]

...who snatches him out of the sky, holding him across his muscular chest as he rises off the mat!]

GM: Look at the power! Look at the strength!

[Ferrigno steps out to the middle of the ring, trashtalking anyone who will listen, still holding the luchador across his chest...]

...and then throws him up into the air, favoring one arm to send the masked man headfirst towards the ceiling. On the way down, Ferrigno catches him around the waist...]

BW: YES!!!

[...and DRIVES him back onto his skull!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS, BUCKY!

BW: POSTERIZED TOSS-UP GERMAN, DADDY! IT'S OVER!

[Ferrigno stands over Ballistyk whose eyes begin to sink back into his head. "THAT'S IT?! THAT'S ALL YOU GOT!"]

GM: This is a bad place to be right now!

[Ferrigno presses himself against the ropes, staring down towards the entrance portal, "THIS A JOKE, GELLAR?! COME ON, SON!" Ferrigno turns back towards Ballistyk who hasn't moved a muscle, peels him off the canvas, and shoves him into the pit of his right arm...]

...and SQUEEZES!!!!]

GM: HEADLOCK! HE'S GOT THAT HEADLOCK ON AGAIN!

[Davis Warren slides around Flex and gets a good look at Ballistyk...]

...who almost immediately taps!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: MY STARS! AGAIN?!

BW: It's the deadliest show of strength that I've ever seen, Bucky! No mortal man can survive the pure and raw strength of Flex Ferrigno!

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner by SUBmisssssssionnnn...

FLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEX FERRRRRRRRRRRIGNOOOOOO!

[Ferrigno nods his head confidently, striking the double bicep pose again as he stands over the masked man who is writing in pain on the mat, holding his head in agony.]

GM: For the second time on Saturday Night Wrestling, Flex Ferrigno has picked up a win with a side headlock... and I can't believe I just said that, Bucky.

BW: The greatest side headlock in the HISTORY of our sport!

GM: But will he get a chance to use that side headlock two weeks from tonight in Boston, fans? We're going to find out later tonight but we know it's down to two! It's down to Flex Ferrigno and Bobby O'Connor! And if you haven't cast your vote on the AWA website or the AWA app, now's the time to make your voice be heard! Decisions are made by those who show up and it's your time to show up and let us know who should be the final entry in this tournament! Fans, let's go backstage to where Mark Stegglet is standing by!

[We cut backstage where Mark Stegglet looks annoyed... really annoyed. And as the camera pulls back, we learn the reason why.]

MS: My guests at this time... the Wallaces.

Chaz: YEAH, BAYBAY!

[He punctuates said "YEAH, BAYBAY!" with a leaping crotch chop. His twin brother Chet giggles uncontrollably at this as Larry Wallace simply shakes his head.]

MS: Larry Wallace, I'll start with you. What in the world did we see out there a little earlier?

FLW: What you saw was the Flawless One taking care of business. You see, Mark Stegglet, I'm going to be completely honest with you. Terry Shane went out there and said that Bobby O'Connor couldn't be bothered with me... well, that's fine but I can't be bothered with Terry Shane.

And look, I get it... Terry Shane's elevator ride from the top to the bottom was so fast, he thought he was on the Tower of Terror but the fact remains... he's at the bottom. He's so far beneath me, he'd need binoculars to see the bottom of my shoes.

So, I understand why he'd try to take several giant steps forward by calling me out... but the fact is this, old friend.

You didn't say "Flawless One, may I?"... because if you had, I would've said "Hell no, son. Try again in a few years when you've worked yourself back up to standing on the same level as Beef Bonham.

[Wallace smirks as his brothers nod in agreement.]

FLW: But my brothers... see, my brothers have been looking for an excuse to get the heck out of Japan and come back home for a while now. And when I heard you running your mouth two weeks ago, Shane, I knew the time was right for the best damn family reunion this sport's ever seen.

The Wallace boys together again...

[Wallace raises a finger.]

FLW: But this was a one night only engagement, Mark. Beating Terry Shane is not going to get me to the next round of the Battle of Boston. Beating Terry Shane is not going to make sure the Steal The Spotlight captains call my name. And beating Terry Shane is definitely not going to get me on the SuperClash card in November. So, I have no interest in beating Terry Shane...

[He jerks a thumb at his younger brothers.]

FLW: ...but they do. As of right now, dealing with Terry Shane is all yours, boys.

[Larry pauses, giving an embrace to Chaz and Chet who smirk at one another as their big brother makes his exit.]

MS: Well, now that you're-

Chaz: MAAAAAARK STEGGLET! Tell me something, lil' homie. Tell me why it took the likes of Terry Shane to get THE... HOTTEST... TAG TEAM... IN THE... ENTIRE... WORLD... here... in this locker room.

[Stegglet looks at him blankly.]

MS: Did you... like... am I supposed to answer that?

Chet: It's called a rhetorical question.

MS: I thought so but he's... he's still looking at me.

[Chaz is.]

MS: See?

Chet: Don't mind him. He's in the zone. But Mark Stegglet, let's make things abundantly clear. We don't care about Terry Shane. He is the means to an end. I mean, we'll beat him...

[Chet shrugs.]

Chet: Of course we'll beat him.

[Chaz snaps out of it.]

Chaz: Totally.

Chet: Completely. Dominatingly.

MS: I'm not sure that's a-

Chet: But that's not why we're here. We're here for one reason - the AWA World Tag Team Titles. And it doesn't matter to us if you're a King or a Samoan... a lunatic or a... Next Genner?

[Chet looks at Chaz who shrugs.]

Chet: Our goal stays the same... and we'll stop at nothing to reach that goal. Even if we have to beat Terry Shane.

MS: Terry Shane made it clear that he's going to be looking for you in Boston... both of you!

Chaz: HAH, I SAY! HAH!

[Stegglet looks confused.]

Chaz: He can look all he want and... well, he'll find us because we're not hard to find, Steggo! But you know what... we're going to make Terry Shane a deal. After he gets eliminated in the first round of the tournament...

[Chaz arches an eyebrow.]

Chaz: And you, me, and a man named Flea KNOW he's going out in the first round, babydoll. After that happens, he can show up in that ring... and we'll show up in that ring... and we'll have ourselves a match and see what happens.

Chet: SPOILER ALERT! He's gonna lose.

Chaz: Of course he's going to lose. But the real question is... does beating Terry Shane in a handicap match help us climb the rankings towards the tag titles?

MS: A handicap match?

Chaz: Sure. I mean... no one in their right mind would actually TEAM with Terry Shane. Right?! AM I RIGHT?!

[Chaz nudges Stegglet as he starts laughing loudly and annoyingly.]

Chet: You're right, bro. Totes right.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Well, fans... the team known as Youth In Asia have made it clear...

[Chaz interrupts.]

Chaz: No, no, no, no, NOOOOO! Youth In Asia is no more. Cause... well, we're not in Asia.

Chet: Duh.

Chaz: So, uhh... I think we need something new. Hmm. Thinkin' thinkin'.

[Chaz taps his chin with his index finger.]

Chaz: I've got it!

[Chaz points to the Fox Sports X bug in the corner of the screen... it's virtual so... he just guessed where it was, I suppose.]

Chaz: Let's show our new corporate overlords a little love. We are...

[Chaz holds up his hands, gesturing like he's reading off a marquee.]

Chaz: THE... AMERICAN... IDOLS!

[Chet grabs his face, gasping in awe.]

Chet: You did it again, bro... you did it... again.

Chaz: Thank you, thank you. You, my friend...

[He puts a hand on Mark Stegglet's shoulder.]

Chaz: ...are a beautiful audience and we could stand here all night shootin' the stuff but we've got business to attend to. So, in honor of our new name, Mark Stegglet, I've got two words for ya...

[Chaz and Chet look at the camera, pointing in unison.]

Chaz/Chet: WALLACES OUT!

[...and then dive backwards off their respective sides of the screen, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Well... that happened... I suppose.

[Stegglet looks around with a shrug.]

MS: Let's go back to the ring.

[We fade back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[They should have never given these men an entrance!

Lo fi noise fills the arena as Sleigh Bell's "Crown on the Ground" blares through the arena.

#You never doubted it,
You're so proud of it,
You straight shouted it,
There's no doubt of it,
You couldn't care less,
You love goodness,
You think it's endless, endless, endless, #]

RO: At a total combined weight of 486 pounds...

AMOS CARTER... RASHAN HILL...

THE MISSSSSSSSSSFITSSSSSSSS!

[Amos Carter bounces through the curtains, hopping foot to foot in time with the beat. He drinks in the bright lights and the crowd that is actually reacting. He waves for them to give him more. He wears metallic gold boots, fuchsia and gold tights with black lines outlining the two colors. Rashan Hill swaggers through the curtains, oozing arrogance unnecessary in a man just tasting success for the first time in a long career. He wears sunglasses and rubs his hair counter clockwise with an afro sponge to make sure his flattop afro is sufficiently twisted. He wears gold boots and black tights with fuchsia stripes down the sides. The crowd responds fairly well to these "proteges" of the Canadian, Shadoc Rage.]

GM: Amos Carter and Rashan Hill making their way down towards the ring for tag team action... and I can't help but notice there's no sign of their so-called "coach," Shadoe Rage.

BW: Well, Rage has got his own problems coming up in just a short while in that mixed tag team match, Gordo.

GM: That he does so apparently Hill and Carter are going to be flying solo here tonight against Derrick Williams and a partner of his choosing.

[The two men smile and dap each other before Carter hops down to ringside, jumping foot to foot in time with the beat. Hill swaggers behind him, smirking at the ringside fans as he walks through them, waving and chucking deuces as if he were a celebrity. Every few steps he pauses and hits a pose for cameras to take pictures. Who's taking the pictures? Only Hill knows. He steps into the ring and hops onto the top turnbuckle, nodding his head in time with the music.]

GM: You know, Bucky, with the way these two carry on, you'd think they're already tag team champions.

BW: With the guidance of the longest-reigning World Television Champion in history, it just might be a matter of time.

GM: I think the Misfits have a long road ahead of them before they reach that level... and I think they be in for a tough night as well. Derrick Williams is very frustrated over the actions of Rage and the Misfits in recent weeks and he'll be looking to take it out on these two here tonight no doubt.

[As the final line of the chorus hits, both men drop to the mat and yell: "SICK!"...

...and then the music changes to Hinder's "All American Nightmare."]

RO: And their opponents... first, from Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 270 pounds...

DERRRRRRRRRIIIIIICK WILLLLLLLLLLLIAMMMMS!

[At the announcement of his name, Derrick Williams enters the arena to the cheers of (most) the crowd. His brown hair frames his face, wavy coming down to his chin, matching his brown eyes and a shade darker than his olive skin. He has a short beard growing on his face, and does have generic tribal tattoos on his arms and back, like many of his generation.

His ring gear consists of short, thigh length glossy black tights with "DW" in a stencil font enclosed in a silver circle, in silver, with "Brooklyn" written smaller in a similar font on the bottom left front. He wears black boots, coming up to mid-calf, with black knee pads. His wrists are taped with glossy black athletic tape, with black, half finger weightlifting gloves on his hands, and black neoprene elbow pad/braces, the one on the right adorned with Skull in silver on the pad portion. Rounding out the ensemble is a black glossy vest with a silver hood, pulled up as he walks along the aisle, slapping hands with the fans as he does.]

GM: Derrick Williams, a man who many believe should be the World Television Champion as he stands before you now, heading down the aisle looking to get a little bit of payback over what Rage and his cronies have done to he and his mentor, Kevin Slater.

BW: Yeah, but his partner's nowhere in sight. Maybe no one wanted to team with the kid?

GM: I'd say we're about to find out, Bucky.

[He hits the ring and ascends the stairs, entering the ring then pulling down his hood, appealing to the crowd before removing his vest, then starting some adjustments to his gloves and elbow pad while being checked by the ref.]

RO: And his tag team partner...

[All eyes turn towards the entrance, including a grinning Williams who points down the aisle.]

GM: Who's it gonna be, Bucky?

[But before the colorful color man gets a chance to make a prediction, the crowd ERUPTS into cheers at the sound of the positive hip hop beat of NaS' "I Can."

#I know I can
Be what I wanna be
If I work hard at it
I'll be where I wanna be!#

With that chorus, Jordan Ohara bounces through the curtains. He slides and hops to the ring, slapping hands with the ringside fans.]

RO: From Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing in at 225 pounds... he is the Phoenix...

JOOOOORRRRRRRDAAAAAAN OOOOOOOOHARRRRRRRAAAAA!

[The young muscular man bounces around the ring, slapping hands with every fan. He is bare chested, wearing Carolina blue tights and white boots with black heels. Jordan chants "I know I can" with some of the ringside kids before he vaults onto the ring apron and steps onto the second rope to leap over the top and land in the ring. There are plenty of applause and a few audible "I love you, Jordans" that ring out as he trades a high five with his new partner as the Misfits huddle up, obviously concerned over this turn of events.]

GM: Oh my! Jordan Ohara signing on to team with Derrick Williams here tonight and what a duo these two young lions make together, Bucky.

BW: I gotta admit, I didn't see that one coming... and this is may be a tough challenge for the Misfits without their coach out here. But at the same time, Ohara and Williams are going to square off in the first round of the Battle of Boston in one week. How can they possibly be on the same page?!

[After some final discussion on both sides of the ring, the referee signals to get two out and two in.]

GM: Troubleshooting referee Jack Marshall will be in there for this one... perhaps the AWA anticipating Shadoc Rage trying to get involved as he so often does for the Misfits.

[On one side of the ring, Amos Carter stays in while Jordan Ohara does the same on the other side.]

GM: It looks like it'll be Carter and Ohara starting things off for their respective teams in this one.

[The bell sounds, making it official, as the two competitors come out of their respective corners towards the middle of the ring...]

GM: Not wasting any time here, right into a tieup... and right into an armdrag out of Ohara, tossing Carter across the ring and down to the canvas!

[Carter comes up fast, charging in again, and getting taken down with another deep armdrag out of Ohara!]

GM: Another armdrag sends him down a second time...

[But Carter is quick and resilient, coming up to his feet in a blur, racing in towards Ohara who takes him off his feet a third time with the armdrag, getting the Toronto fans cheering him on.]

GM: The third time wasn't a charm for Amos Carter who's back up and-

[Carter slams on the brakes with a "Whooooa!" as Ohara comes up, getting into a martial arts kata pose.]

GM: Haha... Carter didn't want any part of the martial arts skills of Jordan Ohara, Bucky.

BW: That's not his wheelhouse so that's a smart move for the kid. And Derrick Williams looking on. You've gotta wonder if Williams only accepted Ohara as his partner so he could get a real close look scouting him for next week.

GM: I hardly think Derrick Williams is as duplicitous as that, Bucky.

BW: That's because you always see the best in people... it's your biggest flaw.

[Carter backs into the corner, allowing his partner to lean over the ropes, giving him a peptalk as Ohara beckons him out to the middle of the ring. The referee does the same, prompting Carter to shout "HOLD ON!" at him while listening to Hill with a nod...

...and then finally emerges from the corner, a little slower this time as he extends his arm up into the air.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me. A test of strength?

BW: Why not? These two are the same weight... Carter's actually got a couple of inches on Ohara as well.

GM: Jordan Ohara is a former bodybuilder, Bucky. He's won prizes as a teenager and beyond for it.

BW: Having a pretty physique doesn't always mean you're the strongest guy on the block, Gordo.

[Ohara happily raises his hand to meet Carter's, locking fingers together...]

GM: One hand tied up... here comes the other...

[And as both hands are locked, Ohara and Carter slam together, each looking to take the other one down and prove their superiority in strength...]

GM: Ohara trying to muscle Carter down to the canvas while Carter attempts to do the same to the Phoenix...

[But it doesn't take long for us to realize who is about to win this battle as Ohara gets the upper hand, forcing Carter's wrists over...]

GM: Ohara's got the advantage, trying to put Carter down on his knees...

[Before he can do that, Carter steps back, pulling Ohara towards him. He steps over the right arm, causing Ohara to double up...]

...and then leaps up with a right knee to the mush!]

GM: OH!

[Ohara recoils back, clutching at his face as Carter advances on him.]

GM: A cheap shot by Carter but an effective one as he pursues Ohara across the ring...

[With Ohara reeling in the ropes, Carter opens up with a series of right hands to the jaw before grabbing the Phoenix by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- no, reversed!

[As Carter rebounds back, Ohara leaps into the air, leapfrogging over Carter who hits the ropes again as Ohara hits the mat, leaping up, twisting around...]

...and drops the incoming Carter with a flying forearm between the eyes!]

GM: Oh my! High speed, high impact exchange out of these two!

[Carter flails about on the mat for a bit before rolling out to the floor in an angry huff. Ohara wastes no time in walking across the ring, grabbing the top rope with both hands.]

GM: Look out below!

[Ohara slingshots over the ropes as Carter bails out of the way. Carter pulls up with a smirk, pointing at his head, thinking he just caused Ohara to eat dirt out on the floor...]

...but a thinking Ohara landed on the apron, leaping off to smash an overhead chop down between the eyes on the turning Carter!]

GM: Beautiful move by Ohara... and maybe Carter's not as smart as he thinks, Bucky.

BW: Highly unlikely!

[Ohara pulls Carter off the mat, tossing him back under the ropes inside the ring before climbing up on the apron. He turns to the corner, heading up to climb the ropes.]

GM: Ohara might be looking to end this early, fans!

[The Phoenix scales the ropes, stepping one foot on the top as Rashan Hill comes charging down the apron at him...]

...and gets caught with a knife edge chop, sending him falling off the apron to the floor to cheers!]

GM: He sends Hill down to the floor... and now he's up top, poised and ready to fly...

[As Carter gets back up, Ohara soars high through the air again, dropping another overhead chop down between the eyes!]

GM: Oh my!

[Ohara dives across the prone Carter as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Carter fires a shoulder off the mat, breaking the count. Ohara pulls up off the mat, dragging Carter with him. He signals the corner as Williams extends his arm.]

GM: And there's our first tag of the match.

[Ohara grabs the arms, holding them back as Williams steps in, takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Ohhh! Knife edge chop by the Brooklyn native!

BW: A show of teamwork from the two guys who will face off in the first round in Boston next weekend... there sure won't be any teamwork that night, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not.

[Ohara steps out as Williams takes over, watching Carter stumble away, clutching at his chest.]

GM: Williams follows him in, turns him around...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Goodness! Derrick Williams is certainly one of the hardest hitters in the AWA locker room and Amos Carter is finding that out right about now.

[With Carter reeling in the corner, Williams leans over, driving his shoulder into the midsection once... twice... three times before Jack Marshall steps in, forcing Williams to back off.]

GM: Williams steps out... and then right back in...

[He lowers the shoulder again... once... twice... three times... four times. Jack Marshall steps back in, pushing Williams back, sticking a finger in his face with a warning...]

GM: Jack Marshall ordering Williams to follow his instructions but-

BW: But Williams is too much of a hot head to listen?

GM: Can you blame him, Bucky? Can you honestly blame Derrick Williams for being upset after what happened to him in his matches with Supernova? Now knowing that these two were responsible for that?

[Williams shoves his way past Jack Marshall, rearing back with his right arm, slamming his elbow into the jaw once.... twice... three times... four times... five times. He goes to complete the half dozen when Marshall hooks his arm, dragging him out of the corner in a half nelson to a shocked response from the crowd.]

GM: And troubleshooting official Jack Marshall having to physically restrain Williams from going at Amos Carter. I'm not sure I agree with that, Bucky.

BW: The referee shouldn't be putting his hands on a wrestler. If the wrestler won't listen, count him and then DQ him.

GM: Agreed. But Jack Marshall was hired because of his background as a wrestler and his ability to keep things on an even playing field.

[Williams and Marshall are arguing chest-to-chest in the center of the ring as Jordan Ohara shouts to his partner from the corner, trying to calm him down...

...and as Williams turns back to Carter, Carter comes flying off the middle rope with a one-legged dropkick up under the chin!]

GM: Ohh! Flying dropkick and a beauty by Carter who makes his first cover of the match!

[The Misfit gets a two count before Williams powers out, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only...

[Carter hops to his feet, turning back to the corner he just vacated. He hops up to the middle rope, facing out to the crowd. He steps to the top as Williams stirs off the canvas...]

GM: MOONSAULT!

[...but Williams simply walks away, watching Carter crash and burn with a slight smirk on his face, shaking his head. The crowd laughs, cheering the situation as Williams reaches down, hauling Carter to his feet.]

GM: Perhaps going for the high risk offense a little too early there, Bucky.

BW: And again, you have to assume that kind of thing wouldn't have happened if Coach Rage was out here.

[Williams grabs Carter by the arm, whipping him into the ropes, catching him with a right hand to the gut on the rebound before he hits the ropes himself, using a running knee lift to lift Carter off the mat, flying through the air, and crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Big running knee lift by the young lion from Brooklyn, New York... and he looks to the corner... looks like another tag is coming...

[Approaching the corner, Williams tags Ohara back into the match. Ohara quickly comes through the ropes, greeting a rising Carter with a knife-edge chop across the chest that puts him back down!]

GM: Ohara with a devastating chop of his own.

BW: Who do you think chops harder, Gordo? Williams or Ohara?

GM: I don't know. It seems pretty close to me.

BW: Cop out answer. But I imagine we'll get the REAL answer next weekend.

[Ohara pulls Carter off the mat by the hair, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle of the neutral corner.]

GM: Irish whip on the way...

[But Carter reverses, sending Ohara across the ring into the buckles. As the Phoenix hits the corner, Carter grabs Jack Marshall by the shirt, pulling him towards him...

...which allows Rashan Hill to run down the apron, throwing himself into a jumping clothesline that takes Ohara off his feet!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh! Cheapshot out on the apron by Hill!

[That brings Derrick Williams into the ring, rushing across towards Hill who drops down to the floor, shaking his head. Williams shouts at him which brings Jack Marshall over to confront Williams, forcing him to exit the ring as Hill grabs Ohara by the hair, tugging him so that his upper body is hanging over the middle rope.]

GM: Marshall's trying to get Williams out of the ring, Carter moving in where his partner made the illegal assist...

[Carter plants his shin on the back of Ohara's throat, choking him viciously, tugging the ropes for more leverage.]

GM: That's a choke, referee!

BW: He might be able to do something about it if Williams would get out of there!

[Williams finally steps out in a huff as Jack Marshall turns around, shouting at Carter, starting a count.]

GM: He's been choking him for well past a five count already! Break the hold!

BW: Ref can't call what he didn't see, Gordo!

[Carter finally backs off, getting read the riot act by Marshall...

...which allows Hill to quickly dive under the ropes, slingshotting all the way over the top, dropping a leg across the back of Ohara's neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And Hill with ANOTHER illegal attack behind the referee's back!

BW: Shadoe Rage has taught them well, Gordo.

GM: Hill back up on the apron... and there's the tag from Amos Carter.

[Rashan Hill quickly comes in, shoving the rising Ohara back into the buckles. With a nod to the crowd, Hill doubles over, grabbing the middle rope to drive his shoulder into the midsection once... twice... three times before backflipping out.]

GM: Athletic move by Hill and- OHH! Another running tackle to the gut!

[With Ohara reeling, Hill reaches back, hooking him under the armpit and around the head...

...and HURLS Ohara three-quarters of the distance of the ring, bouncing him off the canvas with an impactful biel throw!]

GM: Goodness! Did you see the height on that?

BW: Forget the height. Did you see the distance?!

[Hill struts around the ring, taunting the fans giving him a hard time. He points to the Rage Family in the front row, giving them a thumbs up.]

GM: Rashan Hill looking to finish off Jordan Ohara perhaps. What a win it would be for the Misfits... really putting them on the path towards a future World Tag Team Title shot.

[Hill grabs the rising Ohara by the hair, whipping him towards the ropes. As Ohara rebounds, Hill leapfrogs over him, letting Ohara bounce off the far ropes...

...and buries a back kick blindly into the gut, not bothering to look for Ohara at all. The blow doubles up the Phoenix, leaving him prone...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and leaps into the air, twisting around to drive his foot down into the back of the head!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! That might be enough!

[Hill throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture, settling into a lateral press.]

GM: Hill gets one! He gets two! He gets- no! No! Ohara gets the shoulder up!

[Hill glares at Jack Marshall, shouting "it was three!" at the troubleshooting official.]

GM: So close, fans... but not close enough.

[The Misfit climbs to his feet, listening to some shouts from Amos Carter encouraging him to finish off Ohara.]

GM: Rashan Hill circling Ohara, waiting for him to get back to his feet...

[And as Ohara does, Hill shoves him back into the Misfits' corner. He pauses to wrap his hands around Ohara's throat, choking him in the corner as the official counts. Marshall finally backs Ohara out as Carter hooks a handful of tights, keeping Ohara in place as Hill charges back in...]

GM: HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER! Rashan Hill using Supernova's signature move to appeal to his coach...

[Hill slaps Carter's hand, tagging him in.]

GM: Quick tag to Carter..

[Carter comes in, each Misfit grabbing an arm as they go to whip Ohara across...

...but pull him back, flinging him HARD into the corner!]

GM: Good grief!

[Ohara staggers out towards Carter who throws himself into a spinning leg lariat, taking Ohara down as he scrambles into a lateral press, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Ohara fires the shoulder up off the mat again, breaking the pin!]

GM: No! Another near fall but Jordan Ohara continues to show his incredible resilience!

[Carter smashes his hands down into the mat a few times, letting loose a frustrated roar before getting to his feet.]

GM: Carter back up, pulling Ohara with him...

[Grabbing an arm, Carter whips Ohara into the ropes. Ohara comes off, ducking a clothesline attempt. He hits the far ropes, coming back to duck a back chop attempt.]

GM: Ohara building up steam, off the far side!

[Ohara leaves his feet, catching Carter across the chest with a crossbody!]

GM: Crossbody catches him!

[But instead of attempting a cover, Ohara rolls off, crawling towards Derrick Williams' outstretched hand!]

GM: Great move by Ohara, trying to get to the corner!

[Carter makes a lunge, diving across the back of Ohara, preventing him from getting to the corner. He drags Ohara off the mat by the hair, turning to fling him over the ropes...]

GM: OVER THE TOP! NO, OHARA HANGS ON!

[The crowd roars as Ohara hangs from the top rope a moment before using his incredible upper body strength to get back over the ropes, landing on his feet, turning to face a shocked Carter who rushes in...]

GM: Ohara ducks...

[And throws a dropkick, catching Carter on the chin, knocking him down to the mat as Ohara starts crawling across the ring again...

...and makes the tag!]

GM: Here we go!

[Williams comes in hot, landing a big running forearm smash on Rashan Hill, knocking him off the apron to the floor. He turns back towards Carter, scooping him up in his arms...]

GM: BIIIIIG BACKDROP SUPLEX BY WILLIAMS!

[With a shout, Williams throws his arms apart, drawing a cheer from the Toronto crowd. He pulls Carter to his feet, looking for an Irish whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Carter!

[But as Williams rebounds, Carter leaps into the air, looking for a leapfrog...

...but Williams snatches him out of the sky, pivots, and DRIVES him down with a powerslam!]

GM: OHHHH! That might be it!

[Williams dives across Carter, not bothering to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[Williams stays on Carter, pulling him up, throwing forearm after forearm at the skull, backing Carter across the ring. He grabs the arm, flinging him towards the ropes.]

GM: Williams sets for the backdrop!

[But the athletic Carter turns his back as he approaches, using Williams' own back to backflip through the air, landing on his feet...

...and Williams turns quickly, DRIVING an elbow into the jaw, sending Carter spinning away as Williams goes into a full spin, and DRIVES his elbow into the back of the skull!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: NEURALIZER!

[Williams dives across Carter as Ohara comes in, charging across the ring, leaping into the air to smash a forearm into the head of the incoming Rashan Hill as the referee counts to three!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It's over!

[Williams climbs up off the downed Amos Carter, a slight smile on his face for the victory as Jordan Ohara moves in, offering Williams a handshake as Hill and Carter roll out to the floor.]

GM: And the makeshift team of Derrick Williams and Jordan Ohara pick up the victory in this tag team showdown... and I've gotta say, they looked pretty good together, Bucky.

BW: I'd have to admit that's true, Gordo. They worked well as a team and picked up a win over an established tag team here in the AWA tag team division.

GM: I'm sure these two men haven't had a single second to think about it but hey, I might like to see these two team a little more often. Fans, Derrick Williams gets himself a little bit of payback over what's been happening to him as of late with the aid of Jordan Ohara. On that note, we're going to take a quick break and I'm told we're going to try and talk to this makeshift team after the break so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

We fade back up on Mark Stegglet on the interview platform, standing between the victors in the last match we saw before the commercial break - Derrick Williams and Jordan Ohara]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE right here on The X and LIVE for the first time right here from Toronto, Canada!

[Big cheer from the Toronto fans!]

MS: And here I am with Derrick Williams, and his partner for tonight, Jordan Ohara, fresh off a win over the Misfits and a measure of revenge for you, Derrick.

[Williams nods]

DW: Absolutely right, Mark... this feels good, let me tell you. Those two jokers wanted to step up and take the bullet for Rage, and I obliged them. They've been screwing with me at Rage's behest for months, and tonight we put them out and over with. Now, you could be asking, "Why did I get my opponent next week at Battle of Boston to be my tag partner tonight?"

[Williams looks over at Ohara who nods.]

DW: Simple. Because he wanted to... he's a guy that's on the level, and will get business done. And that's exactly what we did tonight. We got business done. Next week, sure, we go one on one and the winner gets Vasquez, but for tonight, brother, you did me a solid and I owe you one.

[Williams puts out his hand toward Ohara who accepts it without hesitation.]

JO: Owe me one? You don't owe me anything, brother. Tonight we had to go out there and do the right thing. That's what we do.

[Ohara turns to Stegglet.]

JO: And next week at the Battle of Boston, we'll compete with every ounce of fire we have, but we'll compete like brothers. Yes, the winner will face Vasquez, and I don't mind telling you, Mr. Stegglet, that I want that match so bad I can taste it for all the people he's put out since SuperClash, but the Battle of Boston is also more than settling a vendetta. It's about pushing yourself to the stratosphere of wrestling. One of us is going to push through, I promise you. And if it's Derrick Williams, so be it. I'll watch his back just like I did tonight. But if it's the Once in a Millennium talent that gets his hands on Vasquez and the rest, well, I don't know a better man than Derrick Williams to watch my back, either.

[Ohara hugs Williams like a brother to cheers from the Toronto crowd.]

MS: Alright, fans! Next weekend, they'll be squaring off but tonight, they're on the same page and victorious! Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[We cut to a shot of the Air Canada Centre crowd who are awaiting the next match.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. Great to see those two young lions able to form a bond and-

[When "I'm The Best" by Nicki Minaj starts playing over the PA system, the Toronto fans start screaming their support for the person about to come down the aisle.]

GM: I... well, fans... I'm quite frankly speechless at this reaction.

BW: I told you, Gordo, that things would get a little bizarre up here in Canada. We saw it two weeks ago in Calgary, we saw it at our live events all week long... and well, listen to this ovation for Lauryn Rage!

[The cheers turn into a very clear chant from the Toronto fans.]

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

[The cheers get louder as Lauryn Rage steps out onto the stage. She strikes her pose, hand on hip, the other cupping her ear, but unlike in America there are cheers. Lauryn cracks a big toothy grin and she hits the 'J' Lauryn look. She pony struts down the aisle, tossing her mane of half red and half white hair. Her highcut unitard is red with white trimming. Lauryn stops at the bottom of the ramp, drinking in the applause before she climbs into the ring and is handed a microphone by an attendant.]

LR: Toronto, I'm back!

[The Toronto fans cheer her on.]

LR: Man, y'all sure know how to treat a good ol' Canadian girl. I might be born in Halifax but Toronto raised me! Toronto stand up!

[More applause.]

LR: The Kid is back, ya dig! I told y'all I was gonna be big time! I told y'all I was gonna make something out of myself and here I am wrestling in the AWA! And now I get to wrestle in the ACC! Where my Leafs at? Where my Raptors at?

[The cheers get louder as Lauryn plays to the hometown sports fans.]

GM: Far be it for me to tell the fans who to cheer... they pay their hard-earned money to cheer whoever they want but... Lauryn Rage?!

BW: Gordo, the biggest thing to come out of Toronto behind the Rages is Drake. The last time they won something, it was Vince Carter in a slam dunk contest. They need this.

[Rage soaks up the cheers, pointing up to the rafters of the Air Canada Centre.]

LR: Yeah, one day soon championships gonna be hangin from those rafters.

Just like the AWA Women's World Championship is gonna be around my waist in New York!

[Big cheer!]

LR: And when that happens, I'm going to come right back here and bring it back here for all y'all! Stand up!

[The crowd laps up every word.]

LR: Man, I'm getting hot standing out here under these lights. It wasn't like this down the Lakeshore at Ricoh! Ricoh Colosseum stand up! Yeah, Age of Rage Wrestling. We got fans in the house?

Let 'em know, we out here! Wassup!

[There's another cheer for the fans of the Rage family's promotion. Lauryn turns, pointing to her family.]

LR: And my family is out here in the front row. I see you, 'Dusa!

[The camera cuts to the serene-looking Medusa Rage. The dark-skinned Hall of Famer is dressed casually in black with her hair tied up in a dark orange gele.]

GM: That's Hall of Famer, Medusa Rage, in the front row with her family.

[Lauryn continues to point out her family members.]

LR: I see you, Lady D!

[The camera hits a close up shot of Dalbello Rage. She looks a little leaner and a little older than when she last appeared on wrestling television, but the most successful Rage still looks good in her signature corn-rowed style.]

BW: Remember Dalbello Rage? From the original version of the Misfits!

[Rage points again.]

LR: I see you, 'Diva!

[The camera cuts to the bubbly blonde, Godiva Rage. She is less muscular than before but still solid. She waves as the camera passes over her.]

LR: I see you, Kembe! Andre! Y'all beat me up, made me tough, made me the woman I am today. Can you imagine what it was like coming up with a Hall of Famer and a future Hall of Famer teaching you the ropes?

[The camera catches two giant Black men. They nod and pretend to look menacing for the cameras.]

LR: I see you too Sierra! Indigo! You don't have to be blood to be sisters! Right, Riss? I know you all mommed up now but you were the baddest B in this ring. Our first history-making World Champion!

[The shot catches "The Show" Sierra Browne who makes a face for the camera and then her nearly identical looking sister, Indigo, sticks her tongue out. Marissa nods politely at the camera, bouncing little Adrianna on her knee.]

LR: And man, there are two women I want to really thank for everything! The first the donna of the Fam, Mantha! We form like Voltron and she's the Head. She made sure wrestling stayed viable in Toronto and took care of all of us. We all are what we are because of you.

[The shot captures a fairly ordinary light-skinned woman with caramel-colored hair and cat's eye glasses. She demurely nods at the camera.]

LR: And then there's you, Mama! You made all this possible. Only thing I wondered was... why you made me so short yo? I mean you pushed out three seven footers. You couldn't a made me 5'10 at least?

[The camera captures Celeste Rage, a brown skinned woman with a short shaggy haircut in a burgundy colour. She looks just like Lauryn. Her eyes beam with pride.]

LR: I love you, mom.

[Lauryn pauses, getting serious for a moment. She looks down at the mat and then straight up into the heavens.]

LR: And dad, if you're looking down on me right now, your baby girl did it! We carryin' on the name! We carryin' on the legacy! This is for you!

GM: This is the most grateful I've ever seen Lauryn Rage.

BW: She missed somebody. No love for big Derek Rage?

GM: Please, let's not mention his name. He'll be out here later tonight for his- oh wait, what's this?

[The camera turns to Shadoe Rage as he emerges from the back. He moves down the aisle, dressed all in black robes. His face is serious. No music signals his entrance. Lauryn's attitude changes.]

LR: I guess that means it's time for business. Melissa Cannon, bring your narrow bottom out here. It's time to pay the piper, ya dig?

[Shadoe Rage takes the microphone.]

SR: Toronto, Canada... Air Canada Centre... Citizens of Rage Country!

[Unusually, there are cheers for him.]

SR: This is Rage Country. And tonight we're going to put on a show. Mixed tag, singles competition, it doesn't matter... the future AWA Women's World Champion and the future AWA World Television Champion are the best in the business and we're ready to prove it.

Melissa Cannon, you stopped a dynasty with your chicanery, but you can't stop the future. And your partner... whoever it is... he's not ready for what he's walking into tonight. Because this is Rage Country! Population... us! And we're coming after you!

[Shadoe Rage tosses the mic aside, moving to his sister's side to discuss strategy as they wait for their opponents...]

GM: Well, it looks like this mixed tag team match is about to happen. Remember, Lauryn and Shadoe Rage made the challenge for this two weeks ago, telling Melissa Cannon they wanted a shot at her with their hometown fans watching and they're about to get it. But who in the world did Melissa Cannon find as a partner? We're about to find that out.

[There's a pregnant pause for a moment as we wait for the arrival of Melissa Cannon. Suddenly, the lights drop down to black. Normally, the crowd will "oooooh" at this but on this night, it is all boos. After a few moments, the quiet panflute introduction of Zamfir's "The Lonely Shepherd" begins to play over the PA system... barely audible over the booing crowd. Melissa Cannon strides out onto the stage.

Her brownhair is tied back in a tight braid, standing in a yellow jumpsuit... not skin-tight vinyl as her mentor Lori Dane wore but rather a cloth fabric, hanging loose from her body. Her upper body is covered in a similar yellow fabric, cut slightly into a v-neck. She has a mic in hand that she raises.]

MC: Toronto, Canada!

[The boos are overwhelming for Cannon who seems genuinely surprised.]

MC: I'm out here for one reason tonight... because I just couldn't wait another month to beat the heck out of you, Lauryn Rage...

[The jeers aren't quieting at all. Melissa looks back and forth as Rage shouts "THIS IS MY HOUSE! THESE ARE MY PEOPLE!" from the ring.]

MC: When I do it in New York City... it'll be to become the first Women's World Champion...

[The Canadian fans jeer the idea of that.]

MC: But tonight? This is just for fun.

[Rage is talking trash off-mic all the while, practically begging Cannon to come down to the ring.]

MC: And I've got to tell you, I got in a lot of practice for the Rumble the last two weeks because I had to practically beat away with a stick the guys who wanted to be my partner so they could get their hands on you, Shadoe Rage...

[Shadoe mounts the second rope, beckoning Melissa Cannon towards the ring.]

MC: But when I got a phone call from someone I've never met in my life and he told me how badly he wanted to take you on... how badly he wanted to show the world that professional wrestling in Canada is all about one family... and that family is NOT yours...

[More boos pour down for the insult.]

MC: Making his AWA debut tonight as my partner... ready to get his hands all over you for what you did to his father two weeks ago...

Ladies and gentlemen... BLAKE COLTON!

[There's a noticeable ripple of surprise that washes over the Canadian crowd followed by a burst of cheers. It's not everyone in the Air Canada Centre that abandons the Rage family... but it definitely is some of them. "I Am Machine" by Three Days Grace kicks in over the PA system as Blake Colton strides out on the entrance ramp.]

BW: Holy... look at the size of this kid!

[Ripped to the gills, Blake Colton takes a spot standing next to a smiling Melissa Cannon. Colton is a little over six feet and just covered in musculature. His hair is bleached blond as he stands in a double-strapped white singlet that goes down to mid-thigh with a large red maple leaf right in the middle of it.]

GM: The son of the Sheriff, Jeremiah Colton! A former Olympic-level powerlifter who left that sport to go into the family business! Making his debut here on the big stage!

[Colton and Cannon exchange a high five before they head down the aisle to cheers from many in the crowd. Colton grips his hands together, flexing his powerful arms and chest as he heads towards the ring. Shadoe Rage has pulled back, standing next to his sister as he watches Colton approach.]

GM: And I don't think this is what Shadoe Rage was expecting!

BW: Rage looks stunned... and Blake Colton is a blank slate, Gordo. No one knows anything about him other than what you just said. Shadoe Rage hasn't gotten a chance to watch video of his matches... do proper scouting... he's flying blind into this match now.

[As Colton gets closer to the ring, Rage looks even more anxious...

...and as Colton climbs up on the apron, Shadoe Rage slips in behind his sister and as the former powerlifter steps through the ropes, the former World Television Champion shoves his sister in the back, sending Lauryn sailing towards Blake Colton.]

GM: Oh! That coward! Who does this to a woman?! Let alone his own sister!

[But Lauryn Rage hardly seems to mind, running her mouth in the direction of Blake Colton who points at Shadoe.]

GM: Remember, fans... the rules of this mixed tag match says that the men have to fight the men and the women have to fight the women. There won't be any of that intergender wrestling on this show.

[Lauryn is still trash-talking Blake Colton who shakes his head, pointing insistently at Shadoe. He tries to step past her. Bad idea.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: She slapped him! She slapped Colton across the face!

[Blake Colton grimaces, a red mark on his cheek as he looks away from Lauryn Rage who is beaming about what she just did...

...until Colton picks her up, lifting her with ease, turning to set her down on the other side of him as he charges across towards Shadoe Rage who drops off the apron to the floor, wagging a finger at Colton.]

GM: He lifted her up like a small child and put her in timeout, Bucky!

BW: Why's he putting his hands on her?! That should be an automatic DQ right out the gate!

[Colton is shouting over the ropes at Shadoe Rage who refuses to get back up on the apron. Lauryn Rage is fuming at Colton's back...

...and then turns abruptly, charging the corner where she connects with a running forearm that knocks Melissa Cannon off the apron to the floor! Referee Davis Warren signals for the bell as Rage ducks through the ropes, dropping down to the floor where she goes right after Cannon!]

GM: And here we go! Yet another chapter in the saga between Melissa Cannon and Lauryn Rage, something that's been going on for months no- OHH! Facefirst right off the timekeeper's table!

[A fired-up Rage scoops Cannon up in her arms, dumping her down on the table as she scampers up on the apron, stomping Melissa in the chest repeatedly as the Toronto fans cheer her on.]

GM: Lauryn backing off, giving herself some room to work...

[She gets a three-step start, leaping into the air, driving both feet down into the midsection of Cannon before jumping off to the floor, leaving Cannon wincing in pain atop the table!]

GM: Ohhh! Double stomp to the gut! And I suppose we're lucky that table didn't break, Bucky.

BW: That might've been exactly what Lauryn Rage was hoping to accomplish... maybe she's got a little of her father in her... he loved all that violence. Chairs, tables, fire... didn't he carry a snake to the ring for a while?

GM: Adrian Rage was certainly a colorful and eccentric competitor back in his day.

[Grabbing Cannon with two hands full of hair, Rage yanks her off the table, dropping her down on the barely-padded floor. She turns, giving some lip to the timekeeper before she turns back to Cannon with a soccer kick to the ribs. With Cannon down on the floor, Rage grabs her by the hair.]

GM: Lauryn Rage dragging Cannon around the ringside area by her hair! Good grief!

[She gets an entire length of the ring before letting go... and with a twisted smirk, she holds up a wisp of hair that she managed to yank out of Cannon's head, blowing it in the direction of her family who cheer in response.]

GM: Rage pulls her up, finally putting her back inside the ring...

[Rolling in after her, Lauryn takes a moment to fire off a few words at Blake Colton who is in the corner, waiting for a tag. She turns back towards Cannon who is pushing up off the mat...

...and Rage dives into a kneestrike, throwing it into the ribs of Cannon once... twice... three times before switching to the other leg, throwing that one into the side of Melissa's head!]

GM: Oh! Rage rolls her over, perhaps looking to end it early.

[But Lauryn gets up, wagging a finger at the official who had gotten down to count.]

BW: I don't think so, Gordo. It's not often someone like Lauryn Rage gets cheered by the masses so she's going to enjoy this as much as possible.

[Cannon struggles to get off the mat, wobbling towards the neutral corner where Rage pursues, grabbing her by the hair...

...and using the hair to toss her out of the corner, flinging her like a frisbee before Cannon crashes down to the mat again. Lauryn poses, cupping her hand at her ear to cheers from the Toronto faithful. She smiles, turning back towards Cannon who is scooting backwards, trying to create some distance.]

GM: Lauryn Rage moving in again, trying to stay on Melissa Cannon tonight here in Toronto... mere weeks before that Rumble in New York City with the Women's World Title on the line.

[Rage grabs a struggling Cannon by the arm, yanking her to her feet and right into a short-arm knee into the midsection. She smoothly switches to a single underhook, flipping Cannon over with a suplex and then rolls through to her feet, standing over Melissa...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: OH! Come on!

[The referee reprimands Lauryn for the slap across the face. Rage holds up her hand, not even listening to the official as Shadoe Rage stares in the ring, watching as his sister punishes the woman he feels is responsible for his title loss at SuperClash.]

GM: Shadoe Rage has gotta be enjoying this, Bucky.

BW: Oh, I would think so. He truly thinks Cannon is the reason he's the former World Television Champion.

GM: And did you hear him earlier talking about being a future World Television Champion? He's delusional! Emerson Gellar says that he'll never get another shot as long as Supernova's still the champion.

BW: Yeah, I don't know what he's thinking there. Personally, I'd like to see him go slap the stupid out of Travis Lynch but I'm not sure even Rage hits that hard.

[Lauryn Rage pulls Cannon off the mat by the arm, using it to whip her into the neutral corner.]

GM: Whip to the corner... Lauryn coming in hot behind her!

[But as Rage turns her back to deliver a running hip attack, Cannon leans back, bringing up both knees into the back of Rage!]

GM: Ohh! What a counter!

[The fans jeer that one and get even louder as Cannon pushes up onto the middle rope, taking aim, and delivers a flying kneestrike to the back of the head that knocks Rage down to the mat!]

GM: Flying knee takes her right off her feet!

[Both women are down for several moments, the referee starting a double count before Cannon pushes up to her knees, grabbing Rage by the hair...

...and SLAMS her face down into the canvas!]

GM: Facefirst to the mat... and again!

[Climbing to her feet, Cannon pulls Rage up with her...]

GM: Lauryn Rage made a mistake and Melissa Cannon's looking to take advantage of it...

[Cannon grabs the arm, whipping Rage into the corner where Blake Colton steps aside, giving the women room to maneuver as Cannon races in after her, leaping into the air with a forearm smash!]

GM: Leaping forearm in the corner!

[And with a roar, Cannon grabs Rage's hair with her left hand and opens fire with right forearm strikes to the skull of her rival as the crowd jeers loudly!]

GM: Cannon's opening up!

[A half dozen strikes land before Cannon drops back, throwing her arms back and delivering a big roar as the fans get even louder booing her!]

GM: Melissa Cannon is fired up here in Toronto and she's trying to put the reaction of these fans to the side for one night.

[As Rage staggers from the corner, Cannon dashes to the ropes, rebounding back to deliver a low dropkick to the knee that causes Rage to cry out, falling down on all fours as Cannon runs to the ropes again...]

GM: Cannon coming back again... ohh! Low dropkick to the skull! A pair of dropkicks sending Rage... she rolls right out to the floor, reeling from those dropkicks.

[Inside the ring, Cannon pumps her fist a few times, the fans jeering as she waits for Rage to stir out on the floor. Cannon dashes to the ropes, bouncing back across...]

GM: HERE COMES CANNON!

[...and HURLS herself between the ropes, throwing herself into a flying forearm smash to the jaw of Rage, sending her flying backwards into the steel barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND INTO THE STEEL GOES LAURYN RAGE!

[Cannon lands on her feet, pumping her fist again towards the crowd...

...and finds herself face to face with the Rage family.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: She's in the wrong part of the province, daddy!

[Cannon starts to turn away when suddenly Medusa Rage comes out of her seat, shouting at Cannon.]

GM: Melissa, don't get involved with this. Just walk away.

[Cannon turns, glaring at the Hall of Famer.]

GM: We might have a problem here.

[Cannon and Medusa Rage are angrily trading words, the audio getting muted a few times as the other Rages come to their feet, joining in the war of words with Cannon.]

GM: Can we get security over there or something?

BW: They haven't done anything, Gordo! These are just fans voicing their First Amendment right to... well, wait... do they have the First Amendment in Canada?

GM: Do they... no! Of course not!

[Cannon gets closer to the railing, shouting at some other members of the Rage family now...

...which leaves her wide open for Lauryn Rage to attack her from behind, knocking her into the railing to cheers from her family. Lauryn leans on the back of Cannon's neck, choking her violently as her family members cheer on.]

GM: This is ridiculous!

[Rage finally withdraws, pulling Cannon off the railing, rolling her back inside the ring.]

GM: Lauryn puts her back in...

[Rage rolls in after her, her family cheering her on as Cannon crawls across the ring, pulling herself to her feet...]

GM: Cannon in the neutral corner, Rage moving in on her...

[Grabbing Cannon by the hair, Rage throws elbowstrike after elbowstrike across the temple...

...and then uncorks a vicious left hook to the body!]

GM: Oh! Rage goes downstairs on Cannon...

[Grabbing the arm, Rage whips Cannon from neutral corner to neutral corner, sending her crashing into the buckles. Rage sets her feet in the corner, charging out, tumbling across the ring...]

GM: HANDSPRING ELLLLLB00000-

[But as she leaps into the air, Melissa Cannon steps out of the corner, hooking Rage around the waist, holding her off the mat. Rage's eyes go wide, her head shaking back and forth as Cannon turns...

...and DRIVES her back with a released German Suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BIG GERMAN BY CANNON!

BW: She might be sending a message to Ayako Fujiwara, Miss Germany herself, right there, Gordo.

GM: It's very possible. Both women are going to be a part of that Rumble coming up in a few weeks.

[Both women are down for several moments after the big suplex. Rage is the first to stir, rolling to her belly where she starts crawling towards her corner where Shadoe has his arm outstretched.]

GM: Rage is making a move towards the corner, looking to tag her big brother into the match...

[Melissa Cannon sits up on the mat, cradling her midsection as Rage gets closer to the corner...]

GM: Tag! In comes Shadoe Rage, leaping through the ropes...

[And the former World Television Champion runs across the ring, grabbing Melissa Cannon by the hair, dragging her to her feet...]

GM: Wait a second!

[Even the Toronto fans aren't fond of this move, starting to get on Shadoe's case a bit.]

GM: He can't do this! It has to be Colton!

[Cannon struggles to get free as the referee shouts at Rage. Cannon tries to get away, turning Rage away from her corner...]

...which allows Blake Colton to step in, drawing big cheers as he stands behind Shadoe Rage.]

GM: Colton's in! Colton's in!

[Rage hears the crowd reaction, letting Cannon go as he twists around to face the incoming threat. Spotting Colton, Rage backpedals immediately, holding up his hands, begging off...]

GM: And I don't think Shadoe Rage wants any part of this, fans!

[Colton advances on him, nodding his head as Rage looks around at the crowd going wild at this battle between two Canadians...]

GM: Shadoe Rage to the ropes, coming back...

[But Rage runs RIGHT into Colton's shoulder, getting flattened with a shoulder tackle!]

GM: Oh! Down goes Rage!

[Rage grabs at the back of his head, staring up at Colton who flexes his powerful arms in front of him. The former World Television Champion rolls back to his feet, swinging a right hand...]

...but Colton blocks it, throwing one of his own that sends Rage flying through the air, crashing down to the mat to cheers!]

GM: Blake Colton's using that tremendous power to batter Shadoe Rage around the ring!

[Rage scrambles up again, shaking his head in disbelief, rushing towards him with his elbow raised...]

...and gets lifted up in the powerful arms, holding him in a bearhug!]

GM: BEARHUG! COLTON LOCKS IT IN!

[Rage cries out in pain, flailing his arms and legs.]

GM: COLTON'S GOT THE BEARHUG LOCKED IN WITH THOSE MASSIVE ARMS! RAGE IS IN TROUBLE!

[Seeing her big brother in jeopardy, Lauryn Rage slips into the ring, charging the exposed back of Blake Colton...]

...but Melissa Cannon sees her coming, rushing in to cut her off with a big double leg takedown!]

GM: CANNON TAKES LAURYN DOWN!

[The crowd is roaring now as Cannon batters Rage with mounted forearm smashes while Colton tries to squeeze Shadoe Rage into submission!]

GM: Both Rages are in trouble!

[Out on the floor, the family is going nuts at the action in the ring, shouting at the official who is trying to get Cannon and Lauryn out of the ring...]

...but as he does, Shadoe Rage digs fingers on both hands into the eyes of Colton, RAKING hard!]

GM: OH! Rage goes to the eyes!

[The eyegouge breaks the hold, allowing Rage to back off, falling into the ropes as Colton tries to rub his eyes clear...]

...and the former champion charges back in, looking to strike again!]

GM: Rage coming in hot and...

[The crowd ROARS as the former Olympic-level powerlifter PRESSES Rage overhead with ease!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! PRESSED HIGH OVERHEAD!

[But the temporary loss of vision causes Colton to stumble, allowing Rage to slip out, falling to a knee behind Colton. Rage throws a glance at the official who is still struggling to get Lauryn and Melissa out of the ring...]

...and SWINGS his arm up into the groin of Colton!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Low blow on the rookie!

[The blow causes Colton to slump down to a knee, breathing heavily as Rage dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards the kneeling Colton...

...and DRIVES his knee into the face of Colton, causing him to drop back to the canvas!]

GM: ECLIPSE! ECLIPSE!

[Shadoe Rage dives across Colton, hooking the leg and shouting as the official breaks free, diving to the mat...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Ahhh... give me a break!

[Shadoe Rage rolls out of the ring, his sister rushing to embrace him in front of their cheering family.]

GM: Shadoe and Lauryn Rage pick up the victory in front of their hometown fans... and fittingly, they cheated, robbed, and stole to do it. An eye gouge... a low blow... Shadoe Rage pulled out all the stops to get the three count on Blake Colton, Bucky.

BW: Hey, Shadoe Rage is a guy who is willing to do whatever it takes... and that's what he did tonight.

GM: And there's a whole party going on out here at ringside.

[Indeed there is, the Rage family celebrating their triumph as the overwhelming majority of the crowd cheers.]

GM: But this thing with Melissa Cannon and Lauryn Rage is far from over... far from over.

[Cut to Cannon kneeling next to her defeated partner as she glares out at Lauryn Rage.]

GM: Fans, we'll be right back.

[Fade to black.

We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...

...and then back up on the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing next to the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson. Detson is dressed to wrestle, wearing his long gold tights and black boots with a KoW sweat jacket that is zipped up. The World Title is strapped securely around his waist. Brian Lau is standing next to the champ on his left. The champ - as has been the case recently - does not look happy.]

SLB: I'm here with the AWA World Heavyweight Champion Johnny Detson who - later tonight - will be facing the returning Bobby O'Connor with the title on the line! Champ, what are your thoughts.

[Detson just stares long and hard at Blackwell refusing to answer.]

SLB: I said, Mr. Detson, how -

[But Detson now cuts him off.]

JD: You're just loving this aren't you?

SLB: Excuse me?

JD: Sure, sure you people are all loving this!

SLB: I don't know what you are talking about; I am a journalist. I am here to offer unbiased-

[Detson scoffs so loudly that it interrupts Blackwell again.]

JD: Unbiased! Unbiased!

[Detson turns and mouths the words "unbiased" again in the direction of Lau.]

JD: I haven't seen unbiased since I won this title! There is not one unbiased thing that has happened in this entire federation to me, YOUR World Champion, YOUR face of the company! I ask you... where is the justice for Johnny Detson?

[Detson shrugs looking for answers from both men; Lau simply shakes his head in agreement.]

JD: There's no justice for Johnny. I have the figurehead of this Company, Emerson Gellar, who has an unwarranted, personal, vindictive vendetta against me for what? Being successful?

SLB: I believe it's more complex than that but-

[Detson glares at Blackwell while interrupting.]

JD: The last match I was in I wasn't even allowed to compete in my wrestling gear! I match that I won by the way... against the undefeated Gladiator... casting him from this place never to be seen again!

SLB: Oh please...

[Again, Detson glares at Blackwell.]

JD: And now tonight, I've got to face a guy who hasn't been seen since SuperClash, using an illegal title shot he shouldn't even have!

SLB: What?! That's outrageous! Bobby O'Connor won the Rumble last year to earn that shot and he's been out with an injury since SuperClash.

JD: See, once again Gellar using loopholes and false pretenses to try and satisfy his vendetta against me. Bobby O'Connor used that shot at All Star Showdown last November where he said he was challenging the winner of SuperClash to a match the FOLLOWING Saturday Night Wrestling!

SLB: And as I said, Bobby O'Connor was injured and couldn't compete.

JD: Couldn't compete? I won this title and have defended it over one hundred ninety-seven times...

SLB: No you haven't.

JD: ...and I haven't let any little injury slow me down.

SLB: Little injury?! His arm was broken!

JD: And? Oh, I get it... be fair to little Bobby because of his cast but no justice for Johnny? Typical. This shot should be vacated and forfeited but in Gellar's world I'm persecuted and tormented!

SLB: Really, this is getting ridiculous.

JD: I don't even have a bracket named after me for the Battle of Boston! Where's the Detson Bracket? Where's the justice for Johnny? No, instead you have these brackets named after some flash in the pan has-beens, whose careers combined don't even measure up to mine!

SLB: Flash in the pan?

JD: Yes, exactly... I'm glad you agree with me on something finally!

SLB: I can't... I don't... I'm not going near that. One thing I did want to ask you about is the challenge laid out by Rex Summers for a World Title match if you can get past Bobby O'Connor tonight.

JD: Rex Summers?

[Detson looks at Lau confused and then back to Blackwell.]

SLB: You know, the guy who helped you beat the Gladiator at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Really annoyed now, Detson glares at Blackwell with anger.]

JD: So you allege, I say a Wilde Driver put down the Gladiator.

SLB: Well, he says he's owed after the help he gave you, and that you owe him a title match.

JD: Does he? Well, Rex Summers made that deal with our good friend and personal physician, Doctor Harrison Fawcett not the Kings of Wrestling. And if Rex Summers wants to change the deal he made with the good Doctor...

[Detson turns and looks at Lau and for the first time, a smile forms on his face.]

JD: ...then perhaps he should have made a better deal.

SLB: So you won't accept his challenge?

JD: Look with all the matches Gellar has shoved down my throat; with all the people with super-secret title shots laying in the shadows; and with the Battle of Boston coming up, I have no time to answer baseless challenges. Rex Summers wants a shot... tell him to get in line...

[Detson slaps the title belt and winks.]

JD: ...the BACK of the line.

[Finally in a good mood, Detson laughs.]

JD: And if you need a preview... watch later as I defeat Bobby O'Connor and I reach title defense one ninety-eight, and make little choir boy Bobby wish he stayed on his farm or whatever trailer park he came from.

[With that, Detson and Lau take their leave as Sweet Lou simply shakes his head.]

SLB: Nothing but ego in that man, I swear...

[Blackwell is still shaking his head as we fade to black.

We fade up from black on a star-lit sky. All is peaceful as our voiceover begins.]

"This year, the fireworks won't just be on the 4th of July."

[On cue, the shot is filled with exploding fireworks - red, white, blue, green, orange - all exploding in tremendous bursts of color as the opening guitar riffs "Highway"

by Bleeker begins to play. As the vocals kick in, we cut to shots of AWA competitors in action.]

#No going down
No cutting out
The sun comes up before you go#

[The first group shows Pure X securing The X anklelock on an opponent before flash-cutting to Supernova sailing through the air with a Heat Wave splash to Brian James delivering the infamous Blackheart Punch to a set of steel steps.]

#My baby's gone
My hollow soul
I feel a cold wind start to blow#

[A Travis Lynch Discus Punch starts up the next batch followed by a flash-cut to Jordan Ohara sailing off the top rope with a crossbody and finally to Dave Bryant delivering the Call Me In The Morning superkick.]

#Every little stop sign#

[Rufus Harris bulldozes down an opponent, delivering ferocious ground and pound inside the GFC Hexagon.]

#All the red lights like#

[Maxim Zharkov recklessly flings a victim across the ring with a released gutwrench suplex.]

#A preacher on a Saturday night#

[Rex Summers drops a foe on their head with the devastating Heat Check DDT.]

#The devil's in the details#

[Derrick Williams delivers the Neuralyzer, blasting his opponent in the back of the head with a rolling elbow.]

#Pretty little females#

[The Gladiator brings a helpless foe crashing down to Earth with his military press powerslam.]

#Tell me all your sweet sweet lies#

[MAMMOTH Maximus PLANTS his victim with a devastating powerbomb before we flash cut to Jack Lynch connecting with a leaping knee to the jaw.]

#I can't slow down it's so damn loud
Let's burn this town alive#

[Larry Wallace delivering the Best Dropkick In The World flash cuts to Noboru Fujimoto using the Falling Laser Lasso to plant someone facefirst into the canvas.]

#Oh pocket full of moonshine
Countin' all the white lies#

[Riley Hunter gets big air, diving over the top rope onto a pile of competitors with a Tope Con Hilo before we flash cut to Eddie Van Gibson driving someone facefirst

into the mat with the Move That Shall Not Be Named to Johnny Detson using the Wilde Driver.]

#Time to take the highway highway highway#

[Supreme Wright brings someone crashing down onto his knees with Fat Tuesday.]

#Baby take the highway#

[Juan Vasquez delivers the Right Cross to a kneeling opponent.]

#Ima' take the highway#

[Ryan Martinez delivers the brainbuster onto his foe as we flash cut to black, the music still playing as we see the details on the big event.]

"BATTLE OF BOSTON
July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th
TD Garden
LIVE on The X"

[And then... black.

We fade back up on the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside the personal bodyguard to Brian Lau, "Scorchin' Shane Taylor. Taylor looks like he's seen better days - a blackened eye, white shoulder tape sticking out under his wifebeater, and a grimace on his face.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here LIVE from Toronto and Shane Taylor...

[Blackwell looks him up and down with a shake of the head.]

SLB: ...you had a rough night at the office two weeks ago at the hands of the man we now know as Varag.

[Taylor nods.]

ST: I've had better nights, Lou, that's for sure.

SLB: In the past, sure. But as of late, you seem to really be going through a cold streak. There was your role in losing the tag titles at Memorial Day Mayhem... then your so-called "tough love" two weeks ago...

ST: Tough love, huh?

SLB: You disagree?

ST: You know, Lou... I came back to the AWA because I wanted to be a part of something special with my family. I wanted to stand by my nephew's side and watch him becoming one of the best in the world... but this isn't what I signed on for, you know?

SLB: I'm afraid I don't. Are you talking about what Doctor Harrison Fawcett put together for you two weeks ago or are you talking about your job working for Brian Lau?

[Taylor grimaces, raising his hands.]

ST: Look... I'm grateful to Brian Lau for giving me a job. I really am. But I think it's pretty clear what-

[Taylor's words are cut off by an ominous laugh. His eyes drift to the side towards the chuckle as the Prince of Darkness himself, Anton Layton, walks into view. The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley, the duo known as the Slaughterhouse moving into flanking positions alongside Taylor who looks a little concerned by this turn of events.]

AL: Shane Taylor, you and I have known each other for many years.

[Taylor nods.]

AL: And it is that kinship that makes me feel as if I owe you a warning.

[Taylor waits as Layton produces the crystal from his sleeve, holding it up so that the light can bounce off it.]

AL: A storm is coming, Shane Taylor... a dark and powerful storm... and when it arrives, there will be blood.

[Brian Lau's personal bodyguard looks puzzled.]

AL: Doctor Harrison Fawcett is a Judas, Shane Taylor. He cannot be trusted. Take that message back... back to your employer... to your friends... to your family. The Kings of Wrestling would do well to disavow themselves from all relations with that snake.

[Layton pauses, nodding his head.]

AL: Now go, Shane Taylor. The Slaughterhouse has business to attend to.

[Taylor looks like he's going to put up an argument...

...and then just slinks off camera, leaving a sneering Layton behind.]

SLB: Anton Layton, I presume you're here to talk about the Number One Contender match that is just moments away pitting your team - the Slaughterhouse-

[The Lost Boy howls on cue, startling Blackwell.]

SLB: Hope this one is housebroken. The Slaughterhouse will be taking on Next Gen tonight with the stakes oh-so-high.

[Layton tilts his head towards Blackwell.]

AL: Make no mistake, Blackwell, the Slaughterhouse comes for the World Tag Team Titles to express our dominance over those who seek to do battle with us. We seek the tag titles because the Eye demands it!

[He holds up the crystal again, staring deeply into it.]

AL: It calls to us, Blackwell. Can you hear it?

[Blackwell looks puzzled at Layton.]

AL: Listen, you toad! Listen closely. Hear the whispers as it calls to the Lost Boy... to Porter Crowley... to me. Listen as it reaches out for others. It calls to old souls long gone. It calls to those here now... reaching out for spirits... calling to devils... and angels. Calling to men and women. She hears it, Blackwell... why don't you?

SLB: I have no idea what we're talking about.

AL: And that's why, Blackwell, when the Great War comes, you will be left on the sidelines - a victim of the chaos, of the carnage that it craves. The soldiers are massing on both sides. The smell of battle is in the air.

SLB: Are you talking about this match with Next Gen?

AL: It is but a skirmish. An opening salvo in the war to come. Harper and Somers hold themselves up as false idols to be worshipped by the people... and we intend to bring them crashing down off their flimsy thrones.

[And with that, Layton and his duo turn to make their exit.]

SLB: I'm seriously pushing for a translator in my next contract. Hopefully Mark Stegglet is having a little better luck with Next Gen. Mark?

[We cut to another part of backstage where Mark Stegglet stands between the members of Next Gen. Howie Somers is to his left, Daniel Harper is to his right. The Next Gen members are each dressed in their wrestling attire.]

MS: Next Gen, in mere moments, the two of you will face The Slaughterhouse to determine who gets the next shot at the World Tag Team Champions who are, once again, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. You have waited for a few months now for your first opportunity at the World Tag Team belts, but first, you must face Lost Boy and Porter Crowley, and from what I can tell, you have more reasons for wanting to win this match than just the chance to face the tag champs.

HS: Mark, first of all, let me address what I watched happen two weeks ago when the Lynch brothers faced Taylor and Donovan. It's becoming clearer that the Kings of Wrestling need to be dethroned, and it's going to take a lot of us coming together to get that job done! I will say I am glad to see Bobby O'Connor back in action and I wish him the best of luck when he faces the World champion Johnny Detson. But what concerns me is that you know the rest of Detson's cronies are going to try to do whatever they can to tilt the scales in their favor, and that brings me to Taylor and Donovan, who got their belts back only because of how they tilted the scales again!

[He runs a hand over his face, as if he is trying to remain calm.]

HS: I've said before and I'll say it again that Taylor and Donovan have no respect for the people who came before them, who have done nothing but tarnish the legacy that their fathers before them set, and who have acted entitled and expecting everything be handed to them just because they asked for it! That got proven before Memorial Day Mayhem when they jumped Calisto Dufresne in the parking lot, that got proven again two weeks ago, when they and their cohorts jumped two men just because they were acting like spoiled kids who wanted to get their way, and it got proven once more two weeks ago when they showed, again, that they can't get the job done on their own! And believe me, Mark, nothing would please me more than to be the team that takes them down a notch!

[A deep breath before he continues.]

HS: But first, we've got three more men who are proving to be as much of a problem as the Kings are. The Slaughterhouse... Lost Boy, who makes it a habit of stumbling under the influence of the wrong people that it's clear to me that he's beyond anyone's help. Porter Crowley, who takes pleasure in other people's pain and proves beyond any shadow of a doubt that he deserves no sympathy or respect. Most of all, Anton Layton, brandishing that gem as if it makes him superior

to everyone, talking about how my friend Daniel here and I are just a couple of kids who don't know any better. Layton, I've been around enough people in this business to know who is only interested in manipulating others, and that's all you do with Lost Boy and Crowley! But if you think you're just going to be able to manipulate Daniel and I and use us as a stepping stone, you are about to find out that Next Gen will never be manipulated by anybody, least of all by the likes of you!

MS: Daniel Harper, you made it no secret that you have no love lost for the Slaughterhouse.

DH: You got it right, Mark! I may only have two years in this business, but I know all I need to know that the Slaughterhouse is nothing but a bunch of bullies! And I know all I need to know that not only in wrestling, but in life itself, that you stand up to bullies! That's exactly what Howie and I are going to do tonight! Getting that World Tag Team Title shot -- you bet that's something we want! Wiping the smiles off Donovan and Taylor -- you bet that's something we want! But there's one other thing we want, and that's to prove to Layton and company that we don't need to learn any lessons from them! Because we know enough about them to know that the only thing they deserve is to have their tails kicked, courtesy of Next Gen!

[He turns to his partner and extends his hand, which Somers gladly slaps in a high five.]

HS: Let's show Layton what it's all about, my friend!

[The two walk off the set.]

MS: Next Gen certainly focused on their match tonight... the question, though, is can they prove their point against one of the most dangerous teams in the AWA? Let's go back to ringside and find out!

[We crossfade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Up next, fans, is a Number One Contender's Tag Team Match!

[Big cheers from the Toronto crowd!]

RO: First, heading down the aisle...

[The sound of a woman screaming fills the air, fading swiftly into the haunting sounds of Slayer's "Dead Skin Mask" playing over the PA system.]

BW: Welcome to your nightmares, daddy!

[A few moments pass before the black-hooded form of the Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton, walks into view. He stands as the music builds.]

PW: Being led to the ring by the Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton... weighing in at 562 pounds... THE LOST BOY... PORTER CROWLEY...

THE SLAUUUUUUGHTERHOOOOOUUUUSE!

[The Lost Boy and Crowley come lumbering through the curtain to flank a smiling Layton on either side. He produces an all-too-familiar crystal from his sleeve, holding it high so the camera can catch a glimpse of the glittering gem...

...and thrusts it in the direction of the ring, sending his two monsters stomping down the aisle towards the squared circle.]

GM: The Lost Boy, Porter Crowley, and Anton Layton heading down the aisle... and after what we saw earlier tonight, they're looking to get another shot at Wes Taylor, Tony Donovan, and the World Tag Team Titles.

BW: It was a heckuva match the first time and I'm guessing the rematch would be even better, Gordo.

[The Lost Boy rolls under the ropes, entering the ring. Down on his knees, he barks and snarls in the direction of Rebecca Ortiz who quickly relocates herself to another part of the ring. Porter Crowley climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes where he grabs his partner by his greasy topknot, dragging him back towards the corner.]

GM: Crowley trying to keep the Lost Boy away from Rebecca Ortiz... and now that maniac is blowing kisses at Miss Ortiz. Disgusting.

[Rebecca Ortiz looks pretty disgusted at the idea of the blown kisses as well before continuing...]

RO: And their opponents...

["Wake Up" by Story of the Year plays as the members of Next Gen emerge from the entranceway. Howie Somers is dressed in a navy blue singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in white lettering, plus matching knee pads and wrestling boots. His tag team partner, Daniel Harper, wears a white singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in navy blue lettering, plus white kneepads and wrestling boots.]

RO: From Boston, Massachusetts, and El Paso, Texas... at a combined weight of 495 pounds... HOWIE SOMERS... DANIEL HARPER... THEY ARE... NEXT! GEN!

[Howie and Daniel each stand at the entranceway, slight smiles on their faces, before turning to each other and exchanging a high five. The duo then makes its way to the ring, where Howie and Daniel climb onto the apron and duck between the ropes. There, Howie and Daniel spread their arms to the sides, before extending them toward themselves, thumbs pointed toward the "Next Gen" each has printed on their attire...

...and here comes trouble!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[The bell frantically sounds as Rebecca Ortiz bails out of the ring and Scott Ezra tries to establish control as The Lost Boy assaults Daniel Harper from behind while Howie Somers gets tangled up with Porter Crowley in the corner!]

BW: Next Gen with your typical nice guy mistake, turning their backs on their opponents! What kind of Number One Contender would do something like that, Gordo?

[The Lost Boy bullies Harper through the ropes, knocking him out to the floor as Somers and Crowley trade high impact blows near the ropes on the other side of the ring. At a shout from Layton, the Lost Boy turns, charging, and drives a running forearm into the back of Somers' head!]

GM: Oh! The Lost Boy with the cheap shot from behind!

[Crowley and his animalistic partner take turns pummeling Somers, knocking him down to his knees where they trade off slamming forearms down across the back of

his head and neck. The referee continues to warn the dangerous duo as they pull Somers up by the arms, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Double whip shoots Somers across...

[As he rebounds, The Lost Boy and Crowley join hands, looking for a double clothesline...

...but the 265 pound Somers runs through it with his arms raised, breaking their grasp on one another!]

GM: Somers breaks on through to the other side... hits the ropes...

[And the former youth hockey player leaps into the air, taking both members of Slaughterhouse down with a double shoulder block that gets the Toronto crowd roaring!]

GM: Oh my! Somers with a clean sweep right there!

[The big tackle sends Crowley rolling to the floor but the Lost Boy is unable to escape before the aggressive Somers grabs him, hauling him to his feet by his top knot, flinging him into the neutral corner, running the short distance from the middle of the ring, and rocking him with a clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline by Howie Somers who is really bringing it in the early moments of this one, Bucky.

BW: Somers is looking pretty good here at the outset. A little more fire in his belly than I'm used to seeing out of him.

GM: I know that Howie Somers is very disappointed to not be a part of the Battle of Boston tournament in his hometown of Boston next weekend so perhaps he's taking that frustration out on the Slaughterhouse in this one.

[With The Lost Boy trapped in the corner, Somers leans over, looking to drive his shoulder into the gut but Porter Crowley climbs back up on the apron, trying to intervene...

...but Daniel Harper races around the ring, grabbing Crowley by the leg, and yanks him back down to the floor, pasting him with a European uppercut a moment later!]

GM: And now Daniel Harper getting into it out on the floor! This is certainly not what we expected out of Next Gen here tonight!

[Somers grabs the middle rope again, preparing to strike but The Lost Boy swings a knee up into the sternum to cut him off. A well-placed double axehandle across the lower back knocks Somers down to a knee...]

GM: The Lost Boy pulling Somers up by the hair... headfirst to the buckles! And a second time!

[Planting Somers' face on the top rope, holding a loose headlock, The Lost Boy walks along the ropes, raking the eyes of Howie Somers as he heads towards the Slaughterhouse corner. He turns Somers back into the corner, grabbing the ropes as he lays his furry boots into the midsection once... twice... three times.]

GM: The Lost Boy working over Howie Somers in the corner, turning this thing around for his team...

[Out on the floor, Crowley and Harper are being separated by the official as The Lost Boy grabs Somers by the arm, looking for an Irish whip into the turnbuckles...]

GM: Big whip coming up...

[And as Somers goes sailing across the ring, Harper hops up on the apron, leaning across the top turnbuckle, absorbing his partner being whipped into the corner..

...which sends Somers running back out, dropping the Lost Boy with another running clothesline to a big cheer!]

GM: Great teamwork on the part of Next Gen who've slowly been building momentum for months now, working their way up the ladder until getting right here - one win away from a shot at the World Tag Team Titles and you have to imagine that Taylor and Donovan are back there in the locker room somewhere watching this one, waiting to see who their next challengers will be.

[The Lost Boy staggers back up...

...and gets dropped with another clothesline!]

GM: The Lost Boy down off the clothesline again! Howie Somers continues to take him down!

[Somers reaches out, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: And the tag has been made! Daniel Harper stepping into the ring...

[Harper steps in alongside his partner, each grabbing The Lost Boy from behind, lifting him up, and dumping him down with a double backdrop suplex!]

GM: Double suplex... and that's what you call an excellent doubleteam maneuver, fans!

[Somers rolls out to the floor, leaving his 21 year old partner in the ring.]

GM: Harper with the lateral press... but just a two count there.

[Climbing to his feet, Harper pulls the Lost Boy up with him...]

GM: Knife edge chop across the chest! Another one!

[Harper grabs The Lost Boy by the arm, looking to whip him across...

...but The Lost Boy reverses it, sending Harper across the ring. The Lost Boy ducks his head, looking for a backdrop...]

GM: Oh! Harper caught him with a boot in the mush!

[Harper goes back to the ropes as The Lost Boy staggers back...

...which is Anton Layton's cue to hook the ankle of Harper, tripping the young man, and sending him down to his knees. Harper pops up, pointing out Layton to the official who asks the Prince of Darkness what happened.]

GM: Daniel Harper's hot under the collar! Layton tripped him and-

[Howie Somers drops down off the apron, heading after Layton...

...but Scott Ezra slides out to the floor, jumping in front of Layton.]

GM: The official's telling Somers to back off... to get back to his corner...

[Which allows Porter Crowley to get inside the ring, running in towards Harper who catches him coming in...]

GM: Right hand on Crowley!

[Grabbing Crowley by the head, he drags him towards The Lost Boy, looking to create a meeting of the minds...]

GM: Double noggin knocker coming up!

[But as Harper attempts it, Crowley and the Lost Boy reach up, raking Harper's eyes. A double headbutt follows, putting Harper down on the canvas as the crowd jeers and Howie Somers complains loudly from the apron.]

GM: And down goes Harper off the double headbutt!

[The referee slides back in, reprimanding Crowley who exits the ring, leaving his furry-booted partner to stomp, stomp, stomp Daniel Harper into the canvas.]

GM: Come on, referee!

[The official steps in, backing off The Lost Boy again. The Lost Boy snarls at him, snapping at the air as Scott Ezra quickly backs off, shaking his head, warning the wild animal.]

GM: The Lost Boy pulling Daniel Harper off the mat... oh my! He's biting him, fans! He's biting him!

[Harper cries out in pain as The Lost Boy sinks his teeth into the forehead of Daniel Harper, gnawing at the flesh of the youngster. Harper gets free as the referee counts, staggering back towards the neutral corner as The Lost Boy follows in after him.]

GM: The Lost Boy fires Harper across the ring, coming in after him...

[And a big running avalanche in the corner connects, 302 pounds crunching into the torso of the young man!]

GM: Oh my! Big running splash in the corner...

[Stepping back, the Lost Boy swings his boot up into the side of Harper's head once... twice... three times, knocking Harper down to the canvas where The Lost Boy plants his furry boot on the throat of Harper, hanging onto the ropes as he strangles the air out of Harper!]

GM: That's a blatant choke!

BW: The Lost Boy's not exactly a fan of rules, Gordo.

GM: Obviously not!

[The referee's count reaches four and change before a shout from Anton Layton forces the Lost Boy to break. The Lost Boy walks across the ring, slapping his partner's offered hand.]

GM: The tag is made to Porter Crowley, now both members of the Slaughterhouse are inside the ring...

[Crowley and the Lost Boy pull Harper off the mat, walking him out to the middle of the ring where they fling him across the ring.]

GM: Harper off the far side...

[But a double back elbow takes him off his feet, putting him back down on the mat!]

GM: Oh! Harper crashes down to the canvas... and look at Crowley putting the boots to Harper, driving Harper to the ropes... now under the ropes and out to the floor!

[A reeling Harper drops down to a knee on the floor, trying to recover as Crowley steps out on the apron, looking down at Harper...

...who suddenly pops up, grabbing Crowley by the legs, yanking harder...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Harper's yank brings Crowley's upper back SLAMMING down onto the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Good grief! What a move by Daniel Harper, completely turning this match around!

[Crowley is in tremendous pain as Harper grabs him by the back of the head, smashing a European uppercut up into the chin once... twice... three times...]

GM: Harper hammering away out on the floor!

BW: The kid's got a temper!

[Harper's eyes flash in anger as he turns Crowley around, smashing him facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Crowley eats the canvas!

[The referee inside the ring is laying a count on both men as Harper grabs the middle rope, trying to pull himself off the floor...

...but Crowley hooks him, yanking him back down and headbutts him right between the eyes...]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! Anton Layton shouting at Crowley, telling him to get back in the ring!

[Harper and Crowley are trading shots on the floor as the official continues to count...

...when Crowley slams his head down between the eyes again, grabbing Harper by the hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HARPER GETS HURLED INTO THE STEEL STEPS!

[Harper is down on the ringside mats, reeling in pain as a furious Crowley grabs at his face.]

"YOU TOUCHED MY FAAAAACE!"

[Layton's shouts to his charge fall on furious deaf ears as Crowley measures the kneeling Harper, taking aim...]

GM: Crowley charging in!

[...but Harper executes a flawless drop toehold, causing the charging Crowley to fall forward...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FACEFIRST INTO THE STEEL STEPS! OH MY!

[Layton grabs at his face, shouting loudly in frustration as Crowley is laid out across the steps...

...and Daniel Harper pulls himself up off the floor, grabbing the ropes as the referee continues to count...]

GM: The count keeps going! And...

[With a lunge, Harper yanks himself into the ring just as the referee counts "TEN!"]

GM: He made it! He beat the count!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: NEXT GEN HAS WON! THEY'RE THE NUMBER ONE CONTENDERS!

BW: No, no! I demand a recount!

GM: Daniel Harper just barely beat the count and Next Gen has won!

[Somers rushes into the ring, embracing his young partner as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winners of the maaaaatch... and NUMBER ONE CONTENDERS... NEXT GEN!

[The Toronto crowd cheers the big victory for the new Number One Contenders who are celebrating their victory inside the squared circle.]

GM: Harper and Somers are the new Number One Contenders, fans! Anton Layton is beside himself and I'm telling you, these kids are going to have Taylor and Donovan a run for their money, Bucky.

BW: We'll see, Gordo. We'll see.

GM: Layton is shouting at Crowley out here at ringside. The Prince of Darkness was trying to get Crowley back in the ring but Crowley was too emotional to listen... and fans, we've got to take another break but we'll be back with more action! Don't go away!

[Fade to black as Layton shouts at his men out on the floor...

...and then back up on the exterior of a fast food restaurant that looks quite familiar to fans of delicious, mouth-watering, artery-clogging fried chicken. Yes, it is the Mecca Of Fried Chicken, KFC.

We cut inside where a friendly young man is working the counter, smiling at the customers he aids.]

FYM: Thank you and have a fantastic day!

[The next person steps up to the counter wearing a black trenchcoat, dark sunglasses, and a hat. We see him from the front.]

FYM: Good afternoon, sir, and welcome to KFC! What can I get for you today?

[The customer lifts his head slightly to look at the menu and responds.]

C: Three piece meal. Original recipe. Breasts and legs... heh... breasts and leg, oh yeah.

[The employee raises an eyebrow in recognition.]

FYM: I'm sorry. But aren't you former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson?!

[The sunglasses come down to reveal an angry EVG.]

EVG: How did you know?!

[We cut behind him to see the back of his trenchcoat is covered in a large maple leaf with the words MISTER MAPLE LEAF surrounding it. Cut back to the friendly young man who smiles.]

FYM: I had a hunch.

[We cut to a shot of the chicken, glimmering and golden in all its glory. A voiceover begins.]

"Come into your local KFC today and not only can you get our three piece combo meal for the low price for \$4 but you can also pick up these special souvenir cups featuring some of the greatest pro wrestling stars of all time!"

[Cut to a young boy showing his cup.]

"I got Ryan Martinez!"

[To an older lady.]

"Hamilton Graham? I remember him!"

[To a family of four, all showing different cups.]

"Collect them all!"

[We cut back to Eddie Van Gibson sitting at a table, groaning as he eats a piece of chicken. He looks up, his eyes locking on a pair of twins in their early twenties. The two blondes giggle as they look at the Hall of Famer.]

EVG: If I were to LET you suck on my...

[He looks down invitingly.]

EVG: ...Original Recipe chicken from KFC...

[And then into the camera.]

EVG: Would you be grateful?

[Cut to the end graphic advertising the promotion. Another voiceover.]

"Get your KFC today! As good as it's always been!"

[Fade to black...

We fade up to the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center. A voiceover confirms.]

"In the Control Center... Sweet Lou Blackwell!"

[Another fade takes us to Blackwell standing in front of the bank of monitors.]

SLB: Wrestling fans, we are counting down the days for two major events coming up here in the AWA. Of course, we are now just one week away from the massive three-day tournament - the Battle of Boston! My good friend Mark Stegglet will be back in the Control Center later tonight to talk about that but right now, I'm here to talk about another big event coming our way. July 16th - Madison Square Garden in New York City, we're going to see the AWA's annual Rumble and this time it belongs to the ladies. Twenty women climbing inside the ring for the ultimate prize - the honor of being the very first AWA Women's World Champion! Now, over the past couple of weeks, we've announced fifteen of the twenty participants. Let's take a look at that list one more time...

[The sounds of "That's My Girl" by Fifth Harmony starts up as a graphic comes up with the aforementioned list:

Copperhead
Mamba
Lori Wilson
Skylar Swift
Xenia Sonova
Charisma Knight
Melissa Cannon
Julie Somers
Lauryn Rage
Ayako Fujiwara
Victoria June
Lucie Richter
Shiloh Blake
Kayla Cristol
Erica Toughill

And then the graphic fades back to Blackwell.]

SLB: Now, before we talk about those final five spots, we caught up with a couple of those announced entries earlier tonight to get their thoughts heading into this massive matchup. First, let's hear from a newcomer to the AWA but a fan favorite here in Canada... Victoria June!

[Cut to a pre-taped interview with Victoria June. She's got a shockingly big reddish blonde afro, beige skin and a host of freckles dotting her pretty, open face. Her

bright green eyes flash as she looks at the camera, throws her head back and lets out a roar. "YEAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!"

In her afro-punk outfit of Doc Martens, torn fishnet stockings, cut off denim shorts and a big orange and yellow dashiki top, her lips are painted black to match the heavy eyeliner and three black dots on her nose.]

VJ: What's up, Tronno! It's your girl Victoria June! And to all y'all in the AWA Universe, I'm Victoria June out of Jackson, Tennessee but making my home right here in Tronno, Canada... so if you're wunderin' why I got a country accent, that's why.

[She smiles a bright, horsey smile.]

VJ: But lissen here, in three weeks the A Dubbya A is gonna be havin' a big battle royal in Madison Square Gardens! And I'm gonna be one of those twenty women competin' for the Women's World championship with the likes of Canada's own Skylar Swift and Lauryn Rage, Melissa Cannon, Julie Somers, Erica Toughill and Charisma Knight, Ayako Fujiwara and them nasty snakes the Serpentes among others.

So, people might be thinkin' 'Victoria, with all that talent out there, you ain't gotta a snowball's chance in July of winnin'.' But let me tell the doubters something. A battle royal ain't nuthin' but a big ol' mosh pit and I been slam dancin' in mosh pits since I was knee high to a roly poly.

So I'm goin' to the bright lights of Madison Square Gardens and I'm gonna crash my body into 19 other women hopin' for the same dream and I'm gonna toss them over that there top rope because it doesn't matter where you come from ... it matters how you get where you're goin'. For about four years now the people of Tronno have been watchin' me climb mountain after mountain. So they know what's in my heart. And they know I can fight with the best of 'em. So I'm goin' to Madison Square Gardens ridin' on the shoulders of all my fans here in Tronno and all the rest of Eastern Canada and from there I'm goin' straight to the top as the A Dubbya A's first Women's World champion. I'm brangin' it home for you, Tronno! LET'S GO!!!!

[June begins banging her head, her afro bouncing along with her as we fade back to Sweet Lou.]

SLB: Victoria June may be heading into this Rumble as one of the dark horses but you've gotta like her spirit and she's definitely not intimidated by the likes of Charisma Knight, Melissa Cannon, and all the rest... including someone that I personally checked in with earlier tonight - "The Spitfire" Julie Somers!

[We fade to another piece of pre-taped footage where Sweet Lou is standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: We are just days away from the Battle of Boston, a tournament that is the talk of the AWA, but if you think the action is going to settle down after Boston, there's the women's Rumble match in which the winner will be crowned the first ever AWA Women's champion! Now, there's a couple of ladies that Emerson Gellar has been rumored to be in talks with about making an appearance at Madison Square Garden and you can learn more on my AWA Hotline app, which you can download through Google Play and iTunes! Just remember, kids, that data charges may apply, so be sure to get your parents' permission! And speaking of the Women's title, let me bring in my guest at this time... Julie Somers, come on in here!

[That's the cue for "The Spitfire" Julie Somers to walk onto the set. She is dressed in a Wonder Woman T-shirt, red with the gold Wonder Woman logo, and blue jeans. Her long, wavy brown hair is pulled back behind her head.]

SLB: Julie Somers, you will be one of the twenty women who will take part in the Rumble match at Madison Square Garden in just a few weeks. However, I want to address something that happened earlier tonight... one of the rare occasions in which Erica Toughill has spoken to AWA fans, and based on what she said, not only does she believe she is being disrespected and overlooked, but as we discussed two weeks ago, word had it she had a few issues with you, and tonight, she made that clear, calling you the AWA's golden girl!

[Somers has a slight smile on her face.]

JS: Yes, I heard how Erica Toughill broke her silent treatment of the fans, and to tell you the truth, Sweet Lou, it's pretty clear that she's dipped into the same bag of excuses that people like Charisma Knight and Lauryn Rage have dipped into.

[She clasps her hands in front of her and takes a deep breath.]

JS: You know, it could have been real easy for me to point fingers at Melissa Cannon when she accepted the open challenge by Miyuki Ozaki nearly a year ago before Rising Sun Showdown 2, call Melissa out for being the AWA's chosen one while I got pushed to the side after I remarked that, maybe some day, the AWA would actually let the women compete on a full-time basis.

But I never did that, Sweet Lou. I didn't make excuses for not stepping forward to take the open challenge because I knew it was on me for not stepping forward. I didn't hold a grudge against Melissa Cannon because I knew she was the one who made the first move. But what I do remember was Charisma Knight making excuses about how she got passed up and how Melissa was the golden girl being protected by the AWA.

So that's when Charisma takes it upon herself to jump me when I accept an open challenge from Melissa Cannon, and we all know exactly what happened from there. I earned my way onto the SuperClash card because I knew what a big opportunity that would be and there wouldn't be that many chances to get on the card. And once I earned that opportunity, I knew I'd have to earn a victory there, too, and that's exactly what I did!

[Her hands drop to her sides as she continues.]

JS: Then I got to hear the same story from Lauryn Rage that Charisma Knight was telling everyone -- about how Melissa was the golden girl, to the point that she decided to bring in her cronies and jump me as well as Melissa. So, once again, I knew the only way to prove a point to Lauryn was to earn a victory -- and that's exactly what Melissa and I did at Memorial Day Mayhem.

And now, here we go again -- yet another woman claiming that Melissa is the golden girl, only this time, she's including me right alongside her.

[She shakes her head.]

JS: Erica Toughill, it's like I've said before... you are a talented wrestler and I know exactly what you're capable of, what you've accomplished before in this sport. But to hear you throw out the same old story about how somebody was holding you back, just as I heard that story from Charisma Knight and Lauryn Rage, I'm gonna say it right now.

Sing a new tune already, will you?

[She takes another deep breath as Blackwell speaks.]

SLB: Still, Julie, the fact that Erica Toughill has you in her sights should certainly play into your mind with the Rumble approaching. Not only does she have an established track record as one of the toughest women to compete in that ring, but she's also made herself a presence alongside SM&K. How do you deal with the fact that Toughill has clearly put a target on your back?

JS: Sweet Lou, I know what Toughill is capable of, and believe me, I've got more than a few problems with the way she gets involved in Kerry Kendrick's matches and those of her allies. I've got more than a few problems with how she was carrying around that baseball bat, how she's now carrying around a hockey stick, and who knows what else she's going to start brandishing to make her like the tough gal on campus. So I've got plenty of reasons to want to give her an attitude adjustment, just like I did to Charisma Knight and Lauryn Rage before her. In fact, I'd love nothing more than to face off with Toughill during that Rumble match and personally teach her a lesson.

But as far as her putting a target on my back... the fact is, everyone in that match has put a target on my back, just like I put one on theirs. Because I know that every single woman in that match is going to have that opportunity to be the first-ever AWA Women's World Champion and they will all have to earn that distinction. And just as I earned my way onto the SuperClash card, earned my way to victory there, and earned my way to victory at Memorial Day Mayhem, I intend on earning my way to victory in the Rumble match July 16 at Madison Square Garden and becoming the first-ever AWA Women's champion.

[She points a finger toward the camera.]

JS: If you believe otherwise, Toughill, then stop complaining about who's the golden girl around here and prove it in that ring.

SLB: All right, Julie Somers, thank you very much and...

[Somers holds up her hand.]

JS: One other thing I want to add, Sweet Lou... to Bobby O'Connor, it's good to see you back and, as far as your World Title match against Johnny Detson, all I have to say to you is...

[There's that slight smile on her face.]

JS: Go kick Detson's ass.

[With that, she walks off the set.]

SLB: Oh my, looks like The Spitfire has strong opinions on more than just the women's division!

[We fade back to the Control Center from the pre-taped footage.]

SLB: Alright, AWA fans... time is ticking and the question on everyone's minds right now is just who will be filling those final five spots in the Rumble and I'm here to give you the answer...

[Blackwell grins sheepishly.]

SLB: ...Sort of.

[With a shrug, he continues.]

SLB: As it turns out, there are a handful of names that the AWA is looking to keep a secret until match time. In fact, I've only been clearance to announce two more names here tonight. First, the 16th name added to the Rumble is someone we haven't seen in quite some time here in the AWA...

[We cut to the stylized video introductions that have been done for all the competitors so far - slow motion with smoke and lighting as "That's My Girl" begins to play again.]

And we see a shapely yellow-masked female striking a fighting pose in the direction of the camera.]

SLB: Queen Bee! The high-flying luchadora has been tearing things up in Mexico for quite some time and now she's making her AWA return in an attempt to capture the Women's World Championship!

And the final name that will be announced before the Rumble itself is perhaps the biggest name announced so far...

Take a look...

[With a flash effect, Queen Bee disappears and is replaced by the one and only Empress of Joshi herself...]

SLB: MIYUKI OZAKI IS IN THE RUMBLE!

[Ozaki does a giggle in the direction of the camera, looking quite glamorous as the camera watches her every movement.]

SLB: The Empress of Joshi and one of the women who deserves the most credit for this Women's Division even getting going at all, Miyuki Ozaki. One of the greatest female competitors in the history of our sport. Her resume is longer than my arm and on July 16th, she will look to add yet another line to it - AWA Women's World Champion!

[Fade back to Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Whew boy. The AWA has pulled out all the stops on this one. Emerson Gellar and the Talent Relations Division have worked overtime to bring you the very best that our sport has to offer and that's exactly what they've done. Twenty of the very best women's wrestlers in the world will be in the Mecca of all things sports and entertainment - Madison Square Garden - to make history and I can't wait to see it! Fans, the Control Center will return with Mark Stegglet later tonight to talk about the Battle of Boston. So long everybody!

[As Blackwell signs off, we fade back to the shot of the monitors...

...and then back out to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: The crowning of the very first Women's World Champion is going to be a happening, Bucky... history in the making in the Mecca of all things sports and entertainment. I can't wait for that but it's still a few weeks away, Bucky.

BW: The AWA is all about history so far in 2016, Gordo. The first Women's World Champion. The first shows in Canada. The tour of Europe coming up soon.

GM: The Battle of Boston next weekend. History indeed being made almost every week it seems... and you want to talk about history... what about the history being

made when someone gets the chance to win a spot on the AWA roster because they beat up a ring announcer? I have to say, Bucky, I don't agree with Emerson Gellar's decision on this Derek Rage situation one bit.

BW: Gellar's all about opportunity. All about proving that the AWA has the best roster in the entire wrestling world... so when someone calls him out on that, I'm not surprised to see him jump.

GM: Fans, coming up in just a moment here, we're going to see Derek Rage compete inside an AWA ring for the first time. His family at ringside... we saw his siblings Shadoe and Lauryn in action earlier tonight... but Derek Rage is... well, he's kind of a lone wolf when it comes to the Rage family if I understand correctly.

BW: That's right, Gordo. I expect that when he walks out here, he's going to get a big reaction from the Canadian fans because he's one of them. But he's not fighting for them. I expect he might even get some cheers from his family. But he's not fighting for them either. Tonight, he's fighting for himself because if he loses tonight, he's gone... he's out... he's done.

GM: The stakes are high, the pressure is on and-

[Without introduction, we hear the sound of Public Enemy's "Black Steel In The Hour of Chaos" that sends the Toronto crowd into a roar. The roar gets louder as the big man swaggers from behind the curtains, dressed in a long purple boxer's robe, the hood flipped over his head and down shadowing his eyes. Derek Rage barely acknowledges the crowd, despite their cheers of recognition and nationalism.]

GM: All business from head to toe.

BW: Derek Rage is a bad, bad man and might be a big problem if he earns himself a contract here in the AWA, Gordo.

[Rage steps into the ring. He flips back his hood to reveal his shoulder length dreadlocks are tied back in a ponytail like former World Heavyweight boxing champion Lennox Lewis did in the day. He sweeps off his robe, tossing it to one side to reveal a seven foot two body made of chiseled muscle. He is dressed in short black wrestling boots and a short black double-strapped wrestling singlet trimmed in purple around the legs, arms and neck. RAGE is spelled out in purple calligraphy across the seat of the singlet. The man-monster looks confident, flexing his black-gloved right hand as he leans in his corner, waiting expectantly.]

GM: And now we wait to see who his opponent will be. Emerson Gellar was going to be hand-picking the opponent here tonight and-

[The crowd begins to buzz as the aforementioned Gellar comes stalking out of the locker room area, his face flushed with anger as he marches towards the ring.]

GM: What's this all about?

BW: No idea but Gellar's having a bad night, isn't he? He looks fit to be tied right now.

GM: The AWA Director of Operations heading for the ring and... well, you're right, Bucky... you're absolutely right.

[Gellar reaches the ring, climbing the steps swiftly, ducking through the ropes as he gestures for a house mic, looking across the ring at Derek Rage who has a knowing smile on his face.]

EG: You son of a bitch.

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Gellar shakes his head, pointing angrily down the aisle.]

EG: You... that was you back there, right? That was your handiwork?

[Rage smirks, shrugging his shoulders.]

EG: Don't even start with me. I know it was. I know you did this. You knew you couldn't beat whoever I sent out there from that locker room so you went back there and-

[Rage steps forward, grabbing Gellar's wrist forcefully. The crowd "oooohs" at the gesture as Rage forces Gellar's arm up so that the mic is under his mouth.]

DR: MISTER Gellar, it looks like I just won by forfeit.

[Gellar defiantly shakes his head as the crowd gives a mixed reaction at being denied their match.]

DR: I'll be expecting my contract soon.

[Gellar again shakes his head, shouting "the hell you will!" Rage doesn't acknowledge the interruption.]

DR: My people will be calling your people. But I didn't come out here not to give MY people a show. I didn't come out here not to give MY people a fight. But it's pretty obvious no one's coming, MISTER Gellar. It's pretty obvious that your hand-picked opponent for me has decided to take the night off.

But somebody... maybe somebody...

[Rage looks around, turning and physically dragging Gellar as he does. Gellar tries to wiggle free but Rage keeps his grasp on the wrist.]

DR: Toronto, maybe one of you would like to step up and show them how it's done.

[Cheers from the Toronto crowd. Rage points to a section of the crowd.]

DR: Maybe you... yeah, you... the fat slob with the too small T-shirt. No?

[His gold eyes drift over to another section of the arena.]

DR: Maybe you... the goof with the stupid Mohawk? No?

[The camera drifts through the crowd as fans shout at Derek Rage from their seats. Rage looks down at his mother in the front row as the camera comes to rest on the Rage family.]

DR: Sorry, mom... doesn't seem like anybody wants to fight your son.

[Cut back to the ring where Rage's eyes are locked on the section surrounding his family.]

DR: Unless...

[Rage smirks, nodding his head.]

DR: Yeah, that's what I thought. Look what we've got there, people...

[Rage gestures.]

DR: The Coltons' wrestling students are in Toronto!

[Cheers from the crowd as the camera settles in on a ragtag looking group. There are some men and women you'd instantly think are pro wrestlers and some you'd never guess. People of all sizes and shapes... colors and nationalities. Rage continues looking.]

DR: One of you... I know one of you have got the stones to step to D-Rage.

[Rage snatches the mic away, allowing Gellar to slink back, wincing as he grabs at his wrist. The seven footer steps on the bottom rope, pushing it down as he beckons at the crowd.]

DR: Come on. Someone out there's been dreaming of this. Someone came here tonight thinking that someone would make an Open Challenge and it'd be your big shot to be a superstar.

It's happening. This is reality. Step in here and let me make you famous.

[Rage's eyes scan the section of crowd, looking... looking... looking...

...and then he raises his powerful arm, pointing into the crowd at one specific person.]

DR: You.

[The camera cuts back to the crowd where a young man looks up with wide eyes and an open mouth. We see a "me?" escape from him incredulously.]

DR: Yeah, you. Come on, kid.

[The people around the young man seem to be trying to talk him out of this idea. The young man rises from his seat, looking around at the cheering Toronto crowd. He appears to be quite a bit under six feet and a decent amount below two hundred pounds in a light grey "Colton Camp" t-shirt and black track pants. He runs a hand through his sloppy black hair, looking around in disbelief at this situation.]

DR: I don't have all day, kid. Get yourself in here!

[Rage stalks away from the ropes, walking around the ring as the young man in the crowd starts walking to the aisle. There are several fellow students who still seem to be trying to talk him down as he approaches the open aisle. Rage beckons him forward again.]

GM: I don't like this one bit, Bucky. This... he's just a kid!

BW: Well, he's with the Colton wrestling students so I'm guessing he's a pro wrestling student.

GM: Maybe he is but... he's outsized by lord knows how much! He's outsized! He's out-experienced! He's-

BW: He's coming to the ring, daddy!

[The young man stops at the barricade, being spoken to by an older looking gentleman.]

DR: Come on, kid. You want to hang with the Coltons? Let me show you what the real first family of Canadian wrestling can do. Get your butt in the ring and let's see if you can last five minutes with me.

[The kid looks nervous, but with a big swallow, he hops over the railing to the ringside area. Security immediately rushes forward to discourage him from getting into the ring as the Canadian fans cheer.]

DR: Let him through. He thinks he got the grapefruits? Let him through.

[The young man nods his head with a "I know what I'm doing!" at security, pushing his way through to get closer to the ring.]

GM: This could be a very bad situation.

[Emerson Gellar works his way around the ring, grabbing the young man by the arm.]

"I can't let you do this."

[The young man looks down at Gellar, shaking his head.]

"I'm trained! I've got a license!"

[Gellar looks up at the young man... then over into the ring where Derek Rage is eagerly waiting, pacing back and forth.]

DR: Come on, Gellar! Let the boy try to do what your boys back there couldn't!

[Gellar lets go of the young man's wrist, still trying to talk him out of this as he gets up on the apron...

...which is when Derek Rage storms across the ring, grabbing the young man under the arm, HURLING him through the air and down to the canvas with a sky high hiptoss!]

GM: OHHH!

[With the young man on the mat, the seven foot Rage is putting the boots to him as the Toronto crowd starts to jeer him!]

GM: And these fans aren't any happier about this than I am... and it looks like this match is official. Emerson Gellar just sent Jack Marshall inside the ring.

BW: And you better believe that's no coincidence. Gellar wants someone who can hold their own if Rage decides to go after another AWA employee.

[A few more stomps land on the young man as the bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Derek Rage asserting himself against this much-smaller competitor... this kid who we... we don't even know his name, Bucky.

BW: Meat. First name: Dead.

GM: Very funny.

[Rage beckons for the smaller man to get up, pausing to stomp him a couple of more times before hauling him up to his feet, grabbing him under the armpits, and elevating him through the air, throwing him back into the buckles.]

GM: Tossing this young man around like he's nothing... and Rage- OHH! Big running clothesline in the corner!

[The blow lifts the young wrestler-in-training off the mat, nearly taking him over the ropes before Rage forces him back into the buckles. The referee shouts for a break as Rage throws a standing clothesline to the cornered competitor...]

GM: Get him out of the corner, ref!

[...and another...]

GM: Come on!

BW: He's counting, Gordo!

GM: Not fast enough. This kid is getting dominated!

[...and another before walking out of the corner, allowing the much-smaller competitor to slump down against the buckles in a heap. Rage turns towards the jeering fans, taunting them with a "THIS is the best Toronto's got?"]

GM: Derek Rage certainly isn't winning over any of his hometown fans tonight, Bucky.

[Rage approaches the ropes, leaning over them to stare into the Coltons' student section.]

"First family, my ass!"

[The crowd jeers again as a sneering Rage turns back, walking across the ring where the young student is dragging himself back to his feet...

...where Rage connects with a HUUUUUGE knee lift, snapping him backwards, sending him flying through the air and down to the canvas in a heap.]

GM: Gaaah! Enough is enough! Somebody needs to stop this thing. This young man - he may have the heart of a lion to get in there for this but... he's not prepared! He's not ready!

[Rage stands over him, looking out at the jeering crowd with a sneer...

...and slowly raises his hand in the shape of a claw which makes the jeers get louder.]

GM: We saw this two weeks ago when Derek Rage decided to get the attention of the powers that be when he attacked a helpless ring announcer! Now he wants to use it on this kid?! This guy... is EVERY member of this family out of control?

BW: Their old man sure was. Maybe it's in the blood.

GM: Derek Rage reaching down, pulling this young man up by the collar of his shirt...

[Holding the youngster in place, Rage holds up his hand again...

...and as he goes to secure the clawhold, the young man slips Rage's grip, hooking the clawhold arm under his armpit, leaning forward and swinging his heel up into the face of the leaning-over Rage!]

GM: OH!

[He lets go of Rage, throwing a right kick to the ribs, leaping to throw a left kick to the other side of the ribs. He leaps from foot to foot, throwing lightning quick kicks to the body of Derek Rage who recoils in shock before throwing a big haymaker...

...but the young man drops back, avoiding the blow, and thenipping up to his feet in one movement before throwing a spinning backfist, catching a shocked Rage RIGHT on target!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Rage stunned off the spinning backfist, the young man goes low, swinging his leg back and sweeping Rage's own legs out from under him...]

GM: Legsweep taking Rage off his feet and-

[Back on his feet, the young man strikes a quick pose before flinging himself into the air, flipping backwards, and CRASHES down across Rage's chest. The young man reaches back, hooking both massive legs, dragging them towards Rage's chest, pushing hard at the mat with his feet to hold him down as a surprised referee dives to the mat...]

BW: WHAT THE-?!

[...and quickly counts to three!]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! HE GOT THREE! HE GOT THREE!

[The Air Canada Centre crowd ERUPTS in one of the loudest ovations of the night as the young man gets the hell out of the ring, jumping back over the railing into the arms of his celebrating friends!]

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT!

BW: How in the...?

GM: This... this KID just pinned Derek Rage and... my stars, we don't even know his name, Bucky! What an upset!

BW: This is... Gordo, that's gotta be the biggest upset in AWA history!

[Derek Rage rolls to his knees, looking on in shock as Jack Marshall smirks at him, holding up three fingers...

...and Rage promptly rolls out of the ring, rushing towards the barricade as security rushes to intervene!]

GM: Derek Rage is hot! He's snapped, Bucky!

BW: Can you blame him?!

GM: He got himself into this! This is... this is karma... that's what this is!

BW: Derek Rage is trying to get over the railing, trying to get his hands on this kid!

GM: And there's a party going on in Toronto, Canada! The Colton students are celebrating this... this shocking victory! Shocking seems like an understatement but... but I'm not sure I have any other words. Bucky, I'm speechless. I truly am.

BW: Wow, there truly is a first time for everything.

[A furious Rage is screaming over the railing, threatening the young man with shouts of "YOU'RE DEAD! YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!" as the fans continue to cheer and the youngster smiles, embracing his friends in the crowd as we fade to black.]

We fade up from black on a star-lit sky. All is peaceful as our voiceover begins.]

"This year, the fireworks won't just be on the 4th of July."

[On cue, the shot is filled with exploding fireworks - red, white, blue, green, orange - all exploding in tremendous bursts of color as the opening guitar riffs "Highway" by Bleeker begins to play. As the vocals kick in, we cut to shots of AWA competitors in action.]

#No going down
No cutting out
The sun comes up before you go#

[The first group shows Pure X securing The X anklelock on an opponent before flash-cutting to Supernova sailing through the air with a Heat Wave splash to Brian James delivering the infamous Blackheart Punch to a set of steel steps.]

#My baby's gone
My hollow soul
I feel a cold wind start to blow#

[A Travis Lynch Discus Punch starts up the next batch followed by a flash-cut to Jordan Ohara sailing off the top rope with a crossbody and finally to Dave Bryant delivering the Call Me In The Morning superkick.]

#Every little stop sign#

[Rufus Harris bulldozes down an opponent, delivering ferocious ground and pound inside the GFC Hexagon.]

#All the red lights like#

[Maxim Zharkov recklessly flings a victim across the ring with a released gutwrench suplex.]

#A preacher on a Saturday night#

[Rex Summers drops a foe on their head with the devastating Heat Check DDT.]

#The devil's in the details#

[Derrick Williams delivers the Neuralyzer, blasting his opponent in the back of the head with a rolling elbow.]

#Pretty little females#

[The Gladiator brings a helpless foe crashing down to Earth with his military press powerslam.]

#Tell me all your sweet sweet lies#

[MAMMOTH Maximus PLANTS his victim with a devastating powerbomb before we flash cut to Jack Lynch connecting with a leaping knee to the jaw.]

#I can't slow down it's so damn loud
Let's burn this town alive#

[Larry Wallace delivering the Best Dropkick In The World flash cuts to Noboru Fujimoto using the Falling Laser Lasso to plant someone facefirst into the canvas.]

#Oh pocket full of moonshine
Countin' all the white lies#

[Riley Hunter gets big air, diving over the top rope onto a pile of competitors with a Tope Con Hilo before we flash cut to Eddie Van Gibson driving someone facefirst into the mat with the Move That Shall Not Be Named to Johnny Detson using the Wilde Driver.]

#Time to take the highway highway highway#

[Supreme Wright brings someone crashing down onto his knees with Fat Tuesday.]

#Baby take the highway#

[Juan Vasquez delivers the Right Cross to a kneeling opponent.]

#Ima' take the highway#

[Ryan Martinez delivers the brainbuster onto his foe as we flash cut to black, the music still playing as we see the details on the big event.]

"BATTLE OF BOSTON
July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th
TD Garden
LIVE on The X"

[And then... black.

We fade back up on the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center. A voiceover confirms our suspicions.]

"With your Battle of Boston Control Center, here's Mark Stegglet."

[We cut into the Control Center where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of said monitors.]

MS: Seven days away, fans. The Battle of Boston is just around the corner where thirty of the very best competitors in the world will do battle to see who is THE very best. It's next weekend - July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th - at the TD Center in Boston, Mass and it is SOLD OUT! If you don't already have your tickets, make your plans to be right there in your living room with your TV tuned to The X all weekend long to catch all the action...

Now, of course, later in the Control Center, we're going to be running down more action from the International Wild Card tournament as we get down to the Final Four. In a bit of breaking news, those Final Four competitors are going to be coming to the United States this week and the Semifinals and Finals will be held during AWA live events throughout the week. Where can you find out the results? We're going to be hosting a special Battle of Boston Preview Show on Friday night, LIVE from right outside the TD Center. We'll have an all-star panel of guests on

hand and they're going to be making the predictions, match by match, working towards determining their prediction for the Battle of Boston winner. They'll also be showing the highlights of the Semifinals and Finals and... well, I can't wait for that, fans. But right now, let's talk about the brackets themselves... in fact, let's talk about the three tremendous nights of action!

[We cut to a graphic that reads "NIGHT ONE - SATURDAY, JULY 2ND."]

MS: Saturday night, one week from tonight, will be Night One of this three night tournament. On that night, you will see all of our Play-In matches: Kerry Kendrick versus the West Memphis Assassin, Terry Shane III taking on Shadoc Rage, Riley Hunter against the International Wild Card, former GFC Heavyweight Champion Rufus Harris colliding with "Flawless" Larry Wallace, Derrick Williams meets Jordan Ohara, and a superclash a few months early, The Gladiator goes one-on-one with Torin The Titan. In addition to that, we'll also see first round action when Supernova takes on the Wild Card.

[The graphic fades for a moment.]

MS: As of right now, fans, the battle for the Wild Card spot is a neck and neck race between Bobby O'Connor and Flex Ferrigno. The votes are still coming on... the ballot is still open... and you've got a matter of minutes to vote before that poll closes just before tonight's Main Event. Cast your vote now and make your voice heard.

We'll also see more first round action when Olympic gold medalist Bret Grayson meets Pure X.

It'll be a clash of legends when two former World Champions collide. It'll be Dave Bryant making his long-awaited AWA return as he goes one-on-one with the Idol Of Millions... Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson!

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: And one last thing, I'm told that AWA officials are currently hard at work negotiating a non-tournament match for this night as well. It is not confirmed right now but before we go off the air, we hope to be able to make one more big announcement for Night One.

[A new graphic comes up, marking "NIGHT TWO - SUNDAY, JULY 3RD.]

MS: Moving on to Night Two. Night Two will feature the entire first round of action.

[Graphics come up one by one spotlighting the matches...]

MS: The former Steal The Spotlight winner for 2015, "Red Hot" Rex Summers, will take on either the mysterious West Memphis Assassin or his partner-in-crime, Kerry Kendrick!

[Another graphic...]

MS: Super heavyweight and international superstar MAMMOTH Maximus takes on the Iron Cowboy, Jack Lynch!

[And another...]

MS: The World Heavyweight Champion - as of right now at least - Johnny Detson takes on the winner of the Play-In battle between the longest reigning World Television Champion of all time, Shadoc Rage, and the third generation grappler Terry Shane III!

[Again...]

MS: The Engine of Destruction and Tiger Paw Pro CAGE champion, Brian James, takes on either the irresistible force in The Gladiator or the immovable object in Torin The Titan! What a showdown that promises to be!

[More...]

MS: How about this one? The AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch, goes one on one with the man who could very well be the World Television Champion in Boston, the Armbar Assassin himself, Callum Mahoney!

[Yep...]

MS: Former Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion Noboru Fujimoto could potentially have a much-anticipated rematch against the American Ninja, Riley Hunter, or he could collide with the winner of the International Wild Card - we'll be talking more about that tournament in just a bit.

[Keep going...]

MS: The former two-time World Champion Supreme Wright goes one-on-one with either the Rottweiler, Rufus Harris, or against his former protege, "Flawless" Larry Wallace - an intriguing battle for sure.

[Almost there...]

MS: And speaking of former World Champions, how about Hall of Famer Juan Vasquez doing battle with either Jordan Ohara or Derrick Williams, both of whom have a bone to pick with Vasquez?

[And finally...]

MS: And finally, it'll be a battle for the ages when the undefeated Tsar, Maxim Zharkov, takes on the former World Champion, making his AWA return from injury... the White Knight himself, Ryan Martinez! Night Two is going to be one heck of a night and just when you think the AWA's got nothing left in the tank, we present Night Three.

[The graphic changes to read "NIGHT THREE - MONDAY, JULY 4TH."]

MS: And Night Three is the whole shebang - the Quarterfinals, the Semifinals, and the Finals - the first Three Way Dance in AWA history... plus non-tournament action to be announced at a later time.

[And back to Stegglet.]

MS: Three huge nights. So many tremendous matches already announced and the potential for so many more. This is going to be a weekend that I believe professional wrestling fans will never forget.

Now, we've already talked about the Wild Card being down to Bobby O'Connor and Flex Ferrigno... now, let's talk about the International Wild Card as we take it from eight down to four.

[The graphic hyping the "International Wild Card" appears on the screen.]

MS: First, we take you to the Finals of the Everywhere Else bracket - a battle between two of New Zealand's native sons - former MMA and kickboxing superstar Jack Watts and longtime pro wrestling veteran "Kiwi" Luke Boyd!

[We cut to highlights of this battle.]

MS: The experience of Luke Boyd would pay big dividends right out of the gate. Knowing Jack Watts' blitzkrieg style attack, Boyd bailed out to the floor at the opening bell...

[We see exactly that happen, Watts pacing angrily in the ring as Boyd milks the count, taunting the kickboxing star.]

MS: Boyd would use every bit of that ten count... and then he'd do it again...

[Boyd rolls under the ropes and as Watts storms him, Boyd rolls back out, drawing a mixed reaction from the New Zealand crowd.]

MS: A great strategy at the outset with Boyd frustrating Watts.

[We cut deeper into the match.]

MS: However, eventually Boyd would need to get inside that ring... and once he did, Jack Watts made short work of him.

[We cut to Boyd being trapped in the corner as Watts tees off with rights and lefts to the body before landing a leaping kneestrike to the chin. He grabs Boyd by the head, flinging him from the corner where he a high power high kick turns out his lights for the three count.]

MS: A one-two-three was all she wrote and Jack Watts moves on to the International Wild Card Semifinals... but the question was - who would he face in that Semifinal battle? We'd find out in our Asia Final that would pit Isamu Kobayashi against "The Iron Badger" Manzo Kawakiri but before we get to that, let's head to the North America Bracket, pitting Guerrero Azteca vs "The Calgary Stampeder" Rocco Robinson. Robinson made headlines recently with a very big announcement leading into this clash. Let's take a look...

[The scene shifts to backstage two weeks ago, where Mark Stegglet once again stands with a welcoming grin. Upon receiving his cue, he offers the fans the latest and greatest from the goings-on backstage.]

MS: Fans, we mentioned to you on Power Hour the AWA had been in negotiations with Rocco Robinson, the former two-sport Canadian superstar.

[Stegglet pauses briefly as there is a smattering of cheers from the Toronto faithful.]

MS: I am happy to announce the AWA has since come to terms on an agreement with Robinson to wrestle full-time! And I would like to take this opportunity to introduce everyone to the newest addition to the active roster. Mr. Robinson?

[Stepping into view is the recognizable form of another homegrown Canadian son. To those foreign to his skillset, the man sports a rough-around-the-edges, six-foot-two frame with a mophead of stringy black hair. Clad in black slacks and a matching button-down with the top two buttons unfastened, the stalwart is not as dressed down per the norm. To the CFL fans, this is the former Calgary Stampeder. The linebacker who laid the wood between the hashes for the Stampeders in the 2014 Grey Cup. This is the Calgary Flame who played the role

of enforcer on the second line, especially with those wars with Jordan Eberle and the Oilers. Meet Rocco Robinson.]

RR: Somebody tape my fists and point me to the curtain, Mark. This hombre is ready for action.

[The AWA newcomer jets a thumb toward his briefly exposed chest. Those being introduced to Robinson can plainly see he has no front teeth.]

RR: For a long time, the smell of the grass on the gridiron is what fueled me. And then locking eyes with the other team's quarterback and seeing that pre-snap look of apprehension. The sudden realization the abilities that had gotten him to that point would no longer be enough. The same goes for the squirrely saps protecting his blind side.

Between the boards, it was that cool chill of the ice that hit you before face-off. The trepidation in the eyes of the man across from you hitting you next. Him knowing that little plastic shield over his eyes wasn't going to do him a bit of good as soon as the puck was dropped. Knowing I would make a casserole out of his squash as soon as the opportunity presented itself.

Now this.

[Robinson pauses, cracking his neck side-to-side as he collects his thoughts. The reminders of his playing career are apparent as the crackling simply cannot be ignored.]

RR: When the AWA was blowing the doors off the Saddledome two weeks ago, they weren't exactly pumping the brakes in the board room. Fortunately, somebody somewhere caught wind of one of the drubbings I handed out across Alberta. Some young pup's infirmity bill notwithstanding, it's what's gotten me front and center in front of these great fans.

The battlefield of the squared circle may be a bit foreign than the forums in which I've been seen previously, but my expectations are no different. The smell of the grass and the chill of the ice won't be there. But the moment I catch the first few riffs of some catchy tune some college intern has cued up as my intro?

["Pfffft."]

RR: It's a wrap, Mark. And anybody who chooses not to believe it can ask a dozen former professional athletes collecting disability checks thanks to coming in contact with the wrong Rocco Robinson appendage.

[Accentuating his words, Robinson confidently slaps his right bicep.]

RR: Not once in my professional life have I steered clear of the spotlight. The bigger the stage, the brighter the lights, the better I perform. Be it the Grey Cup, Lord Stanley's Finals or any SuperClash to come, the one thing everyone will come to find out is there is simply no off switch with me. You know you're getting a hundred and ten outta the gate each and every time out.

And my peers can make of that what they will. When the cameras are done rolling and I'm not going going zero-to-sixty under the house lights, sure thing - we can grab a cold one and shoot the breeze about real estate, stock portfolios and how big the kids have gotten.

But when I've got a man slung over my left shoulder and am preparing to drive him through the mat, the anecdotes we shared in the saloon aren't going to be top of mind. All I'm thinking is how many ribs I can crack on the dismount.

Fortunately for the remaining bags of bones in the International Wild Card, there IS something you can do about it.

[The left-side of Robinson's upper lip curls upward, revealing a cuspid and bicuspid.]

RR: You can hit Gellar up for some Aflac coverage. My guess is somebody is gonna need it.

[Robinson remains in place for a moment and soon fires a grin - his version, anyway - toward Mark Stegglet. He extends his hand to Stegglet for a handshake, which he reciprocates. Robinson then departs off stage right.

We cut to a shot of the same mopheaded athlete in a ring somewhere in Mexico where the fans are cheering Mexico's own Guerrero Azteca as Stegglet's voice is heard.]

MS: But could the newest signee to the AWA prove victorious over Guerrero Azteca? We're about to find out.

[The muscular Azteca looks to start the match with a test of strength...

...but Rocco Robinson is having none of that, throwing fists at the outset. The Mexico fans get all over him out of the gate as he rockets Azteca through the ropes to the floor, looking to take the fight to the outside.]

MS: Rocco Robinson didn't waste any time trying to turn things into a fight - a brawl that would certainly land firmly in his wheelhouse.

[Robinson launches Azteca into the railing... then into the edge of the ring before shoving him back in...

...and we cut deeper into the match where Robinson whips Azteca from corner to corner, charging in after him...]

MS: But the overzealous youngster would soon make a mistake...

[The luchador front rolls from the corner alongside the ropes, causing Robinson to smash into the buckles. Azteca swoops in behind him, using a side slam to take him down.]

MS: ...and from there, Guerrero Azteca went to work on the rookie.

[We get shots of Azteca hitting a Samoan Drop... a running double axehandle to the chest... and finally a running side slam for a two count.]

MS: But when Azteca took things to the high risk district, heading up to for a superplex... the tide turned once more.

[Standing on the buckles, Robinson starting firing back, soaking up the blows from Azteca and responding with haymakers of his own. A well-placed headbutt sends Azteca tumbling off the ropes as Robinson steps down to the second rope, flying off with a shoulder tackle as the luchador regains his feet.]

MS: Big collision there and Rocco Robinson started to close in on a shocking upset that would send him to the tournament Semifinals.

[We get a shot of Robinson delivering mounted punches in the corner, encouraging the crowd to count along. Some do... in Spanish. Cut to a shot of Robinson

smashing Azteca's masked head into the buckles, again encouraging a count which he gets more of this time.]

MS: But would he have enough to put away his opponent?

[With Azteca dazed, Robinson throws him to the corner, running the distance of the ring and taking flight with a massive spear tackle in the buckles!]

MS: The Superman Spear connects and Robinson pulls him out, looking for the kill...

[He slings Azteca over his shoulder, calling for the Calgary Stampede powerslam...

...but Azteca slips out, reaching out to snare Robinson in an inverted facelock...]

MS: But Azteca had one more weapon in his pocket...

[Azteca drops to a knee, swinging his arm down across the chest of Robinson and driving him down across the bent knee!]

MS: The Machuahitl!

[The crowd cheers as Azteca attempts a cover, scoring the three count.]

MS: Victory for Guerrero Azteca, moving on in the tournament where he'll await the winner of our Europe Bracket. A hard-fought match for Robinson who comes up just a bit short. Not a bad showing for a rookie though... not bad at all. Two men through to the Semifinals of the tournament - Jack Watts and Guerrero Azteca - but the question remained - who would join them there? Just a moment ago, I mentioned our Europe Bracket. The Final of that one would pit the German veteran Macht Kraftwerk against the Dirty Rotten Scoundrel himself, Logan Blackburn. Let's take a look...

[We cut to the next match, already underway as Blackburn is putting the boots to Kraftwerk's arm and shoulder.]

MS: Of course, it was no surprise that Logan Blackburn would target the arm and shoulder of Macht Kraftwerk, aiming to lock in that Chickenwing at some point in the night.

[Pulling Kraftwerk to his feet, Blackburn turns to taunt the crowd...

...and when he turns back, he eats a quick one-two-three-four leg kicks to alternating legs, bringing him down to a knee. A roundhouse to the skull is attempted but Blackburn ducks under it, rolling out to the floor.]

MS: Kraftwerk's educated feet nearly spelled the end right there but Blackburn was able to avoid it.

[We cut deeper into the match where Blackburn is teeing off with European uppercuts in the corner, snapping the masked man's head back with every blow. He uses a whip to throw Kraftwerk towards the middle of the ring but pulls him back into a drop toehold, dropping the German facefirst across the middle turnbuckle.]

MS: Innovative offense out of Blackburn, trying to wear down Kraftwerk, the veteran.

[Back on his feet, Blackburn takes aim and kicks Kraftwerk's face into the buckles, leaving him down on the mat...

...and we cut again. This time, Kraftwerk is up against the ropes as Blackburn lays in some stiff chops. The Dirty Rotten Scoundrel rushes to the ropes, rebounding back towards Kraftwerk who ducks down, flipping Blackburn over the ropes where he lands out on the apron.]

MS: But Kraftwerk wasn't done yet.

[Kraftwerk grabs the ropes, swinging a leg up and catching Blackburn between the eyes with a boot, sending Blackburn down to his knees and then down to the floor. Kraftwerk goes out on the apron, going after Blackburn but the Dirty Rotten Scoundrel reaches up, yanking the German's legs out from under him, dropping Kraftwerk down on the back of his head!]

MS: A brutal counter there by Blackburn!

[Blackburn grabs the back of Kraftwerk's head, lifting him off the mat and swinging him chestfirst down on the apron once... twice... three times... and swings a knee up into the jaw, leaving Kraftwerk draped off the apron.]

MS: Blackburn using the apron as a weapon...

[Grabbing the eyeholes of the mask, Blackburn yanks Kraftwerk off the apron, dumping him on the floor. The Brit climbs up on the apron, taunting the British fans...

...and then runs down the apron, driving a soccer kick into the chest of the rising Kraftwerk, sending him back down to the floor.]

MS: Blackburn retaking control of the match...

[Pulling the German off the floor, Blackburn rockets him shoulderfirst into the steel barricade as we cut ahead...

...where Blackburn is stomping the shoulder viciously into the canvas, capped off with a leaping stomp to the shoulder! And with the German down, Blackburn was circling, looking to apply the Chickenwing...]

MS: Blackburn looking for his signature hold... and locks it in!

[But as he does, Kraftwerk charges backwards, driving him into the buckles to break the hold. Kraftwerk staggers out as Blackburn does the same...

...and the Brit gets superkicked right off his feet!]

MS: The superkick connects! Kraftwerk goes for the cover!

[The count is close, almost getting a three count before Blackburn escapes, rolling from the ring. Kraftwerk immediately tries to pursue, ducking through the ropes to grab Blackburn who reaches up, hooking his fingers in the mask, yanking hard...]

MS: And right there, Blackburn with a devious maneuver, turning the mask around, obscuring the vision of Kraftwerk just long enough for Blackburn to grab him, dragging him through the ropes...

[Blackburn quickly positions Kraftwerk so that his ankles rest on the middle rope and then turns into a cutter type move, driving the masked man's skull into the concrete floor at ringside!]

MS: ...OHH! Absolutely devastating!

[Blackburn quickly pulls Kraftwerk's limp form up, rolling him into the ring, and dives on top for a three count.]

MS: And just like that, Logan Blackburn... the Dirty Rotten Scoundrel... finds himself moving on to the Semifinals of the International Wild Card where he will take on Mexico's own Guerrero Azteca. And that, wrestling fans, leaves us with one match to go here tonight in the Control Center... one that fans all over the world have been salivating over since it was announced, Isamu Kobayashi taking on "The Iron Badger" Manzo Kawajiri! Let's take a look to see who will earn the final spot in the Final Four of this tournament!

[We cut to a shot of a buzzing crowd in Japan, eager to see who moves out of the Asia Bracket into the Final Four as Kobayashi sheds a shimmering silver jacket. Kawajiri is across the ring, standing in place, shifting his weight from foot to foot, waiting for...]

"CLANK!"

[...and at the sound of the bell, Kawajiri sprints across the ring with a roar, throwing himself into a headbutt to the chest that sends Kobayashi flying backwards into the turnbuckles. Kawajiri stays on the attack, grabbing the scruff of the neck as he tees off with stiff forearm shots to the side of the head as the official tries to get him to back off.]

MS: And the man known as the Iron Badger gets off to a fast start, knocking Kobayashi off his game...

[But as Kawajiri steps back at the referee's orders, Kobayashi is able to hop up to the second rope, leaping off with a dropkick to the chest that sends Kawajiri flipping backwards across the ring...

...and we cut deeper into the match where it's Kobayashi's turn to fire away in the corner, throwing leg kicks to the thigh of the Iron Badger before uncorking a leaping spinning back kick to the point of the chin that leaves Kawajiri gripping the ropes to stay on his feet.]

MS: The educated feet of Kobayashi find the mark and the Iron Badger is reeling at this stage of the contest.

[Grabbing the arm, Kobayashi whips Kawajiri to the opposite corner, charging in after him where he runs up the chest, backflipping out - making sure to stomp the face of Kawajiri - and landing on his feet where he beckons Kawajiri out. The Iron Badger obliges, charging out for a clothesline attempt but Kobayashi ducks under before executing a backflip and driving his foot down between the eyes!]

MS: Oh! And the backflipping kick finds the mark, earning a two count as we move on in this intense battle.

[We cut again, this time showing Kobayashi chopping away at Kawajiri's chest in the corner. He ducks down, lifting him into a seated position on the top turnbuckle. He turns, saluting the crowd as he steps up to the second rope...

...and EATS a massive headbutt that sends him sprawling off the ropes to the canvas. Standing on the middle rope, Kawajiri shouts something in Japanese before leaping off, dropping an elbow across the chest for a two count.]

MS: And the Iron Badger showing he's no stranger to leaving his feet either.

[We cut again as Kawajiri secures a waistlock, trying to get Kobayashi up for a German Suplex...]

MS: And as the match goes on, we find Manzo Kawajiri trying to utilize some of those devastating suplexes in his arsenal.

[Kobayashi continues to fight the lift, grabbing at Kawajiri's wrists...

...and twists out of the hold, locking in a double chickenwing, and launching Kawajiri overhead with a bridging Tiger Suplex!]

MS: Kobayashi with a suplex of his own for one... two... but-

[We see Kawajiri kick out in time before we cut ahead again, this time showing the Japanese Travis Lynch holding Kawajiri in a standing headscissors, pounding away at his back with forearms...

...but he's still unable to lift Kawajiri for a powerbomb as the Iron Badger straightens up, and then swings Kobayashi back down in a sitout waterwheel slam for a near fall!]

MS: Back and forth they battled...

[Cut to a Kobayashi 450 splash for a near fall.]

MS: ...each taking their best shot to get the victory...

[Cut to Kawajiri throwing himself into a cannonball on a seated Kobayashi!]

MS: ...each giving it their all...

[Cut to Kobayashi muscling the Iron Badger up, driving him down with a sitout powerbomb for a near fall.]

MS: But in the end, there could be only one.

[Kobayashi goes for the powerbomb again but this time, Kawajiri straightens up, holding the youngster over his shoulder as he reaches back to hook his head...

...and drops down to a knee, DRIVING the back of Kobayashi's head and neck down on the bent knee!]

MS: OHH!

[With Kobayashi reeling on the mat, Kawajiri dashes to the ropes, rebounding back, and SLAMMING a sliding clothesline into the collarbone of Kobayashi, flipping over into a lateral press, hooking the leg as the referee counts one... two... three!]

MS: And there it is! The Iron Badger himself, Manzo Kawajiri, scores a victory and moves on to the Semifinals of this International Wild Card tournament.

[We fade to a graphic of the two Semifinal matches, complete with photos of the four remaining competitors:

Jack Watts vs Manzo Kawajiri
Guerrero Azteca vs Logan Blackburn]

MS: Four competitors left, coming to the States to battle it out for one more spot in the tournament... battling it out for a shot at Riley Hunter in the first round of the Battle of Boston tournament. And there you have it, fans. Tremendous action in

this International Wild Card all leading to next weekend. We are now just seven days away.

[The BOB logo comes back up on the screen.]

MS: So many great competitors, so much great action. I cannot wait. Seven days to go. Again, we are SOLD OUT for all three nights but even though you can't be with us live in Boston, you CAN be with us LIVE right here on The X for the biggest tournament in pro wrestling - The Battle of Boston! From the Control Center, I'm Mark Steglet... and we'll see you next time!

[We fade from the room of monitors back out to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: In just a few minutes, fans, the World Television title will be on the line, with challenger Callum Mahoney defending against the current champion, who is my guest at this time... Supernova, come on in here.

[That's the cue for Supernova to walk onto the set. He is dressed in his wrestling attire, black tights with yellow flames running up the sides and black wrestling boots. His face is painted red and yellow, his blonde hair in a crew cut, and he has the AWA World Television title belt strapped around his waist.]

SLB: Supernova, you have been called out by Callum Mahoney on several occasions, in which he insisted about getting a shot at the World Television title. The way he talked on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, he not only believes he'll bringing the title to the contingent known as SM&K, but that they will also be bringing all the titles! In fact, Mahoney has already suggested that he and Kerry Kendrick are gonna challenge for the tag team titles down the road! Clearly you are dealing not only with a very confident opponent, but one who will be most dangerous and has plenty of backup on top of that!

S: First of all, Sweet Lou, I knew when I won the AWA World Television title that everybody was going to be gunning for me! Now, I've heard Callum Mahoney tell everyone how the moment was due for him to get his shot at the belt around my waist, and tonight, he's finally got his chance to prove himself! But in the meantime, I've got a few things that I have to prove to myself, and it's not just about why I deserved to become the World Television champion!

[The normally wild look in his eyes disappears, replaced with a more serious look.]

S: What I really have to prove myself is that I can be more than just a worthy champion!

SLB: Supernova, what could you possibly be referring to?

S: Sweet Lou, if you'll recall, it was about five months ago that I expressed outrage over what Juan Vasquez did at SuperClash, then what he did to Ryan Martinez a few weeks later! And then, I allowed myself to get so caught up in my title defenses, and get so distracted by Shadoe Rage and his taunts, and think too much about how the next rematch with Derrick Williams will go down, that I forgot about what else I took pride in... and that was being the franchise of the AWA!

Since that time, it seems everybody who has bad intentions on their mind is starting to travel in packs! First, you've got Johnny Detson surrounding himself with guys like Brian James, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, calling themselves the Kings of Wrestling and stacking the deck against everybody and anybody who dares to challenge them!

Then you look at Juan Vasquez, who started feeling a lot of pressure from everyone in the AWA because people didn't like his change of attitude, that he hooks up with Maxim Zharkov and talking about how they are an Axis of Evil... and just two weeks ago, he's trying to permanently cripple Sweet Daddy Williams!

And then you look at what Dave Cooper has been up to, talking about how he's gonna rebuild the Lion's Den, brings back the Samoans and puts Rene Rousseau in the hospital, keeps on taunting Chris Chonis, and now he wants to bully my good friend Cesar Hernandez!

Plus you still have Shadoc Rage forming a pack with his Misfits, constantly peeking over the shoulder over Lauryn Rage, and don't think for a minute I don't know that Derek Rage is in league with him! Because if there's one thing I know about Rages, they always travel in packs, and they're tigers that will never change their stripes!

Finally, we come to Rex Summers, Callum Mahoney and Kerry Kendrick, who can never accept a situation in which they don't stack the odds in their favor! Whether it's having Erica Toughill throwing that ball bat into the ring or insisting that they can't live with having their buddies barred from ringside, they are the epitome of guys who aren't confident enough to get the job done on their own!

[He takes a deep breath and now the look in his eyes is back to the wild one we are familiar with.]

S: Well, tonight, I'm doing exactly what Alex Martinez said... it's time to hold the line! Alex Martinez may not be returning to the ring, but I'm still here, I'm still standing, and believe me, I'm gonna start holding that line and taking down anybody who wants to cross it! And it starts with you, Callum Mahoney... tonight, you will be the first example of what happens when you step into the ring not just with the World Television champion, but with the franchise of the AWA and the man who is not gonna let all these pack run roughshod over everything he holds dear!

IT'S NOT GONNA HAPPEN ANY LONGER!

[Another deep breath.]

S: Sweet Lou, you have to take it, all right? I'm about to lose it!

SLB: Supernova, I can't blame you for being upset about some of the developments you've touched upon, but I must point out that you've been going at it on your own for some time now! In a way, Supernova, I must say that ever since you've won the World Television title, you have acted like it's you against the world. And given your words now, it seems you still see it that way.

S: Perhaps I have, Sweet Lou. Heck, we've got Battle of Boston coming up and I know it's gonna be hard for me not to think it's me against the world at that time!

But I'll say it right now... Alex Martinez is right! It's time for me to stop acting like I have to do these things on my own and start reaching out to a bunch of guys who I've always had respect for, but haven't always been standing by their side when they need a helping hand!

I'm glad to see Bobby O'Connor back, to see Jack Lynch back, and to see the two of them by the side of Travis Lynch. But I can't help but notice they are one man short against the Kings of Wrestling, and it's time for me to say that if they need that fourth man, I'll be that fourth man!

I know Derrick Williams tends to prefer doing things on his own -- you could tell by the way he's told his mentor Kevin Slater he didn't want him at ringside all the time

-- but the moment is past due for me to not just think of him as another challenger and think of him as a friend to stand beside!

I admired what Jordan Ohara did two weeks ago to pay tribute to Sweet Daddy Williams. I can tell Ohara has nothing but respect for the legacies that the greats of the AWA have put together. And I know he's none too happy with the shenanigans that have gone down as of late! To Jordan Ohara, if you need somebody to stand by your side, you just say the word and I'll be there!

And I see that Stevie Scott is back... I know he likes to work alone, but I've teamed with him before and he's proven to me he can be trusted. If he needs me to help against the Unholy Alliance, all he has to do is say the word!

Finally, Ryan Martinez... I know how much you want to get back into that ring! I remember how proud I was when you stood tall against the Wise Men and put out the call to arms to the rest of the AWA while I was recovering from my injuries! And I will say that your father is right that the AWA needs the White Knight... that I need the White Knight! And when the White Knight does return... and I know you will... I'll promise you that I'll be right beside you against anybody who stands in your way!

[He then slaps the AWA World Television title belt.]

S: In the meantime, I'm going to keep proving why I am the World Television champion, and why Callum Mahoney is gonna be the first individual I make an example about what happens when you decide to travel in a pack because you aren't good enough to get the job done on your own!

CALLUM MAHONEY, TONIGHT, THE HEAT IS GONNA BURN YOU UP!

[With that, he cups his hands to his mouth and howls, before striding off the set.]

SLB: Oh my, Supernova is more than fired up for tonight's match! I can only wonder what is in store for Callum Mahoney! Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, it'll be World Television Title match time so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are halfheartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Canibal?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Dave Bryant running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoo Rage just kick down the front door to attack The Hangman from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Skywalker Jones leaping down the staircase at Calisto Dufresne? And why are Downfall beating up the mailman? Oh, there's Next Gen turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Jordan Ohara is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Rex Summers with a flying bodypress, Juan Vasquez is hiptossing Terry Shane III across your family room, and The Slaughterhouse and The Wilde Bunch are brawling across your driveway. Cain Jackson has just grabbed a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Pure X, while Supernova is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Jackson Hunter and Brian Lau are in a shouting match, Koyla Sudakov tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Koyla hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Maxim Zharkov wanders by and stomps on the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Five AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[Ryan Martinez tries to smash Supreme Wright with a kitchen chair, but Wright pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Martinez and Wright action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[The Rotgut Rustlers do a double throw to send Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the Rustlers, Taylor and Donovan action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Jack Lynch and Brian James double-clothesline Cesar Hernandez in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like Gladiator is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Larry Wallace. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: There's now action figures featuring the women of the AWA!

[Barging in through the door are Lauryn Rage, Charisma Knight and Erica Toughill, who rush into the dining room, where Melissa Cannon, Julie Somers and Lori Wilson

just happening to be waiting for them! Then we see a couple of girls playing with the six action figures.]

Announcer: And there's even Torin the Titan!

[None other than Torin himself comes crashing through (yes, through) the wall, after which he grabs poor Jackie Bourassa and headbutts him. Then we see kids playing with the same action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Coliseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Allen Allen, Manny Imbrogno, Caspian Abaran, and Kerry Kendrick. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is already standing.]

RO: The next match is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March" starts to play over the arena speakers, causing the crowd to start jeering. An athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway. He is dressed in a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots. He stands with his hands on his hips, a sneer on his lips, soaking in the reaction from the crowd.]

RO: Fighting out of County Cork, Ireland at 240 pounds... he is the Fighting Irishman... the Armbar Assassin...

CALLLLLLLUMMMMM MAAAAAAHOOOOONEYYYYY!

[Mahoney holds his arms up aloft and the jeers grow louder, which only causes him to regard the crowd with greater disdain, as he makes his way down the aisle. He stops midway, exchanging words with the fans.]

GM: Callum Mahoney getting his long-awaited World Television Title opportunity and you've gotta expect he's ready for this one, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. SM&K is looking to strap on some gold and tonight might be the night, Gordo.

[Mahoney threatens to backhand a one of the more vocal members of the crowd, but walks on, as we hear him tell the fan, "You're not worth it!" Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. He shrugs off the jacket, walks over to his corner and drops the jacket to the outside. As the music fades, he paces the ring, awaiting his opponent.]

RO: And his opponent...

["You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response. And that's when the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entranceway.]

RO: From Venice Beach, California at 260 pounds... he is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAAAAAAMPIONNNN...

SUUUUUUUUUPERNOOOOOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame.]

GM: There he is, fans! The World Television Champion since defeating Shadoc Rage last November at SuperClash... and now that he's disposed of Rage one final time at Memorial Day Mayhem, Supernova is looking ahead to a new set of challengers starting right here tonight with Callum Mahoney.

[As he heads down the rampway, Supernova is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl, before taking his place in the corner.]

GM: Supernova hands the treasured World Television Title belt over to referee Ricky Longfellow...

[Mahoney doesn't even look at the title belt as it's presented to him, keeping his gaze locked on Supernova who returns the favor from his corner, shifting his weight from foot to foot as Longfellow hands the belt out to the timekeeper.]

GM: Traditional ten minute time limit for this World Television Title showdown and...

[Longfellow wheels around to the middle of the ring, waving a hand to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Mahoney strides to the center of the ring, talking towards Supernova who walks out to meet him. The crowd is buzzing as the two men stand in the middle, trading words...]

GM: Both men engaging in a war of words to start us off and...

[Suddenly, Mahoney draws and fires, throwing a right hand that catches Supernova on the ear, sending him stumbling backwards. The Fighting Irishman comes in quickly behind him, grabbing Supernova by the scruff of the neck...]

GM: Facefirst into the buckles! And again!

[Mahoney swings Supernova around, pressing his back into the buckles as the Fighting Irishman throws looping right hand to the midsection once... twice... three times. He grabs an arm, whipping Supernova across...

...or so he thinks but Supernova reverses it, sending Mahoney crashing into the buckles, bouncing back out...]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP BY 'NOVA!

[Supernova turns around as Mahoney gets back to his feet...

...and runs him down with a clothesline!]

GM: Supernova takes him down with a clothesline!

[Mahoney gets up again and gets run down again!]

GM: Another one for good measure... and there goes Mahoney, rolling out to the safety of the floor.

[Supernova pounds his chest, throwing his head back in a howl as the challenger paces around the ring, shaking his head. The World Television Champion shouts down at Mahoney, gesturing him towards the ring...]

GM: Supernova's calling him out, trying to get him back inside the ring...

[Mahoney walks around the ring, trying to regroup as Supernova continues to shout at him...

...and the crowd begins to cheer loudly!]

GM: Wait a second!

[The camera cuts to the aisleway, revealing former World Television Champion Shadoc Rage walking towards the ring.]

GM: What's HE doing out here?!

BW: Hey, Shadoc Rage has a vested interest in all things World Television Title, Gordo.

GM: That much is true but he's also been BANNED from getting any more shots at the World Television Title as long as Supernova is wearing it!

BW: A biased decision if you ask me.

[Supernova turns towards the interruption, pointing an accusing finger down the aisle as Rage continues to walk towards the ring.]

GM: The Canadian crowd seems happy to see Shadoc Rage again but... well, they may be alone in that. The champion, Supernova, is letting him have it from the ring...

BW: He is but-

GM: MAHONEY!

[With Supernova's back turned, Callum Mahoney slides into the ring, storming across the ring and nailing the World Television Champion from the blindside, sending him tumbling through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Sneak attack from the blind side!

[Mahoney, out on the floor now as well, pulls Supernova off the ringside mats, slamming Supernova's painted face into the ring apron.]

GM: Mahoney bounces his face off the apron!

[Grabbing Supernova by the shoulder, Mahoney HURLS him backwards into the steel barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MAHONEY HURLS HIM INTO THE RAILING!

[Not wasting any time, Mahoney rushes forward, grabbing Supernova by the back of the head, smashing a forearm uppercut up into the jaw once... twice... three times. He drags Supernova over to the apron, throwing him under the ropes back inside the ring.]

GM: Mahoney puts him back in... climbs back in himself...

[With Supernova down on the mat, Mahoney leaps up, dropping a knee down across the sternum, sliding into a lateral press.]

GM: The challenger gets one... he gets two...

[But Supernova kicks out, breaking the pin attempt. With Mahoney back up, stomping Supernova into the mat, Shadoe Rage reaches the ring, looking on thoughtfully.]

GM: Mahoney pulling Supernova back to his feet... oh! Hard forearm upside the jaw!

[Supernova staggers away towards the ropes as Mahoney pursues, pushing him to the ropes and grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whip across...

[Mahoney ducks down for a backdrop but Supernova leaps over him, pulling him down into a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Mahoney clashes his legs together on the ears of Supernova, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Mahoney breaks free...

[Both men try to get to their feet first but Mahoney lunges at Supernova, driving home another European uppercut, taking Supernova back down to the canvas!]

GM: OHH! What a shot out of Mahoney!

[Mahoney slides into the mount, blasting Supernova with closed fists as the referee reprimands him. At the count of four and change, Mahoney climbs to his feet, lifting his hands as the official warns him against illegal activity.]

GM: Mahoney drags Supernova off the mat...

[He pulls 'Nova over towards the ropes, planting his shin on the back of the neck as he pushes him down on the middle rope...]

GM: That's a choke! That's a choke, fans!

[The referee starts counting again as Mahoney rocks back and forth, strangling the air out of the World Television Champion. Again, Mahoney breaks at four, backing away...]

...and the referee's turned back is the cue for Shadoe Rage to rush out of his spot at ringside, driving a closed fist into the side of Supernova's head, knocking him back inside the ring!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand by Shadoe Rage out on the floor... and the way Callum Mahoney is looking at him right now, I don't think Mahoney had any idea that was coming, Bucky.

BW: Shadoe Rage never strikes me as the kind of guy who'll let someone else in on his plans.

GM: Absolutely not. I can't imagine Rage being on the same page with SM&K but I can't understand why he's out here, Bucky.

BW: That's because you're not devious enough.

GM: Huh?

[Mahoney moves in, stomping Supernova into the mat again as Bucky explains.]

BW: Look, the ruling out of Emerson Gellar said that Shadoe Rage never gets another World Television Title shot as long as Supernova holds the title, right?

GM: Right.

BW: So, what would have to happen for Rage to get another shot at the title he loves so much?

GM: Supernova would have to... lose the title?

BW: Exactly.

GM: So, Shadoe Rage is out here to help Mahoney win the title?!

BW: Sounds like a plan to me.

[Mahoney drags Supernova off the mat, shoving him back against the ropes before laying in a forearm smash across the sternum.]

GM: Hard shot by Mahoney!

[Holding Supernova against the ropes, Mahoney lays in a big knee to the midsection, doubling up Supernova. The Fighting Irishman pulls Supernova away from the ropes towards the middle of the ring, leaping up to drive BOTH knees into the face of 'Nova, knocking him down to the canvas.]

GM: Unusual offense out of the Fighting Irishman and the World Television Champion finds himself in some trouble early on...

[Mahoney backs off, measuring Supernova as the champion pushes up to all fours...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and connects with a running soccer kick to the ribs, causing Supernova to roll over towards the ropes. Mahoney stays on him, stomping the ribs over and over, driving Supernova under the ropes and out to the floor. The referee steps in, forcing Mahoney to step back again...]

GM: Mahoney and the referee tangled up again and... wait a second!

[Shadoe Rage scoops Supernova off his feet, lifting him into the air, and SLAMS him down on the thin ringside mats covering the concrete floor of the Air Canada Centre!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Rage scampers quickly away, ducking down and watching as the Canadian crowd cheers his actions. Mahoney smirks as he brushes past the official, ducking out through the ropes before dropping down to the floor.]

GM: Mahoney dragging Supernova back to his feet... perhaps sensing the World Television Title is on the verge of changing hands right here in Toronto, Canada...

[Grabbing Supernova by the arm, Mahoney goes for a whip...

...but Supernova reverses!]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: THE CHAMPION REVERSES!

[And with Mahoney laid out against the barricade, Supernova charges the distance of the ringside area, flinging himself into the air...

...and SLAMS into Mahoney with a Heat Wave splash against the railing!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OH MY STARS!! WHAT A MOVE BY SUPERNOVA!

[The World Television Champion pounds his chest, letting loose one of his trademark howls to the Toronto crowd who echo in response. He pulls Mahoney off the railing by the hair, hurling him under the ropes. He steps back, wincing as he grabs at his lower back...

...and Shadoe Rage comes tearing around the corner, looking to strike...]

GM: HOLD ON! HOLD ON!

[...but Supernova ducks his head, LAUNCHING Rage into the air, sending him flipping through the Canadian air where he CRASHES down on the thinly-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BACKDROP! BACKDROP ON THE FLOOR!

[Supernova points a threatening finger at a pain-racked Rage who is rolling back and forth on the floor. The World Television Champion quickly climbs back up on the apron, ducking through the ropes to pursue Callum Mahoney who has crawled across the ring to the other side.]

GM: Supernova moving in on Mahoney!

[Supernova backs Mahoney against the ropes, hammering away with right hands. The blows come quicker... and quicker... and quicker, driving Mahoney down to the mat, hanging onto the ropes as Supernova spins away with another howl.]

GM: Supernova's firing up here in Toronto, pulling Mahoney off the-

[But Mahoney reaches up, digging his fingers into the eyes!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by Mahoney, raking the eyes!

[Mahoney slips in behind the blinded Supernova, hooking a leg as he lifts him off the mat, dumping him down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: Cradle suplex from behind!

[With Supernova's shoulders down, Mahoney hangs on for dear life as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Supernova's shoulder comes flying up off the mat just before the three count comes down...

...but Mahoney grabs the lifted arm, swinging his legs up to scissor the limb between them!]

GM: Mahoney's going for the Armbar! He's trying to hook the Armbar!

[Supernova instinctively locks his hands, preventing Mahoney from stretching out the arm and trying to hyperextend it...]

GM: The champion's trying to block it!

BW: If Mahoney can snap that grip, he can snap that arm!

GM: I'll do you one better, Bucky, if Mahoney is able to get that arm extended, we're going to have a new World Television Champion!

[Mahoney continues to pound the hands, trying to break the grip. He leans back, swinging his left leg down into the face of Supernova once... twice... three times... four times, trying to get the armbar locked in.]

GM: Mahoney struggling to get the hold applied! Supernova is fighting with all he's got! He knows what happens if that armbar gets locked in! He knows what happens if-

[Supernova pushes down on the mat with his legs, rolling back to his feet as Mahoney continues to fight for the armbar...]

GM: Supernova's trying to find a counter! Trying to find a way out of this situation!

[With his arm still trapped, Supernova digs down deep...

...and LIFTS Mahoney into the air!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS! SUPERNOVA POWERING HIS WAY OUT OF THAT ARMBAR ATTEMPT!

[The crowd is roaring for the show of strength as Supernova stumbles across the ring under Mahoney's weight...

...and DRIVES him into the turnbuckles with a makeshift powerbomb!]

GM: BUCKLE BOMB... and SUPERNOVA'S NOT DONE!

[The World Television Champion backs across the ring, throwing himself back against the buckles...

...and then goes charging across the ring, leaping into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...only to go CRASHING into the turnbuckles when Shadoe Rage makes a move, shoving Mahoney aside!]

GM: OH! Blatant interference by Shadoe Rage! Rage just saved Mahoney and-

[Rage looks up...

...and the referee is looking right at him!

BW: No! He didn't do anything wrong! He didn't-

[And the official pivots, signaling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Rage slams his hands down on the apron, shouting at the official who walks over to talk to the ring announcer.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... due to outside interference, the referee has DISQUALIFIED Callum Mahoney!

[Big cheers!]

RO: Therefore, your winner and STILL AWA World Television Champion... SUPERNOVA!

[Supernova, slumped against the ropes holding his chest, has his arm raised by the official as a furious Callum Mahoney looks on...

...and then points an accusing finger out at Shadoe Rage!]

BW: Uh oh.

GM: Oh, I think the Fighting Irishman just realized who's to blame for him losing his shot at the title!

[Mahoney drops to his back, rolling under the ropes to the floor. He stomps over to Shadoe Rage, yanking him around the shoulder, sticking an accusing finger in his face.]

GM: And we've got a problem out here on the floor.

[Mahoney reaches out, shoving Rage back a step. The former World Television Champion recoils and then lunges forward, shoving Mahoney. He points to the ring, making the title belt gesture as Mahoney shouts at him. The referee rolls out to the floor, wedging himself between Mahoney and Rage.]

GM: Callum Mahoney is hot under the collar and who can blame him? Shadoo Rage just cost him his shot at the title!

BW: Rage was trying to help him! He was trying to help him win the title!

GM: Maybe he was but he failed! He got Mahoney disqualified!

[Supernova watches from inside the ring as Rage and Mahoney are bickering as the referee tries to keep them separated...]

GM: This might break down right in front of us! Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet!

[We cut backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by. To his left in a navy blue AWA t-shirt slightly covered by a black vest is "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor.]

MS: Bobby, tonight is the big night. Your title shot, your first in all your time here in the AWA, against World Champion Johnny Detson. Are you ready?

BOC: I like to think that everyone at this level is ready for a match like this, Mark. This is what everyone works so hard for, this is why we put our bodies on the line day in and day out. I think everyone from my good friend Jack Lynch to the younger talent like Jordan Ohara is ready, knowing any day could be THEIR day. With that said, I'm more ready than I've ever been in my life. This is as important a thing as I've ever done. It's not just a title that's on the line...

[Bobby slaps his chest, hitting the AWA logo emblazoned across it.]

BOC: ... but the good name of this company I love so much as well.

[Mark nods.]

MS: Tonight is your first shot at championship gold, but won't be your first time in the ring with Johnny Detson. Are you prepared for everything that he and his Kings are no doubt plotting?

[Bobby nods, rubbing his head as if a bruise was there.]

BOC: Oh, I know the World Champion only too well. I remember that the first time we met, I gave him more trouble than he expected so he and his no good manager bashed my head in with a cane. Not long after that, he cheated Ryan out of a championship. Time has passed, and we see how little has changed when it comes to Johnny Detson. Still cheating to get what he wants... and still hiding behind a no good manager and a pack of thugs. But, as far as I'm concerned?

[Bobby looks Mark dead in the eyes.]

BOC: PLENTY has changed in the world of Bobby O'Connor. I've learned a lifetime's worth since the last time Detson and I tangled one on one. I helped my friends fight for the future of this company. I fought the devil himself to protect my best friend. Because no matter what happens, along with death and taxes there's one thing you can count on.

[Bobby points an index finger directly at the camera.]

BOC: I will FIGHT. I will fight for the good of my friends and the sport I love. I will fight for all the great fans that tune in week in and week out to see the greatest athletes the world has to offer. And I will fight YOU, Detson. Because it's what's right. You've treated this place like your personal playground for far too long. Tonight I put an end to that MYSELF. Because unlike you, I don't hide behind anyone and I don't have anyone else fight my battles for me. I've told Jack and Travis that no matter what you pull tonight, I'm doing this on my own. And they're spreading that word around the locker room. When it's all said and done, when I'm standing tall with my hand raised...

[Bobby shakes his head.]

BOC: You won't have an excuse. You won't be able to blame anyone... not anyone in the world but yourself. Because once the dust clears...

[Bobby grins and nods at Mark.]

BOC: You're looking at the next heavyweight champion of the world.

[The camera closes on the confident look on the face of Bobby O'Connor as we fade back out to a panning shot of the Air Canada Centre crowd.]

GM: Wow. Bobby O'Connor certainly not lacking in confidence as he prepares to take on the World Champion here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Yeah? Well, he should be lacking in confidence, Gordo. We haven't seen this guy in the ring in... what? Seven months? And his first match back is against the greatest professional athlete in the world today? O'Connor's got these grand visions of a Cinderella story going down here tonight in Toronto but all I'm hearing are delusions of grandeur, daddy.

GM: We're going to find out in just a few-

#It's dark...and hell is hot#

[MASSIVE BOOS! "Ain't no Sunshine" by DMX begins to play, announcing the arrival of the most reviled man in all of professional wrestling, the former People's Hero...Juan Vasquez. The jeers grow ever louder, once the Air Canada Centre crowd sees Vasquez emerge from behind the curtains, dressed in a black hoodie, a red t-shirt underneath with his face depicted in the likeness of Che Guevara, black pants, and retro oreo 5 Air Jordans.]

GM: Well, just as this man didn't bother with an invitation to come out here, he certainly needs no introduction as well.

[Making his way down the aisle, Vasquez is assaulted at from all sides by the fans' hatred and anger. He pays them no mind, merely smirking at the Canadian faithful. Passing by the camera, he looks right into it and exclaims, "I _still_ own this town!" before making his way down to the ring. Stepping through the ropes, he throws his head back and holds out his arms, soaking in the crowd's overwhelmingly negative reaction.]

GM: Juan Vasquez coming to the ring... and I have to assume he's here to address what we heard from "Hotshot" Stevie Scott earlier tonight. One more time. Homecoming. Scott versus Vasquez. What's it going to be?

[Holding the microphone up to his lips, Vasquez smirks.]

JV: Hey Toronto, it's been awhile.

[He grins an obnoxious grin.]

JV: Did you miss me?

[The deafening roar of boos suggest that they did not. Juan is not impressed.]

JV: I'm the man that made Toronto the hottest territory in all of professional wrestling once upon a time and this is how you greet me? Sad!

[He shakes his head with disappointment.]

JV: I heard you earlier. Stevie Scott, a man that never so much as set foot in a wrestling ring in Canada comes prancing out here in his \$10 loafers and you're all...

"Wel-come back! Wel-come back! Wel-come back!"

[He rolls his eyes.]

JV: He was never even here to begin with, people! But me, a TRUE wrestling hero of Canada... hell, I daresay the GREATEST wrestling hero in the history of Canada...

[The crowd really lets Juan hear the boos for that one.]

JV: ...gets THIS sort of reaction? Unbelievable. You alllllll believed in Juan Vasquez once upon a time.

EVERY.

SINGLE.

ONE OF YOU!

[He punctuates each word with an emphatic point towards the crowd.]

JV: And before I'm done, you're all gonna believe in Juan Vasquez once again. So let's get down to business...

[A deadly serious look forms on Vasquez's face.]

JV: Stevie Scott.

[There's a loud cheer at the mention of the former National Champion.]

JV: If I never saw your stupid, smirking face again, it'd be too soon, you rotten son of a bitch.

[The crowd goes "OHHHH!" at Vasquez's strong language.]

JV: You should've stayed a memory, amigo...because this ain't the Juan Vasquez you knew. This ain't even the AWA you knew. This is MY kingdom and MY domain. This is my own personal wrestling utopia and those that don't belong...

...find themselves on the wrong end of a piledriver.

[There's a chorus of boos at the mention of the piledriver.]

JV: But you're right, Stevie...once upon a time, we both stood at the very top of the wrestling world together. The two biggest damn stars in this universe. But then the universe got too small to contain two stars this big...and one of us had to go.

Here's a reminder...

...it wasn't me.

[A smirk.]

JV: But you want to dance this dance one last time? You want to remind me who YOU are?

[He chuckles.]

JV: No, amigo...let me remind you who *I* am.

I'M JUAN VASQUEZ!!!

The man that left you with a broken neck on his way towards becoming the biggest damn star this sport has ever seen!

The man that took your National Title not once, but TWICE!

The man that took this company you helped "build" and MADE this company the greatest in the world!

And in two months...in Dallas, Texas...

...I'm gonna' be the man that puts an end to your career once and for all!

[There's a mixed reaction from the crowd, excited by Vasquez accepting Stevie Scott's challenge, but disgusted by his words.]

JV: But I ain't about to wait two months to get my hands on you, cabron. You jumped me from behind like a damn coward and I ain't gonna' let that slide. I know you're still in the building... and if you're the man that you claim to be, then come out here right now so I can show the world just how badly I'm gonna' embarrass you in Dallas.

[A beat.]

JV: Unless of course, you're still just as big a pu...

[The censor scrambled to mute that one real quick.]

JV: ...as you used to be!

[The crowd goes wild at Vasquez's coarse language.]

GM: Please excuse the language, ladies and gentlemen. Juan Vasquez clearly has no regard for anyone or anything these days including the FCC.

BW: WOAHH! Them's fighting words, Gordo!

GM: Indeed they are...

[And suddenly the jeers from the crowd turn into overwhelming cheers!]

GM: ...because here comes Stevie Scott!

[The former National Champion is dressed just like he was earlier in the night, stomping down the aisle towards the ring. He's pointing down to the squared circle where his longtime rival is standing. Vasquez sheds his hoodie and shirt, tossing them aside as he balls up his fist.]

GM: And we may be about to see one heck of a fight, fans!

[Scott dives under the bottom rope which is where Vasquez strikes, lunging forward to stomp the Hotshot in the back of the head once... twice... three times before bringing him up to his feet. Vasquez grabs him by the arm, shooting him across the ring...]

GM: Stevie Scott fired off the ropes...

[A smirking Vasquez shifts his stance, setting up for one of his most famous moves: the hiptoss.]

GM: Vasquez sets and-

[But familiarity is the key to Stevie Scott being able to slam on the brakes, blocking a move he's been hit with many times before...

...and FLATTENING Juan Vasquez with a standing clothesline!]

GM: Down goes Vasquez!

[And with the roaring crowd urging him on, the Hotshot takes a loose mount, grabbing a handful of hair and slamming his fist down into the skull of the Hall of Famer rapidfire!]

GM: Scott's beating the hell out of him down on the mat! We're getting a sneak preview of what we're going to see in two months' time at Homecoming and these fans are loving it!

BW: Vasquez is all alone out here! No Zharkov! No Jackson Hunter!

[Scott continues to pound Vasquez before finally pulling away, shouting to the fans as he rids himself of his own shirt, flinging it aside as he marches to the corner...

...and stomps his foot, letting the entire world know what's coming next!]

GM: Stevie's calling for the Heatseeker! We saw him lay out Juan Vasquez with this very same superkick two weeks ago!

[Scott is eagerly shouting at Vasquez, pleading with him to get to his feet so he can drop him with his signature superkick once more...

...when suddenly someone slides into the ring.]

GM: What the-?! Get security out here!

[The dark-skinned man now standing in the ring is wearing a charcoal grey suit with a slightly lighter color dress shirt underneath. A black tie dangles from his neck and dark black sunglasses rest on his face. Scott looks around puzzled, gesturing to security at ringside...]

BW: That guy doesn't look like someone I'd want to mess with. Security can have him!

[Scott steps forward, shouting at the guy to get out of the ring...

...when the man's right hand darts out, stabbing like a snake as he hooks his "fangs" into the neck of Scott!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[The well-dressed man locks his fingers on the neck of Scott, presumably boring down into two pressure points as Scott cries out, swatting at the arm connected to his neck...]

GM: He's got Stevie Scott! He's got him in... some kind of nerve hold or something!

[Scott is frantically battering the arm now, saliva being spat out as he tries to get free. Down on the mat, Juan Vasquez takes a knee, looking on with a gleeful expression.]

GM: Is... is this guy WITH Juan Vasquez?!

[Climbing to his feet, Vasquez shouts at the man to "end it!" The saliva coming from Scott's mouth thickens, now dribbling from the corner of his mouth almost like foam.]

GM: Scott's foaming at the mouth! We need some help out here! This man has assaulted Stevie Scott and the Hotshot is foaming at the mouth!

[With a quick one-legged legsweep, the man drives Scott down to the mat, keeping his hand locked on the neck of the former National Champion...]

GM: We've got a problem out here!

[Vasquez stands over Stevie Scott, shouting at him.]

"YOU THINK YOU CAN BEAT ME?! YOU'RE NOTHING, OLD MAN! NOTHING!"

[The fingers clutching the neck of Scott stayed locked in place and after a few more moments, blood begins to trail down out of Scott's mouth.]

GM: Dear lord! He's bleeding! Stevie Scott is bleeding from the mouth and-

[The crowd cheers as some members of the AWA locker room come running down the aisle to the ring. Cesar Hernandez dives under the ropes followed by Chris Choynet, Howie Somers, Daniel Harper, and several others. These competitors instantly latch on to the suited man, trying to pull him off of Stevie Scott.]

GM: They're trying to drag this man off of the Hotshot but-

BW: But they can't do it! He's determined to put Scott on the shelf!

[Vasquez is down on all fours, screaming and taunting Stevie Scott who is now convulsing on the mat, a mix of saliva and blood coming out of his mouth as these AWA fan favorites attempt to break his iron grip on Scott's throat.]

GM: We've gotta get more help out here! Juan Vasquez and... whoever the heck this guy is... they're trying to end Stevie Scott right here tonight! This guy is out of control!

[The camera is in deep, zoomed in on Scott as his body twitches and shakes, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth...]

GM: Gaaah. Fans, I can't... we need to get away from this. Can someone... if someone in the truck can hear me, let's go to break right now... yes, right now.

[We continue to see the shot of the helpless Stevie Scott...

...and we abruptly fade to black.

We fade up from black on a star-lit sky. All is peaceful as our voiceover begins.]

"This year, the fireworks won't just be on the 4th of July."

[On cue, the shot is filled with exploding fireworks - red, white, blue, green, orange - all exploding in tremendous bursts of color as the opening guitar riffs "Highway" by Bleeker begins to play. As the vocals kick in, we cut to shots of AWA competitors in action.]

#No going down
No cutting out
The sun comes up before you go#

[The first group shows Pure X securing The X anklelock on an opponent before flash-cutting to Supernova sailing through the air with a Heat Wave splash to Brian James delivering the infamous Blackheart Punch to a set of steel steps.]

#My baby's gone
My hollow soul
I feel a cold wind start to blow#

[A Travis Lynch Discus Punch starts up the next batch followed by a flash-cut to Jordan Ohara sailing off the top rope with a crossbody and finally to Dave Bryant delivering the Call Me In The Morning superkick.]

#Every little stop sign#

[Rufus Harris bulldozes down an opponent, delivering ferocious ground and pound inside the GFC Hexagon.]

#All the red lights like#

[Maxim Zharkov recklessly flings a victim across the ring with a released gutwrench suplex.]

#A preacher on a Saturday night#

[Rex Summers drops a foe on their head with the devastating Heat Check DDT.]

#The devil's in the details#

[Derrick Williams delivers the Neuralyzer, blasting his opponent in the back of the head with a rolling elbow.]

#Pretty little females#

[The Gladiator brings a helpless foe crashing down to Earth with his military press powerslam.]

#Tell me all your sweet sweet lies#

[MAMMOTH Maximus PLANTS his victim with a devastating powerbomb before we flash cut to Jack Lynch connecting with a leaping knee to the jaw.]

#I can't slow down it's so damn loud
Let's burn this town alive#

[Larry Wallace delivering the Best Dropkick In The World flash cuts to Noboru Fujimoto using the Falling Laser Lasso to plant someone facefirst into the canvas.]

#Oh pocket full of moonshine
Countin' all the white lies#

[Riley Hunter gets big air, diving over the top rope onto a pile of competitors with a Tope Con Hilo before we flash cut to Eddie Van Gibson driving someone facefirst into the mat with the Move That Shall Not Be Named to Johnny Detson using the Wilde Driver.]

#Time to take the highway highway highway#

[Supreme Wright brings someone crashing down onto his knees with Fat Tuesday.]

#Baby take the highway#

[Juan Vasquez delivers the Right Cross to a kneeling opponent.]

#Ima' take the highway#

[Ryan Martinez delivers the brainbuster onto his foe as we flash cut to black, the music still playing as we see the details on the big event.]

"BATTLE OF BOSTON
July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th
TD Garden
LIVE on The X"

[And then... black.]

We fade back up on Mark Stegglet standing backstage alongside the Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar, who looks a little worn down.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X, fans, and joining me at this time is the Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar, who's had another tough night.

[Gellar grins.]

EG: Nobody ever said this gig was going to be easy, Mark... but I'm up for the challenge.

MS: First, Mr. Gellar... any update on what we just saw?

[Gellar grimaces, shaking his head.]

EG: I can tell you that Stevie Scott was loaded into an ambulance during the break and is being taken to a nearby hospital for treatment... that much I know.

MS: What about the man in the suit? The one with Juan Vasquez?

EG: I've got no information on that man as of right now, Mark. His appearance here tonight is as big of a surprise to me as it is to anyone else. I don't even know his name.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: I'm sure Sweet Lou is already on the case but...alright, we are just moments away from the World Title Main Event but before we get to that, let's talk about the Battle of Boston. Thirty of the world's best coming together to crown THE best wrestler walking on the planet today.

EG: Seven days away. When we first announced this, it seemed like an eternity to get there but it's finally here and I can't wait.

MS: You know, you're not alone in that, Mr. Gellar. In fact, we received a special piece of video earlier today that we've been asked to share with AWA fans all over the world. Let's take a look...

[We fade through black to footage from the February 13th edition of Saturday Night Wrestling.

A night that will live in infamy.

It opens with Juan Vasquez jabbing his thumb into the eye of Ryan Martinez.]

GM: OH! VASQUEZ GOES TO THE EYE!

[Dropping to his knees, Vasquez swings his right arm up into the groin of the blinded World Champion!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND HE GOES LOW! WHAT A PIECE OF-

[Back on his feet, smirking as Martinez slumps to his knees in front of him, Vasquez looks out at the crowd with disdain. He extends his arms, waving his hands, inciting them to jeer louder.]

BW: Can you believe this, Gordo? Vasquez is actually LIKING these boos.

GM: I can't believe it at all. It makes me physically sick to my stomach in fact.

[Vasquez nods to the crowd as he steps forward, pulling Martinez into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Oh god, no!

[The Hall of Famer doesn't give anyone time to react though, pulling Martinez up, and quickly sitting out in a piledriver! The crowd ROARS with an "OHHHHHH!" and then suddenly falls silent as they realize what they just saw.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: A quick-shot piledriver! That's not the usual delayed piledriver we see most of the time - the one meant to cripple. That one's meant to hurt... and hurt bad... but it won't put you on the shelf for a year!

GM: Martinez is down! Martinez is out!

BW: Yeah, he's not getting up for a while, Gordo. He's out cold!

[The camera draws back to reveal that the footage has been playing on a high definition monitor, one of a dozen, placed all around a familiar sight to long time AWA fans – the training ring located in the Combat Corner.

The footage of Vasquez' evil act plays on a continuous loop, over and again, playing for the man who stands in front of the monitor watching it.

The former World Heavyweight Champion.

The AWA's White Knight.

Ryan Martinez.

Martinez is shirtless, his head and upper body covered in sweat. Around his shoulders is a white towel. He wears baggy black gym shorts, as well as wrestling boots. Slowly, he turns to face the camera.]

RM: I let that play to remind me of what you did, Vasquez.

And I let it play to remind me that I failed.

[Martinez' physique remains less than optimal. There is still a softness to his upper body, and his right arm is in a compression sleeve.]

RM: I underestimated you, Juan. I knew what you were capable of, but I let my pride, and my temper blind me. Maybe it was naïve, maybe I was just being a dumb kid. But you got the drop on me in February.

And I'm here to say – never again.

Make no mistake. I've still got my pride. And my temper is red hot. Especially after Memorial Day.

But when I come for you, Juan, I won't have any blinders on. And while I may not be ready yet, I promise you, I will be.

Because I've been here every day, pushing myself to the limit. And when the Battle of Boston comes around, I'll be ready.

Now, it hasn't been easy.

[The camera cuts from "live" footage of Martinez to a flashback earlier in the day. Martinez is seen in the ring with the proverbial "condominium with legs," Bonecrusher Boone. Boone whips Martinez hard into the ropes, and follows him in with a bone crushing splash that gives truth to his namesake. Martinez makes a slow motion fall out of the corner, landing face first on the mat. As we stay with the flashback footage, Martinez' voice is heard over it.]

RM: And I've paid the price.

[This time, Martinez is in the ring with Bret Grayson. The Olympic medalist has Martinez down on the mat, and is stretching Martinez' arm out with a fully extended armbar, as Martinez thrashes helplessly on the mat.]

RM: But every time I was knocked down....

[Martinez is now in the ring with Koji Nakano. The former World Champion is down on his knees, taking kick after kick to the chest from the Japanese import.]

RM: I found my way to my feet.

[Martinez is seen standing in the corner with Boone once again, but this time the massive mountain of a man is on the receiving end, as Martinez unleashes a devastating flurry of his trademark knife edge chops. As Martinez finishes, the camera zooms in close on Boone's chest, to reveal that the skin has been broken, and there's a long line of red blood oozing down his chest.]

RM: Because that's what I do, Vasquez. That's what a Martinez does. Knock us down, and we rise.

[Martinez, his right arm hanging limp at his side, charges forward, and levels Grayson with a Yakuza kick that leaves the Olympian unconscious on the mat.]

RM: Never tell me the odds, because when you do, you're just telling me how hard I need to fight.

[After lighting up Nakano with a series of hard slaps to the face, Martinez hooks Nakano into a front facelock, and then lifts him high, dropping him to the mat with a ring rattling brainbuster. With that, the camera cuts back to Martinez.]

RM: At the Battle of Boston, there will be no excuses, Juan. And there'll be no escape. I'm not taking anything away from Ohara or Williams. But you know, we know something about destiny, don't we, Juan?

And we know that destiny is going to put us on opposite sides of the ring.

[Martinez pulls the towel from his shoulders, wiping his face with it.]

RM: And I'll tell you right now, Juan. Don't go counting on your friend Zharkov to get in my way.

Zharkov, you're a big scary man. And no one has ever defeated you in the AWA. I'm not looking past you. Not one bit.

But like I said, this is destiny. And Boston won't be the place where destiny is denied.

This is about you and I, Juan, and it won't be about anything else until its over.

Until you are over.

[Martinez' eyes burn with a red hot intensity.]

RM: You took everything from me, and then you turned around and tried to destroy my family. Well, I haven't forgotten anything, and I will never forgive you.

It's fitting, after what you did, that Boston will be the place where the final chapter is written in the story of Juan Vasquez. And that chapter ends with me driving your skull into the mat, just like you did to me. But there'll be no postscript, there'll be no second coming. There will just Ryan Martinez, putting an end to you, once and for all.

Count on it!

[And with that, Martinez discards his towel and slides back into the ring, the next Combat Corner challenger entering to face him as we fade through black and back to Gellar and Stegglet.]

MS: Ryan Martinez, the White Knight himself, returns in just seven days for a date with destiny, Mr. Gellar.

EG: And I think that just goes to show how much this tournament means, Mark. Ryan Martinez may not be at one hundred percent yet but he's pushing himself to be in Boston. Dave Bryant's been at the gym non-stop since Memorial Day as well... he wants to be in Boston. Guys like Rufus Harris coming back to the AWA... he wants to be in Boston. And of course, someone like Eddie Van Gibson coming out of retirement for one weekend... he wants to be in Boston. There are so many others... I can hardly wait.

MS: When you look at the first round of action, what are some matches you're most anticipating?

[Gellar smiles.]

EG: There are so many, Mark, but I think the one that has caught the eye of a lot of fans is this battle between The Gladiator and Torin The Titan. I mean... you want to talk about a clash of the irresistible force meeting the immovable object? Wow. That may be one of the most eagerly anticipated matches in a long time and I know fans everywhere are waiting to see what happens in that one.

MS: Speaking of eagerly anticipating things, I understand you've got a few more announcements to make about about Battle of Boston weekend.

EG: Absolutely. It's been signed, sealed, and delivered - on Night One, we'll be featuring a non-tournament matchup for the AWA World Tag Team Titles that will see Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan defending the gold against Jack and Travis Lynch! The Lynches are gonna get their rematch... and to make sure we get a fair shake, I'm appointing Jack Marshall as the official referee for that one.

[Stegglet nods as Gellar continues.]

EG: In addition, while the majority of the roster is focused on the Battle of Boston, the women in the locker room are looking ahead to Madison Square Garden and the Rumble to crown the first Women's World Champion. On Night Two, we're going to have a sneak preview of that with a six woman tag team showdown. The participants for that will be announced in the days ahead but I'm looking forward to that. Plus, there are other non-tournament matches that will be announced during the event itself.

MS: And one final announcement, Mr. Gellar... who won the Wild Card?

[Gellar nods, reaching into his pocket for a sealed envelope. He holds it up for the camera before tearing it open, unfolding the paper within, and smiling.]

EG: Well, unfortunately for fans of the Quadrasaurus, Flex Ferrigno... you've got next weekend off. Bobby O'Connor is the winner of the Wild Card!

[Cheers are heard from inside the Air Canada Centre!]

EG: Which means that no matter the winner of our next match, the World Champion WILL be in the tournament!

[Another set of cheers!]

MS: Mr. Gellar, thank you so much for your time. So much great action, so much to look forward to. Make sure you make your plans right now to join us here on The X all weekend long. It's going to be one for the ages... and now, let's head down to the ring for tonight's Main Event showdown!

[Fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer! Ortiz lowers the mic as "Godzilla" by Blue Oyster Cult begins to play over the PA system, inciting the Toronto crowd into one of the loudest ovations of the night!]

As the drumline kicks in, "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor emerges through the curtain. A big grin on his face, O'Connor pauses just beyond the curtain, soaking up the "welcome back" reaction from the AWA faithful. O'Connor has light brown hair parted to the right, revealing a mess of scar tissue on his forehead. He points to the fans, mouthing "thank you" as he starts down the aisle towards the ring in his white Blue Oyster Cult t-shirt with "B.O.C." emblazoned across the chest.]

GM: Like you said earlier, Bucky, it's been about seven months since we've seen this young man walk the aisle to compete inside an AWA ring and it's good to have him back!

BW: Speak for yourself. Any friend of the Stenches is no friend of mine.

[O'Connor rolls under the ropes, popping up to his feet. He pulls off the t-shirt, flinging it into the crowd to a cheering fan, revealing his cardinal red wrestling trunks with gold trim. He's wearing matching kneepads and boots and has a pretty hefty black elbowpad on his right arm that extends to cover his forearm and part of his upper arm. He salutes the cheering fans before stepping back to the corner, swinging his arms across his chest, trying to stay loose as his music fades...]

...and is replaced by the very familiar opening riff to "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin which sends the crowd into a booing frenzy.]

GM: And... here comes the World Champion.

[A few moments pass before Johnny Detson emerges from the curtain. The manager of the Kings of Wrestling, Brian Lau, is alongside him, looking supremely confident in his tailored jet black suit and sunglasses. The cameraman drifts too close to Lau who leans into the lens, shouting...]

"This man right here is the best thing going in pro wrestling today! He's the champion! The World Champion! And no redneck runt is going to change that!"

[Lau cackles as he walks on, leaving Johnny Detson looking out on the jeering crowd as he walks the aisle in his custom-made Kings of Wrestling jacket. The World Title belt can be seen around his waist as he walks the aisle in his golden full-length tights.]

GM: Johnny Detson will not be defending the World Title at the Battle of Boston - no one will, in fact, but you better believe he wants to walk into that tournament as the champion, Bucky.

BW: It could be a cocktail dinner or a Bar Mitzvah and he'd want to walk into the tournament as the World Champion, Gordo. No matter the occasion, that title belt says you're the best professional wrestler in the world today... the Battle of Boston just gives him a chance to prove it.

[Reaching the ring, Detson eyes O'Connor warily from the floor as the young man paces back and forth. Lau climbs the ringsteps, sitting on the middle rope, holding them open for Johnny Detson as he climbs into the ring as well. He points an accusing finger at Bobby O'Connor who takes a few steps forward, ready to do

battle before Davis Warren gets in his path, making sure they don't get going early. Warren settles things down, getting the competitors back to their respective corners as Rebecca Ortiz steps back to the middle of the ring.]

RO: This Main Event attraction is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONNNNNSHIIIIIP!

[The crowd cheers as Detson slaps the title belt before removing it, handing it over to Davis Warren who shows it to O'Connor before holding it over his head.]

RO: First, in the corner to my right... he is the challenger... weighing in at 265 pounds... fighting out of Jefferson City, Missouri... he was the winner of the 2015 AWA Rumble, earning tonight's title opportunity...

Ladies and gentlemen...

BOBBYYYYYYYYYYY O'CONNNNNNNNNORRRRRRRR!

[The cheers go up for the challenger as he throws his right arm up into the air, nodding to the fans.]

RO: And his opponent...

[The fans are already booing as Detson looks around with disdain.]

RO: He is accompanied to the ring by the only manager in the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame, Brian Lau...

[Lau raises a hand, getting boos of his own.]

RO: ...and representing the most infamous group in the sport today, the Kings of Wrestling...

[More boos!]

RO: He weighed in tonight at 248 pounds... fighting out of Hollywood, California...

[Detson hops up and down in anticipation.]

RO: He is the AWAAAAA WORLD HEAVYWEIIIIIGHT CHAMPIONNNNNNNN...

JOHNNNNNNNNYYYYYYYYYYY DEEEEEEEETSONNNNNNNN!

[Detson springs forward, thrusting both arms up into the air, the crowd EXPLODING in jeers for arguably the most unpopular competitor in the entire world of wrestling. Detson nods his head, lowering his arms as he sheds his Kings of Wrestling jacket. He folds up the jacket, handing it to Brian Lau who hands it out to a ringside attendant.]

GM: And now... it's Main Event time, Bucky. You talk about a match that could be a Main Event anywhere in the world... this fits that description to perfection, my friend.

BW: It does, it does. I'm not the world's biggest Bobby O'Connor fan but I know the kid's got the goods inside that ring and if Johnny Detson isn't on top of his game here tonight, he'll be heading into Boston as the FORMER World Champion, daddy.

[Detson and Lau exchange a pre-match handshake before Lau exits the ring, walking down the steps to the floor. Davis Warren steps to the middle, speaking to both champion and challenger...

...and signals for the bell!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: We’re off and running in this World Title Main Event, fans!

[Detson steps back, pulling his arms up over his head to defend himself, almost as if he expected O’Connor to charge him but the youthful challenger is having none of that, slowly emerging from the corner, looking to circle the World Champion.]

GM: O’Connor not going with the gameplan that Johnny Detson apparently was expecting, Bucky.

BW: I thought the kid would come out swinging too. Smart move on his part to throw Detson off his game.

[O’Connor’s sidestep forces Detson to wheel to the side, fists at the ready as O’Connor changes his approach, moving straight in on Detson...

...who opts to duck through the ropes, sticking his upper body out and shouting at Davis Warren to get O’Connor to back off as the crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: Perhaps Johnny Detson is rethinking his strategy in this one already, looking to get an early timeout.

[O’Connor obliges as the referee orders him back, grimacing as he watches Detson pull back into the ring, standing against the ropes with a thoughtful gaze aimed at his challenger.]

GM: Davis Warren calling for action here... and O’Connor moves in a second time...

[A loud “whoa, whoa, whoa!” escapes from Detson as he sidesteps, ducking through the ropes again. O’Connor tries to push forward this time but Warren moves him back, insisting that he stay off of Detson. The fans are jeering loudly when Detson comes through the ropes again, a smirk on his face...]

GM: Johnny Detson’s enjoying this game of cat and mouse early, Bucky.

[Detson edges away from the ropes as O’Connor takes a step forward... then another... then another...

...and Detson wheels around, looking to escape again but O’Connor reaches out, grabbing him by the back of the tights. A concerned Detson cries out, stretching out for the ropes.]

GM: O’Connor caught him! There’ll be no escape for Johnny Detson this time!

[O’Connor gives the tights a yank, pulling Detson back into his waiting arms, lifting him up into the air, and bringing him crashing tailbone-first down across a bent knee!]

GM: Atomic drop!

[The offensive attack sends Detson pitching forward into the ropes, rebounding back towards O’Connor who winds up, and BLASTS him with an overhead elbow down between the eyes with the heavily-wrapped right arm!]

GM: And a Bunkhouse Elbow puts Detson down on the canvas!

[O'Connor stands over a shocked Detson, shouting at him to get up and fight as the referee steps in, blocking O'Connor from proceeding. Detson slides backwards on the mat, ending up in a spot where he can roll out of the ring to the floor as the crowd jeers his cowardly actions.]

GM: The World Champion is definitely looking for a timeout right about now...

[But the challenger's having none of it, ducking through the ropes, dropping down to the floor on the other side of the ring. He starts jogging around the ring, building up speed as the crowd cheers him on...

...and runs right over a turning Johnny Detson with a clothesline!]

GM: Oh yeah! Big clothesline out on the floor by O'Connor!

[Pulling Detson off the ringside mats, O'Connor drives him facefirst into the ring apron before shoving him under the ropes inside the ring. The challenger grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron...

...and pauses, turning to look at Brian Lau who was creeping towards him. O'Connor has a firm word of warning for Lau who raises his hands, backing away.]

GM: O'Connor caught Lau trying to get involved - that seems to be the M.O. for these Kings of Wrestling, Bucky. Blatant cheating and chicanery... getting involved in each other's matches. It was just two weeks ago that we saw Johnny Detson directly responsible for the World Tag Titles going from the Lynches to Taylor and Donovan. You just hope Taylor and Donovan don't attempt to return the favor here tonight.

[As O'Connor turns back to the ring, Johnny Detson blindsides him with a right hand... and another... and another...

...but O'Connor ducks down, slinging himself between the ropes into a shoulder tackle to the midsection. Grabbing the ropes, O'Connor then slingshots over the top, dragging Detson down in a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP OUTSIDE IN! ONE!! TWO!! T- OHHH!

[Detson rolls all the way across the ring, rolling right out to the floor with a panicked expression on his face as O'Connor claps his hands together, grinning at Detson as he holds two fingers close together.]

GM: And Bobby O'Connor letting Johnny Detson know that he was THAT close to winning the World Title, fans! We've got to take our final commercial break. If this match ends during the break, we'll bring you the conclusion to it when we come back! Don't go away because we'll be right back with more World Title action!

[Fade to black.

We fade up from black on a star-lit sky. All is peaceful as our voiceover begins.]

"This year, the fireworks won't just be on the 4th of July."

[On cue, the shot is filled with exploding fireworks - red, white, blue, green, orange - all exploding in tremendous bursts of color as the opening guitar riffs "Highway" by Bleeker begins to play. As the vocals kick in, we cut to shots of AWA competitors in action.]

#No going down
No cutting out
The sun comes up before you go#

[The first group shows Pure X securing The X anklelock on an opponent before flash-cutting to Supernova sailing through the air with a Heat Wave splash to Brian James delivering the infamous Blackheart Punch to a set of steel steps.]

#My baby's gone
My hollow soul
I feel a cold wind start to blow#

[A Travis Lynch Discus Punch starts up the next batch followed by a flash-cut to Jordan Ohara sailing off the top rope with a crossbody and finally to Dave Bryant delivering the Call Me In The Morning superkick.]

#Every little stop sign#

[Rufus Harris bulldozes down an opponent, delivering ferocious ground and pound inside the GFC Hexagon.]

#All the red lights like#

[Maxim Zharkov recklessly flings a victim across the ring with a released gutwrench suplex.]

#A preacher on a Saturday night#

[Rex Summers drops a foe on their head with the devastating Heat Check DDT.]

#The devil's in the details#

[Derrick Williams delivers the Neuralyzer, blasting his opponent in the back of the head with a rolling elbow.]

#Pretty little females#

[The Gladiator brings a helpless foe crashing down to Earth with his military press powerslam.]

#Tell me all your sweet sweet lies#

[MAMMOTH Maximus PLANTS his victim with a devastating powerbomb before we flash cut to Jack Lynch connecting with a leaping knee to the jaw.]

#I can't slow down it's so damn loud
Let's burn this town alive#

[Larry Wallace delivering the Best Dropkick In The World flash cuts to Noboru Fujimoto using the Falling Laser Lasso to plant someone facefirst into the canvas.]

#Oh pocket full of moonshine
Countin' all the white lies#

[Riley Hunter gets big air, diving over the top rope onto a pile of competitors with a Tope Con Hilo before we flash cut to Eddie Van Gibson driving someone facefirst into the mat with the Move That Shall Not Be Named to Johnny Detson using the Wilde Driver.]

#Time to take the highway highway highway#

[Supreme Wright brings someone crashing down onto his knees with Fat Tuesday.]

#Baby take the highway#

[Juan Vasquez delivers the Right Cross to a kneeling opponent.]

#Ima' take the highway#

[Ryan Martinez delivers the brainbuster onto his foe as we flash cut to black, the music still playing as we see the details on the big event.]

"BATTLE OF BOSTON
July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th
TD Garden
LIVE on The X"

[And then... black.

We fade back up to live action where Bobby O'Connor has Johnny Detson trapped in the corner, lighting him up with knife edge chops.]

GM: A big chop lands on the World Champion as we come back LIVE here in Toronto. The Battle of Boston may be seven days away, fans, but two of the best in the world are battling it out right now for the AWA World Championship.

[O'Connor lands a second big chop as the referee orders him to step back. Instead, O'Connor grabs Detson by the arm, whipping him across the ring where Detson SLAMS backfirst into the corner, staggering back out into another knife edge chop that takes the World Champion off his feet.]

GM: Down goes Detson again and the World Champion just hasn't been able to get on track in this one so far.

[O'Connor pursues the crawling Detson who is heading straight towards Brian Lau who is talking a mile a minute at his charge.]

GM: Lau's trying to get Detson back in this one but the World Champion's having lots of trouble...

[As O'Connor closes the distance, he finds Detson grabbing the ropes. "Bunkhouse" Bobby leans down, grabbing Detson by the feet...]

GM: Uh oh!

[The crowd cheers as O'Connor lifts Detson up, leaving him dangling off the mat as Detson hangs on to the middle rope. The fan favorite looks around at the Toronto crowd, holding the pleading World Champion in place...

...and with a mighty yank, he pulls Detson off the ropes, causing him to crash down hard on the back of his head!]

GM: Ohh! Detson hits the canvas... and-

[Still holding the legs, O'Connor flips over into a double leg cradle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the World Champion kicks out, breaking free of the pin attempt.]

GM: Not enough to keep the champion down...

[Again, Detson starts crawling for it, pulling himself under the ropes to the outside of the ring.]

GM: And again, Johnny Detson bails out to the floor... and again, Bobby O'Connor's going after him!

[With the Toronto fans cheering him on, Bobby O'Connor grabs Detson by the hair, smashing him down into the ring apron again, sending Detson staggering away to the ringpost.]

GM: Detson taking a pounding out here on the floor as well!

BW: And that's gotta be bad news for the World Champion, Gordo. Outside the ring is usually his bread and butter, using his environment to his advantage but so far, like you said earlier, he just can't get on track.

[With a shout, O'Connor goes barreling in towards Detson who is leaning against the post...]

...and at the last moment, Detson throws himself aside, causing O'Connor's right arm to SLAM into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE HIT THE STEEL! O'CONNOR HITS THE STEEL!

[Wailing in pain, O'Connor drops down to the floor, grabbing at his right arm as he rolls back and forth on the padded floor.]

GM: And that may spell big trouble for the challenger, Bucky.

BW: That right arm that Supreme Wright broke back at SuperClash just took a major shot into unforgiving solid steel, daddy. Not only did O'Connor possibly just cost himself the World Title but he may have also cost himself his Wild Card spot in the Battle of Boston tournament! If that arm is banged up, he might not be able to be in the tournament at all!

[Rushing to the side of the World Champion, Brian Lau begins pointing animatedly at O'Connor, shouting for Detson to "go for the arm! Go after it!"]

GM: Brian Lau making sure Detson knows the arm is hurt.

BW: And that's the kind of help that makes Lau invaluable to have at ringside. You know, Gordo... a lot of people have speculated what the World Champion needed when he joined up with the James Gang to form the Kings and I think this is the perfect example. He's got a Hall of Fame manager guiding him and he's got three of the best young studs in this business watching his back.

GM: I think more people have speculated why in the world the James Gang would associate themselves with Johnny Detson.

BW: He's Johnny Detson! He's the World Champion! Why WOULDN'T you jump at the chance to be a part of that? Being around the World Champion gets you in the headlines... gets you in the biggest matches... gets you the biggest paydays. For three young guys like Taylor, Donovan, and James... they should be absorbing everything a future Hall of Famer like Detson has to say and do like a sponge.

[Back on his feet, Detson approaches the rising O'Connor, clubbing him across the shoulder with a forearm smash. He grabs the arm, stretching it out as he pins the wrist down on the apron...

...and SLAMS the point of his elbow down on O'Connor's padded arm!]

GM: And now Johnny Detson doing exactly what his manager advised him to do... he's going right after that arm.

[Still stretching out the arm, Detson lifts it by the wrist...

...and SLAMS the arm down on the hardest part of the ring! O'Connor recoils in pain, staggering away as he clutches at his arm.]

GM: A brutal attack on the arm by Detson, following O'Connor around the ringside area...

[Detson picks up his pace, passing O'Connor and moving to the other side of the ringpost, ducking back through to grab the arm...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and YANKS the arm and shoulder into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: And this is the kind of attack that makes Johnny Detson the best in the world, Gordo. A lot of guys might shy away from this kind of attack... they might not have the killer instinct to go after a guy's injury like this. But not Johnny Detson. He's got ice water running through those veins and if he has to break O'Connor's arm again and put him back on the shelf to keep that World Title, that's exactly what he's going to do, daddy.

[Detson rolls back inside the ring, breaking the referee's count as he pulls O'Connor by the arm, dragging him under the ropes and inside the ring as well.]

GM: Both champion and challenger back inside the ring now...

[Pulling O'Connor to his feet by the arm, Detson gives it a yank, pulling him into a back elbow that puts the challenger back down on the mat. The World Champion dives across in a lateral press.]

GM: Detson covers for one... he's got two... but that's all!

[Detson angrily glares at Davis Warren, clapping his hands together three times. Warren shakes his head, holding up two fingers as Detson rises off the mat. He measures the downed O'Connor...

...and STOMPS the arm!]

GM: Oh!

[Detson stomps the arm a second time... and a third until O'Connor rolls to his stomach, pulling the arm underneath him to shield it from further attack.]

GM: Johnny Detson going after the arm inside the ring now, trying to inflict more punishment on it just like he did out on the floor... and Lau continues to shout at Detson, giving him orders on-

BW: No, no... it's advice, Gordo! Brian Lau doesn't give the World Champion orders, he gives him advice!

[With O'Connor down on the mat by the ropes, Detson places a foot on the middle rope, looking out at the crowd...]

...and then springs up into the air, dropping his knee down on O'Connor's shoulder!]

GM: Ohh! Another devastating attack to the shoulder!

BW: And if I'm Bobby O'Connor, I'm starting to think about throwing in the towel and calling it a night. He just sat on the sidelines for seven months... does he really want to do that again over some stupid pride?

GM: It's not pride, Bucky... it's heart. The kid's got heart.

[Detson leans down, grabbing O'Connor by the hair, pulling him up onto his knees. The World Champion grabs the right arm, pulling it back as he straddles the back of the challenger, cranking on the hurting limb...]

BW: Listen, Gordo... listen to O'Connor scream! Give up, you idiot! Give up!

[O'Connor defiantly shakes his head, refusing to quit.]

GM: That armbar is sunk in fairly deep, Bucky. Detson showing some of his rarely-used submission skills.

[Detson pulls back again, shouting "ASK HIM!" to the official who obliges.]

GM: Detson trying to wrench a submission out of that arm but Bobby O'Connor refuses to give in thusfar..

[At a shout from Lau, Detson switches to a front facelock, extending the arm...]

...and drops down in a single-arm DDT designed to pop the shoulder out of socket!]

GM: Ohh! Detson trying to separate the shoulder with that one-armed DDT!

[Detson flips O'Connor over onto his back, applying another lateral press, but again only gets two before the fan favorite kicks out to big cheers from the Toronto crowd.]

GM: Another two count for Detson...

[An angry Detson gets to his feet, reaching down to grab O'Connor by the hair, dragging him quickly up...]

GM: Detson's hot under the collar, working fast here...

[He pulls O'Connor into a standing headscissors as the crowd buzzes in anticipation of what might be coming next.]

GM: He's going for the Wilde Driver! Detson looking to finish this off!

[Detson reaches down, hooking one arm...]

...but a hurting O'Connor responds in desperation, hoisting Detson into the air, and dumping him down with a backdrop to counter!]

GM: Ohhh! O'Connor with the timely counter, turning things around with the backdrop!

[O'Connor slumps down to his knees, clutching his arm in pain as Detson lies on his back in the middle of the ring. Lau pounds a fist down into the apron, shouting in to the World Champion as the referee starts a double count on both competitors.]

GM: Davis Warren's going to count them both down. Can either of these men get back to their feet in time to break this count, fans? That's the question we're facing right now.

[Warren steps up between the two, shouting... "THREE!" as the fans try to rally O'Connor to his feet to beat the count.]

GM: O'Connor down on his hands and knees, trying to will some life back into that arm so he can get up and keep fighting.

["FOUR!"]

GM: In the meantime, Johnny Detson hit the mat hard on that backdrop - he could've had the wind knocked out of him.

["FIVE!"]

BW: If I'm Brian Lau, I'm advising to just stay down and stay out of this thing. Take the countout, keep the title. Why risk it right now?

GM: Wow. That's the kind of attitude that made you the manager of every scumbag cheat in the South, I suppose.

BW: Winners, Gordo. They're called "winners."

["SIX!"]

GM: And it looks like... yes, it looks like O'Connor is pushing up off the mat!

["SEVEN!"]

GM: O'Connor pushing up off the mat, pushing up to his feet...

BW: And these idiot Canadian fans are cheering him on. Disgusting.

[And just before Davis Warren can call out "EIGHT!," Bobby O'Connor climbs to his feet. He collapses against the ropes for a moment, waving his hand at Detson, summoning the World Champion back to his feet...]

GM: Detson's coming up off the mat as well, trying to find it in him to finish this match off...

[But as the World Champion gets to his feet, he's met with a stinging left jab to the jaw...]

GM: Left hand!

[...and another...]

GM: Again!

[...and another...]

GM: O'Connor putting his fists to good use here in Toronto, Canada!

[...and another...]

GM: Detson is rocked!

[And with the World Champion reeling, O'Connor winds up and delivers a big right hand that knocks Detson off his feet. Detson hits the mat as O'Connor stumbles to the ropes, grabbing his arm in pain again.]

GM: What a right hand! But did he hurt himself in the process? Did O'Connor put a little too much mustard on that haymaker and end up hurting the arm?

[Leaning against the ropes, O'Connor watches as Detson rolls to his stomach, trying to push back up to his feet as Brian Lau shouts advice from right behind O'Connor on the floor...]

GM: "Bunkhouse" Bobby feeling it! Feeling the moment! Knowing he could be one or two big moves away from becoming the World Champion!

[Lau is pacing around ringside, dabbing at his forehead with a handkerchief as O'Connor pushes off the ropes...]

...and raises his heavily-wrapped right arm, wincing as he does despite the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Listen to these fans! They're feeling it too, Bucky!

BW: I'm feeling sick... that's what I'm feeling.

GM: O'Connor's got the arm raised, calling for that Fear The Reaper lariat! That right arm that put him on the shelf for months... that right arm that was broken ruthlessly to the point where he's wearing a heavy protective covering some seven months later! Can he do it? Can he connect with that lariat and become the World Heavyweight Champion?

[O'Connor stands at the ready, watching as Detson pushes up to a knee...]

...when a desperate Brian Lau leaps up on the apron, shouting at O'Connor!]

GM: Lau's on the apron! Get him down from there!

[Referee Davis Warren moves to do exactly that, ordering the Hall of Fame manager off the apron and back down to the floor...]

...and when that doesn't immediately work, Bobby O'Connor seeks to get rid of Lau himself!]

GM: O'CONNOR'S GOT LAU!

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: O'CONNOR'S GOT LAU BY THE JACKET!

[A fed-up O'Connor ragdolls the manager back and forth by the jacket, swinging him around as the referee tries to restore order and the Toronto crowd goes crazy...]

...all of which allows Johnny Detson to get a running start from the blind side!]

GM: DETSON FROM BEHIND!

[But just as Detson's about to nail O'Connor, the challenger sidesteps, leaving Detson on a collision course with his manager...]

BW: LOOK OUT!

[...but Detson manages to slam on the brakes, both men breathing a sigh of relief at the near miss...]

GM: O'CONNOR FROM BEHIND THIS TIME!

[...until the challenger drags Detson down in a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!

[The referee slaps the mat once as Brian Lau drops off the apron, shouting like a wildman.

He slaps it again as Lau pleads with his charge to kick out in time...]

GM: THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! DETSON KICKED OUT JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!

BW: Too close, Gordo. We almost had a new World Champion and the mere thought of that idiot with the World Title makes me develop a nervous twitch!

[O'Connor and Detson both scramble to get up, each trying to beat the other to their feet...

...when Detson reaches out, hooking the front of O'Connor's trunks, and YANKS him forward!]

GM: OH!

[But as O'Connor spills through the ropes, he catches himself, staying on the apron rather than falling to the barely-protected concrete.]

GM: O'Connor hangs on... right back to his feet!

[With Detson in the ring and O'Connor on the apron, the World Champion throws a haymaker that the challenger blocks before responding with one of his own!]

GM: O'Connor fires back!

[A second fist rocks and fires...]

GM: O'Connor firing away from out on the apron!

[With Detson reeling from the blows to the head, O'Connor grabs a handful of hair, running down the apron...

...and DRIVES him headfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! O'Connor puts him into the buckle!

[Turning around, O'Connor runs the entire length of the apron this time, DRIVING his head into the top buckle again!]

GM: And a second time! Detson is reeling!

[With the World Champion in a daze, O'Connor runs down the apron, turns around, and then charges back the other way...]

GM: LARIAT! LARIAT! FEAR THE REAPER FROM THE APRON!

[O'Connor dives through the ropes, diving on top of the prone Detson!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

[But just before the three count comes down, the referee straightens up, pointing at the foot on the ropes...]

GM: Detson got a foot on the ropes! He got his foot on the bottom rope and-

[A guilty-looking Brian Lau scampers away, pointing at the foot as well.]

GM: -and I think Brian Lau put that foot there, Bucky!

BW: What?! No! He'd never do that!

GM: The heck he wouldn't! I think he did it! The fans think he did it! And guess what? Bobby O'Connor thinks he did it too!

[An angry O'Connor points an accusing finger at Lau, kicking the foot off the bottom rope...]

...and then goes out to the floor, still pointing at Lau as the crowd cheers!]

GM: O'Connor's going after Lau! He's had enough of this!

BW: He can't do this! Brian Lau is a Hall of Fame manager!

GM: Who might be about to get a Hall of Fame tail-whuppin' at the hands of Bobby O'Connor!

[The Missouri native stalks after Lau who backpedals away, shaking his head, begging for mercy...]

GM: Lau's trying to run for it and Bobby O'Connor is in hot pursuit! If he gets his hands on him, we're going to have a major-

BW: KINGS!

[The crowd begins to jeer loudly as Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan come jogging down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: Taylor and Donovan are coming down the aisle! Brian James, thankfully, is back in Japan defending his newly-won title but Taylor and Donovan - the World Tag Team Champions - are heading down the aisle!

[O'Connor spots them coming and pulls up, glaring at them as Lau ducks in behind his charges, gratefully patting them on the backs.]

GM: They've got no business out here, Bucky!

BW: The heck they don't! O'Connor was going to put his filthy hands all over Brian Lau!

[O'Connor points a threatening finger at the World Tag Team Champions as Taylor and Donovan stand their ground, protecting their manager...

...when suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: Oh ho! HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!

BW: What the-?! O'Connor told them not come out here!

[Jack and Travis Lynch come jogging down the aisle towards the ring as O'Connor gets hit from behind by Johnny Detson!]

GM: Detson attacks O'Connor... and here we go!

[The crowd ROARS as Taylor and Donovan dive into the fray, mixing it up with the Lynches as the World Champion and his challenger are brawling at ringside as well!]

GM: And we've got a fight on our hands, fans!

[The brawling tag teams quickly split off, Taylor and Jack going around the ringpost as Donovan and Travis battle up the aisle.]

GM: The numbers are even - well, except Brian Lau...

BW: Hey, he's a former Junior Heavyweight Champion, Gordo... and one-time DAMAN~!

GM: The... what?

[We close in on Travis and Donovan, halfway up the aisle when Donovan slams Travis' ribcage into the barricade. A cut to ringside shows Bobby O'Connor looking to whip Detson into the railing...

...but the World Champion manages to reverse the whip, sending the challenger into the steel...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING GOES O'CONNOR!

[And a few feet away, we see Jack Lynch using a clothesline to topple Wes Taylor over the barricade and into the front row of seats!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE CROWD GOES TAYLOR!

[The Iron Cowboy turns, surveying the situation...

...and locks eyes with Brian Lau.]

BW: No, no!

[The crowd roars as Jack Lynch nods, charging after Lau who opts to run for it. The manager of the Kings of Wrestling is swiftly flying around the ring, the King of the Cowboys in pursuit...]

GM: Jack Lynch is chasing after Brian Lau! Oh, I can't wait to see what happens when he gets his hands on him! I can't wait for-

[...and when the big Texan circles the ringpost...]

GM: OH!

[...the World Champion is waiting, driving the back end of a steel chair into Lynch's gut, doubling him up...]

GM: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!"

[...and UNLOADS with a steel chair shot across the back, knocking Lynch down to his hands and knees!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! WHAT A SHOT BY DETSON!

BW: Do it again! Finish that lousy Stench off!

[Detson winds up, ready to rain down steel fire once again...

...but Bobby O'Connor has other ideas, racing across the ringside area, leaping into the air, and toppling Detson with a Fierro Press!]

GM: O'CONNOR TAKES HIM DOWN!

[The crowd is roaring for the Missouri native as he pours down blows on the skull of Detson, climbing off the World Champion and rocketing him under the ropes into the ring!]

GM: O'Connor puts him back in... trying to get him down and win the World Title!

[Back inside the ring, O'Connor advances on a cowering Detson, trying to dig into his tights...

...but the challenger gets there first, throwing him back into the corner before stepping up to the second rope...]

GM: O'Connor on the midbuckle... look out below!

[And the Missouri native starts raining down blows as the Toronto crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[And as the tenth blow lands, O'Connor hops down, ready to strike again...

...but the official steps in, forcing the challenger back. O'Connor protests loudly, trying to get past Davis Warren and back in on Johnny Detson as the World Champion turns his back to the ring...]

GM: What's he doing?! What is Detson doing?!

[...dipping into his tights and producing the silver-studded black leather glove known as Black Beauty. Detson slips his hand inside the glove, tugging it into position as O'Connor tries to break free...]

GM: Detson's got the glove on! He's got the glove on and-

[But before he can act, Jack Lynch leaps up on the apron, reaching over the ropes and grabbing Detson by the arm, holding his glove hand!]

GM: LYNCH HAS GOT HIM! LYNCH GRABS THE GLOVE!

[The World Champion and the King of the Cowboys are battling over the glove, each trying to rip free from the grasp of the other..

...and suddenly, Detson is loose, winding up, and throwing a glove-covered bomb at the Texan!]

GM: Lynch ducks the right hand and-

[The Canadian crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: CLAW!! CLAW!! LYNCH LOCKS THE CLAW ON JOHNNY DETSON! LYNCH LOCKS THE CLAW ON JOHNNY DETSON!

[And at that moment...

At that exact and most unlucky of moments...

The referee turns around.]

GM: Oh no. No, no!

[Davis Warren's eyes lock on Jack Lynch with his hand locked on the skull of the World Champion. Warren's jaw visibly drops at the scene...

...and then he quickly pivots, signaling for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: NO!

BW: HAH! I LOVE IT!

[Jack Lynch immediately lets of the hold, pleading his case, pointing at the glove as Detson rolls out of the ring, stumbling into the arms of Wes Taylor and Brian Lau.]

GM: No, this can't be happening!

BW: Oh it is! That idiot Lynch screwed it up for his little buddy!

[The referee quickly speaks to Rebecca Ortiz who makes it official.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, due to outside interference...

[The crowd is already booing as Bobby O'Connor looks on in disbelief.]

RO: ...the referee has DISQUALIFIED Bobby O'Connor!

[The boos get louder as O'Connor buries his head in his hands, sinking down to his knees.]

RO: Therefore your winner... and STILL AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONNNNN...

JOHNNNNNNYYYYYYYYY DEEEEEEEETSONNNNNNNNNNN!

[Jack Lynch angrily kicks the bottom rope as Travis rolls in, throwing his arms apart in a "what the heck happened?" gesture. Tony Donovan stumbles over to join his allies, helping drag Detson back up the aisle as the Lynches discuss what just went down in the ring.]

GM: Jack Lynch... he was trying to help, fans... everyone knows he was trying to help.

BW: Oh yeah! And what a big help he was too! What a pal! What a buddy! You know, Gordo... with friends like these, who needs enemies? Hah!

GM: Bucky Wilde is obviously enjoying this... I can't believe it.

[Jack Lynch walks over to his friend, placing a hand upon his shoulder...

...a hand that O'Connor shrugs off to a "ohhhhhhh!" from the crowd. With flushed cheeks, O'Connor gets to his feet, looking at his friend.]

"I told you! I told you I could handle it! I told you to stay out of it!"

[Lynch throws his arms apart, pleading his case to O'Connor who shakes his head.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor is obviously upset, Bucky.

BW: Well, who could blame him? He had a shot - a good shot - at becoming the World Champion and his good pal just ruined it for him!

GM: It wasn't like that... it wasn't intentionally like that at least. Jack Lynch... Jack and Travis came out here when Taylor and Donovan did. They were obviously trying to help Bobby O'Connor... and when Johnny Detson went to use that glove... that loaded glove...

BW: Allegedly.

GM: ...that's when Jack Lynch got involved and- well, you saw what happened from there. But Jack Lynch had the very best of intentions.

BW: Did he? Or could Blackjack's boy not stand the thought of someone else being in the spotlight? Like father like son, right?

GM: Bucky, you're just trying to stir things up... Jack Lynch pleading for forgiveness right now. He's trying to explain what happened. He's telling Bobby about that loaded glove and...

[O'Connor is leaning over the ropes, head down on his arms, obviously distraught at his lost opportunity as his friend stands behind him, trying to explain the situation.]

GM: This is exactly what the Kings of Wrestling wanted, Bucky. This is... this is a Brian Lau plot unfolding before our very eyes.

BW: Oh sure. Lau obviously planned to capitalize on Jack Lynch's dinosaur-sized brain to engineer this situation. He's good but I don't know if he's that good, Gordo.

GM: I... well, I don't know what else to say. Obviously, Jack Lynch doesn't either. He looks to be as upset as Bobby O'Connor is.

BW: Not quite.

GM: Bucky, will you stop? Please. This is a serious situation. This is a friendship - one of the strongest bonds in the entire AWA and... hold on... hold on...

[O'Connor turns around, looking long and hard at his friend...

...and nods his head, leaning forward to shake his hand as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Yeah! Alright! Bobby O'Connor forgives him!

BW: Ahhh, what a sucker.

[The handshake is followed by an embrace by the two friends who quickly get Travis in the mix and start talking amongst themselves.]

GM: And you better believe this isn't the end of this, Bucky. This isn't the end of the Lynches and Bobby O'Connor with the Kings of Wrestling!

[The friends continue to chat in the ring, occasionally pointing down the aisle where the Kings of Wrestling have vacated the premises.]

GM: Fans, that's going to do it for this week. Thanks for joining us here in Toronto for another jam-packed night of action. And we look forward to you joining us right back here on The X in seven nights for the biggest tournament in pro wrestling - the Battle of Boston! For Bucky Wilde and all of our crew here on Saturday Night Wrestling, we wish you so long... and we'll see you at the matches!

[Fade to black.]